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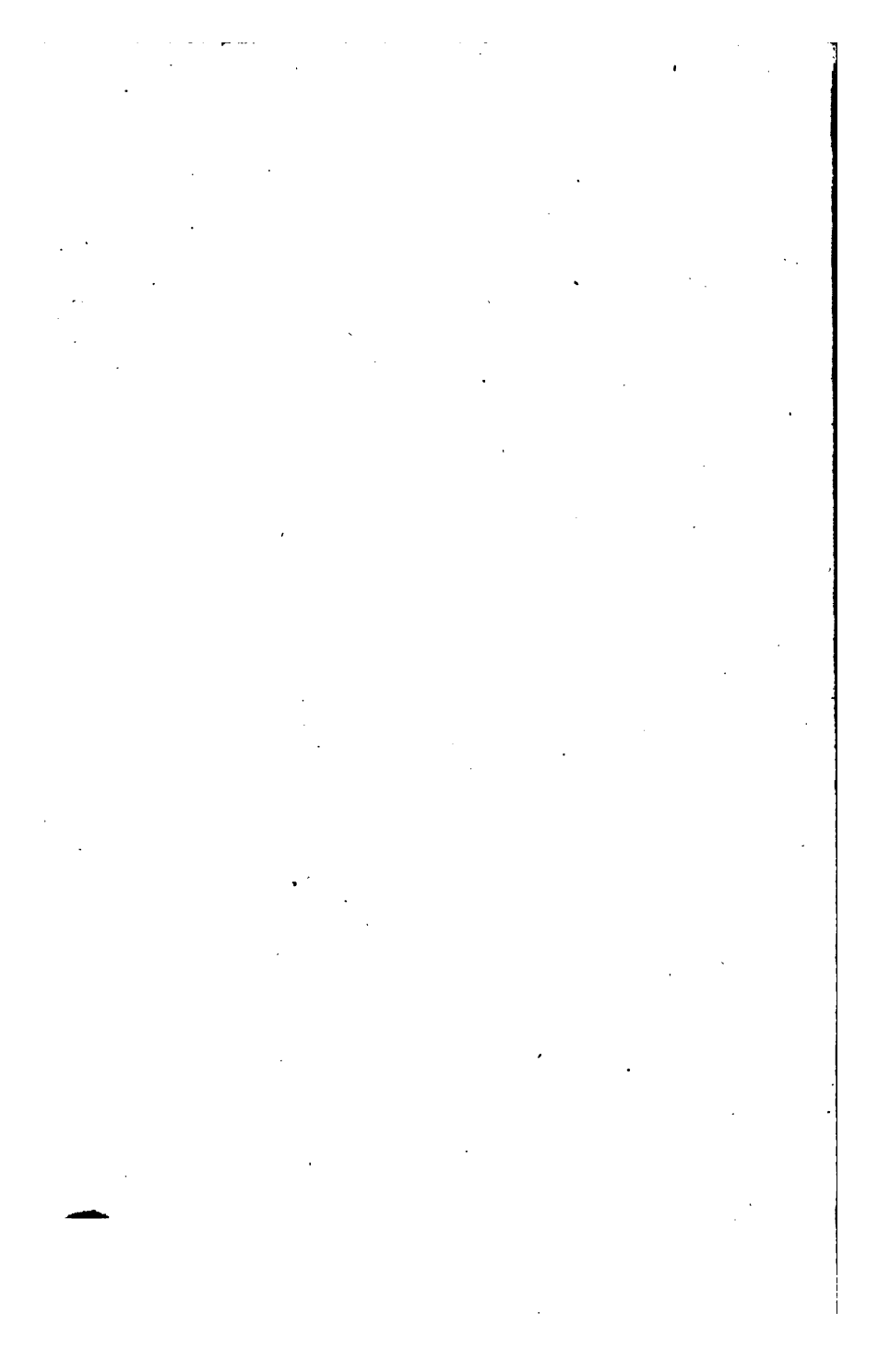
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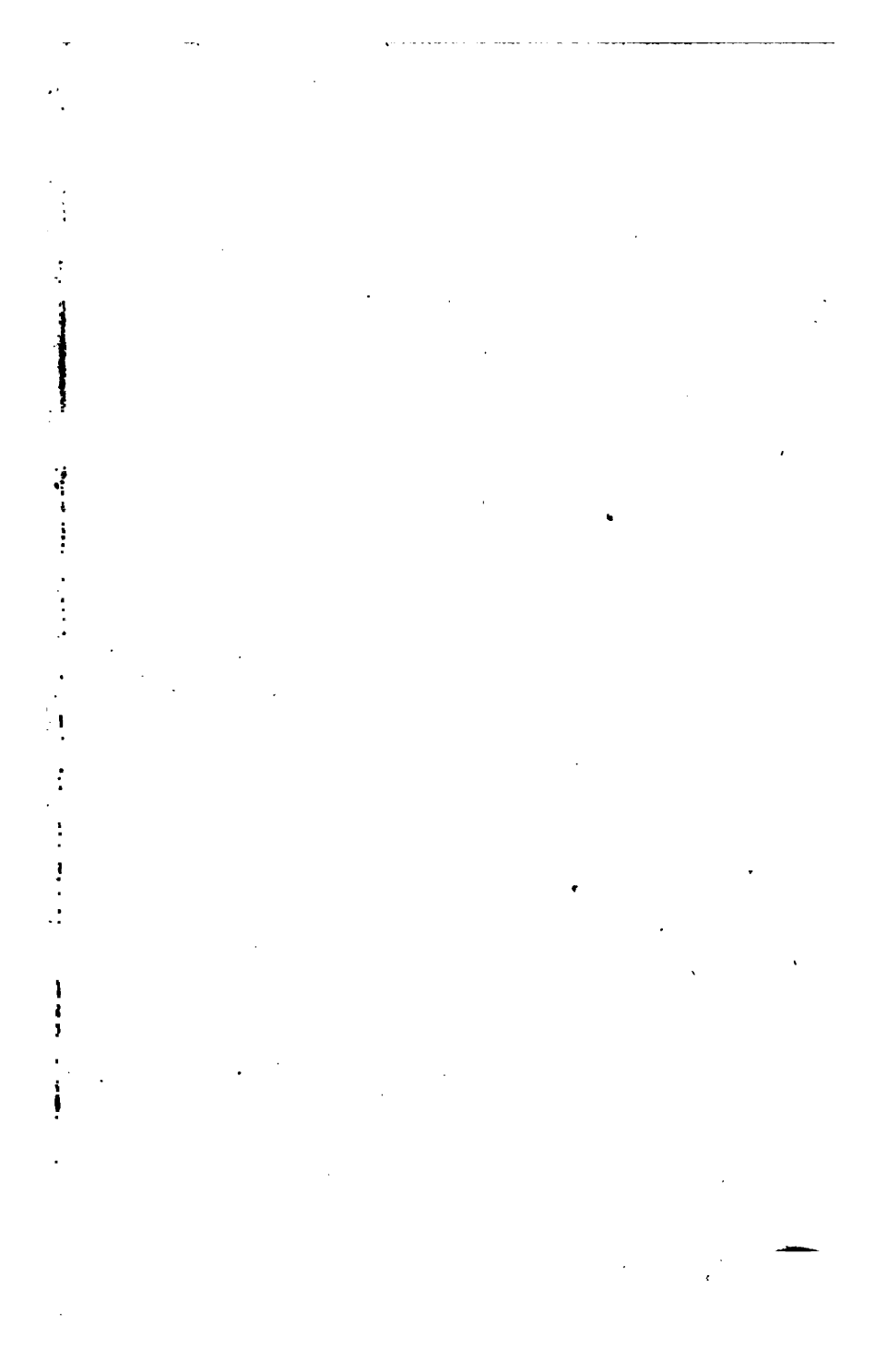
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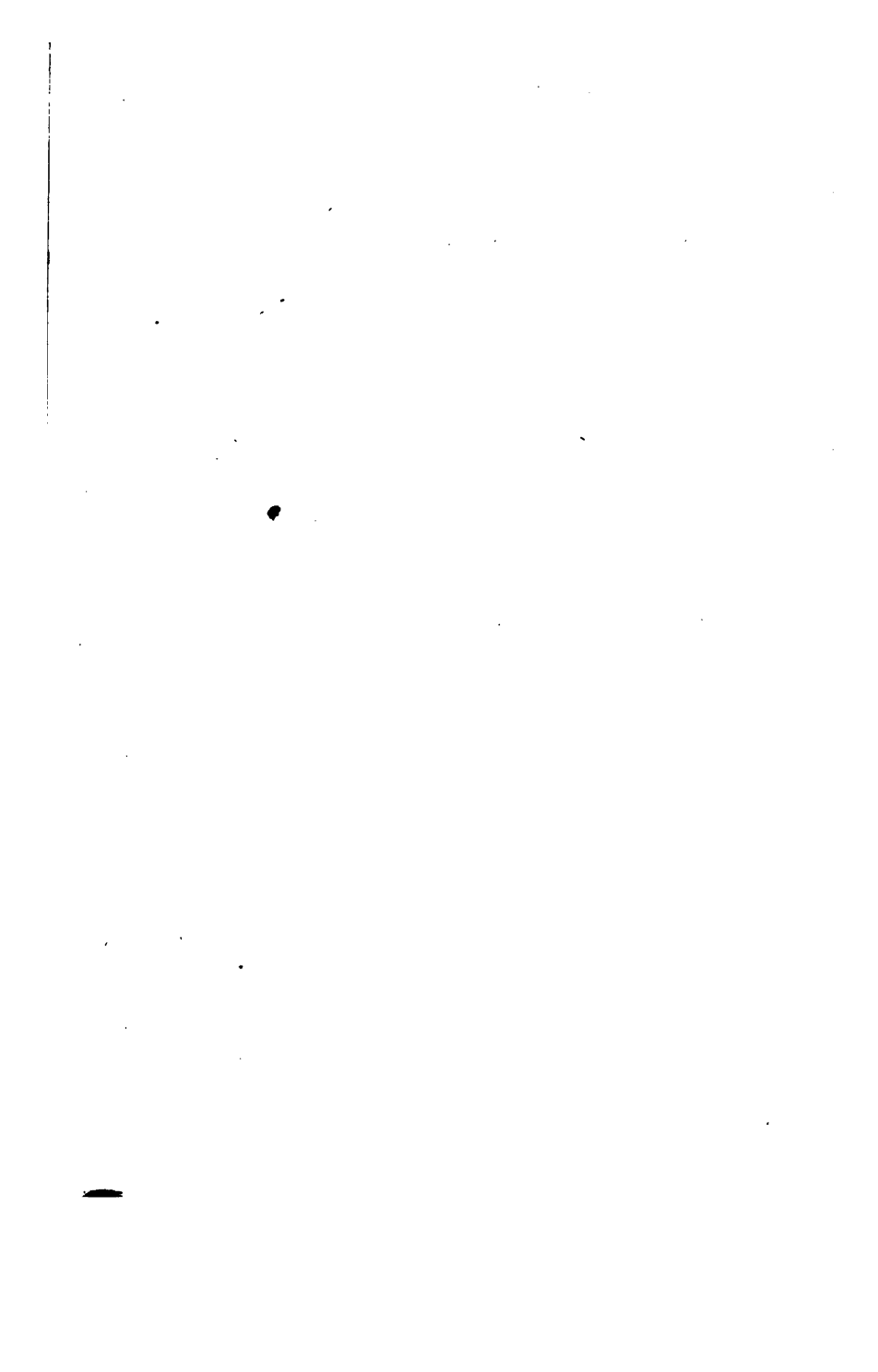
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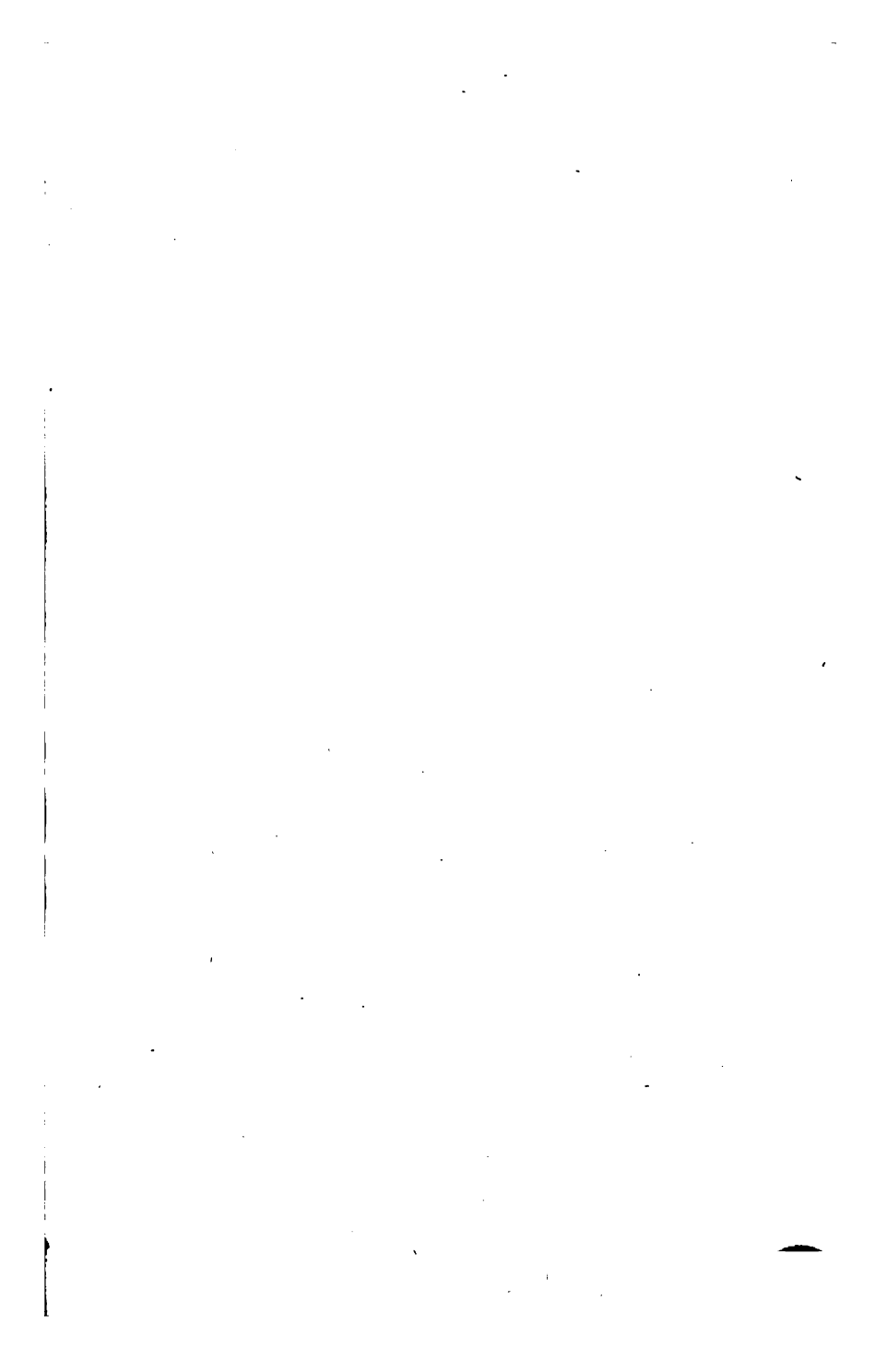














A
SELECT COLLECTION
OF
O L D P L A Y S.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOL. XII.

A NEW EDITION:

WITH
ADDITIONAL NOTES AND CORRECTIONS,
BY THE LATE
ISAAC REED, OCTAVIUS GILCHRIST,
AND THE EDITOR.

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M.DCCC.XXVII.



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OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME XII.

THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS.

ELVIRA.

THE WIDOW.

CHICHEVACHE AND BYCORNE.

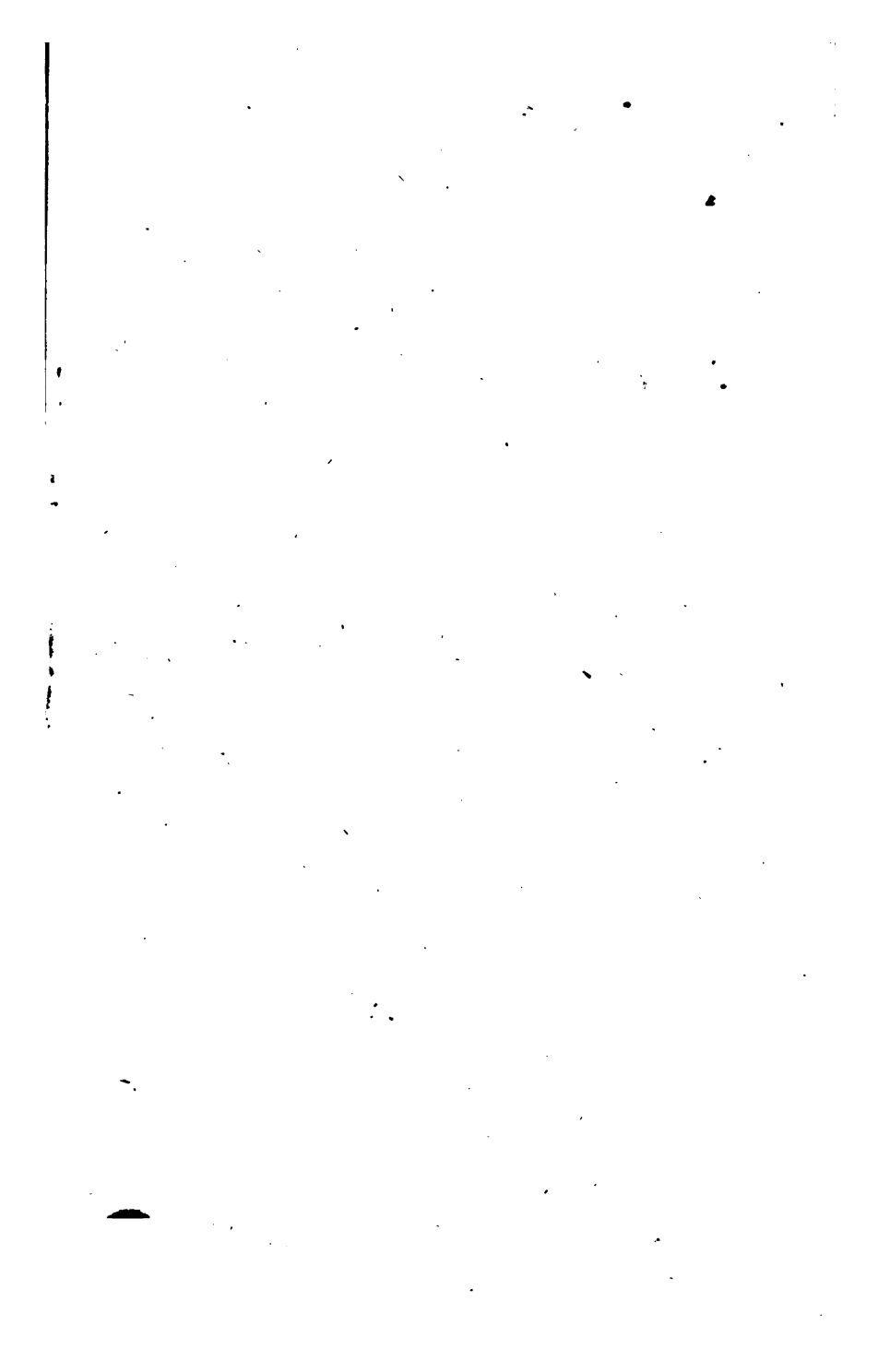
THE WORLD AND THE CHYLDE.

APIUS AND VIRGINIA.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

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M.DCCC.XXVII.



THE
ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS.

VOL. XII.



SIR SAMUEL TUKE, of Temple Cressy, in the County of Essex, was a colonel of horse in the king's army, and served against the parliament, as long as the affairs of his master had any prospect of success. He was very active in that rising in the County of Essex, which ended fatally to some of the chief actors in it. From the prologue to the present play, spoken at court, it appears that he intended to retire from business, soon after the Restoration, but was diverted from that design for some time, by his majesty's recommending him to adapt a Spanish play to the English stage, which he executed with some degree of success. On the 31st March*, 1664, he was created a baronet. He married Mary, the daughter of Edward Sheldon, a lady who was one of the dressers to Queen Mary, and probably a Roman Catholic, of which persuasion our author seems also to have been†. He died at Somerset House, on the 26th of January, 1673, and was buried in the vault under the chapel there. Langbaine, by mistake, says he was alive at the time he published his *Lives of the Dramatic poets*.

Sir Samuel did not escape the censure of his brother poets‡. One of them, speaking of Cowley, says, he

Writ verses unjustly in praise of Sam Tuke||.

And in the same poem :

Sam Tuke sat, and formally smil'd at the rest ;
But Apollo, who well did his vanity know,
Call'd him to the bar to put him to the test,
But his muse was so stiff, she scarcely could go.

* Heylin's *Help to History*.

† Wood's *Ath.* vol. 2. p. 802.

‡ Dryden's *Miscellanies*, vol. 2. p. 92.

|| These were prefixed to the edition of *The Adventures of Five Hours*, printed the year after the author was made a baronet, but which bears no mark of his advancement. He is there called only Colonel Tuke.

She pleaded her age, desir'd a reward ;
It seems in her age, she doated on praise :
But Apollo resolv'd that such a bold bard
Should never be grac'd with a per'wig of bays.

Sir Samuel was one of the first members of the Royal Society, and wrote a history of the ordering and generation of green Colchester oysters, printed in Spratt's History, p. 307.

The several editions of this play are—in folio, 1663, and in 4to, 1664, 1671, and 1704.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY HOWARD,
OF NORFOLK.

SINCE it is your pleasure, Noble Sir, that I should hold my fortune from you, like those tenants, who pay some inconsiderable trifle in lieu of a valuable rent, I humbly offer you this poem, in acknowledgment of my tenure: and I am well pleas'd with this occasion to publish my sense of your favours, since it seems to me a kind of ingratitude to be thankful in private.

It was bred upon the terrace-walks in your garden at Aldbury; and, if I mistake not, it resembles the place where it was brought up: the plot is delightful, the elevations natural, the ascents easy, without any great embellishments of art.

I designed the character of Antonio, as a copy of your steady virtue; if it appear to those who have the honour to know you, short of the original, I take leave to inform them, that you have not sat to me long; 'tis possible, hereafter I may gratify my country, for their civility to this essay, with something more worthy of your patronage and their indulgence.

In the interim, I make it my glory to avow, that, had fortune been just to me, she could not have recompens'd the loyal industry of my life with a more illustrious title than that which you have been pleas'd to confer upon me, of Your Friend. To which (as in gratitude I am bound) I subjoin that of

Your most humble servant,

S. TUKE.

* This dedication, and the prologue and epilogue which follow, are only found in the first and second edition. C.

The first SCENE is the City of SEVILLE.

*The Prologue enters, with a play-bill in his hand, and reads—*This day, being the 15th of December, shall be acted a new play, never play'd before, call'd *The Adventures of Five Hours*.

A NEW PLAY.

Th' are i' the right, for I dare boldly say,
The English stage ne'er had so new a play;
The dress, the author, and the scenes are new.
This ye have seen before ye'll say; 'tis true;
But tell me, gentlemen, who ever saw
A deep intrigue confin'd to five hours' law?
Such as for close contrivance yields to none:
A modest man may praise what's not his own.
'Tis true, the dress is his, which he submits
To those who are, and those who would be wits;
Ne'er spare him, gentlemen; for, to speak truth,
He has a per'ious cens'rer been in's youth;
And now grown bald with age, doating on praise,
He thinks to get a periwig of bays.
Teach him what 'tis, in this discerning age,
To bring his heavy genius on the stage;
Where you have seen such nimble wits appear,
That pass'd so soon, one scarce could say th' were here.
Yet, after our discoveries of late
Of their designs, who would subvert the state,
You'll wonder much, if it should prove his lot,
To take all England with a Spanish plot;
But if, through his ill conduct, or hard fate,
This foreign plot (like that of eighty-eight)
Should suffer shipwreck in your narrow seas,
You'll give your modern poet his writ of ease;
For, by th' example of the King of Spain,
He resolves ne'er to trouble you again.

THE PROLOGUE AT COURT.

He addresses himself to the Pit.

As to a dying lamp, one drop of oil
 Gives a new blaze, and makes it live awhile;
 So th' author, seeing his decaying light,
 And therefore thinking to retire from sight*,
 Was hinder'd by a ray from the upper sphere,
 Just at that time he thought to disappear.
 He chanc'd to hear his Majesty once say
 He lik'd this plot; he stay'd, and writ the play:
 So should obsequious subjects catch the minds
 Of princes, as your seamen do the winds.
 If this attempt then shows more zeal than light,
 'T may teach you to obey, though not to write.
 Ah! he is there himself†. Pardon my sight‡,
 My eyes were dazzled with excess of light;
 Even so the sun, who all things else displays,
 Is hid from us i' th' glory of his rays.
 Will you vouchsafe your presence? You, that were given
 To be our Atlas, and support our heaven?
 Will you, dread sir, your precious moments lose
 To grace the first endeavours of our muse?
 This with your character most aptly suits,
 Even Heaven itself is pleas'd with the first-fruits.

* This refers to the author's purpose of retirement, at that time when his Majesty recommended this plot to him.

† He looking up, and seeing the King, starts.

‡ He kneels. He rises.



PREFACE

TO THE

THIRD EDITION.

HAVING been desired by a lady, who has more than ordinary favour for this play, though in other things very judicious, to make a song, and insert it in that scene where you may now read it; I found it more difficult to disobey the commands of this excellent person, than to obtain of myself to write any more upon subjects of this nature.

This occasioned the revising of this piece, upon which I had not cast my eyes since it was first printed; and finding there some very obvious faults (with respect to their judgments, who have been pleased to applaud it), I could not well imagine how they came to escape my last hand; unless poetic rage, or, in a more humble phrase, heat of fancy, will not, at the same time, admit the calm temper of judgment; or that, being importuned by those, for whose benefit this play was intended, I was even forced to expose it, before it was fit to be seen in such good company.

This refers only to the dress; for certainly the plot needs no apology; it was taken out of Don Pedro Calderon*, a celebrated Spanish author, the nation of the world who are the happiest in the force and delicacy of their inventions, and recommended to me by his sacred Majesty, as an excellent design; whose judgment is no more to be doubted, than his commands to

* Calderon de la Barca was a Spanish officer, who, after having signalised himself in the military profession, quitted it for the ecclesiastical, and then commenced dramatic writer. His plays make nine volumes in 4to. and several of them have been adapted to the English stage. He flourished about the year 1640.

be disobeyed : and therefore it might be a great presumption in me, to enter my sentiments, with his royal suffrage: but as secretaries of state subscribe their names to the mandates of their prince, so at the bottom of the leaf I take the boldness to sign my opinion, that this is incomparably the best plot that I ever met with; and yet, if I may be allowed to do myself justice, I might acquaint the readers, that there are several alterations in the copy, which do not disgrace the original.

I confess, 'tis something new, that trifles of this nature should have a second edition; but if in truth this essay be at present more correct, I have then found an easy way to gratify their civility, who have been pleased to indulge the errors in the former impressions.

If they who have formerly seen or read this play, should not perceive the amendments, then I have touched the point; since the chiefest art in writing is the concealing of art; and they who discover 'em, and are pleased with them, are indebted only to themselves for their new satisfaction; since their former favour to our negligent muses has occasion'd their appearing again in a more studied dress: and certainly those labours are not ungrateful, with which the writers and readers are both pleased.

And since I am upon the subject of novelties, I take the boldness to advertise the reader, that, though it be unusual, I have in a distinct column prefix'd the several characters of the most eminent persons in the play; that being acquainted with them at his first setting out, he may the better judge how they are carried on in the whole composition; for plays being moral pictures, their chiefest perfections consist in the force and congruity of passions and humours, which are the features and complexion of our minds; and I cannot choose but hope, that he will approve the ingenuity of this design, though possibly he may dislike the painting.

As for those who have been so angry with this innocent piece, not guilty of so much as that current wit, obscenity, and profaneness, these are to let them know

that though the author converses but with few, he writes to all; and aiming as well at the delight as profit of his readers, if there be any amongst them, who are pleased to enter their haggard muses at so mean a quarry, they may freely use their poetic licence; for he pretends not to any royalty on the mount of Parnassus: and I dare answer for him, that he will sing no more, till he comes into that choir, where there is room enough for all; and such, he presumes, is the good breeding of these critics, that they will not be so unmannerly as to crowd him there.

FAREWELL.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON*.

If we could hit on't, gallants, there are due
 Certain respects from writers, and from you ;
 Which, well observ'd, would celebrate this age,
 And both support, and vindicate the stage.
 If there were only candour on your part,
 And on the poet's judgment, fancy, art ;
 If they remember that their audience
 Are persons of the most exalted sense ;
 And you consider well the just respect
 Due to their poems, when they are correct ;
 Our two houses, then, may have the fate,
 To help to form the manners of the state :
 For there are crimes arraign'd a' th' poets bar,
 Which cannot be redress'd at Westminster.
 Our ancient bards their morals did dispense
 In numbers, to insinuate the sense,
 Knowing that harmony affects the soul,
 And who our passions charm, our wills controul.
 This our well-meaning author had in view,
 And though but faintly executed, you
 Indulg'd the attempt with such benevolence,
 That he has been uneasy ever since ;
 For though his vanity you gratified,
 The obligation did provoke his pride.
 But he has now compounded with ambition,
 For that more solid greatness, self-fruition ;
 And, going to embrace a civil death,
 He's loath to die indebted to your breath ;
 Therefore he would be even w' you, but wants force ;
 The stream will rise no higher than the source.

* This prologue first appeared in the edition of 1671, after the revival of the play. C.

And they who treat such judges, should excel ;
Here, 'tis to do ill, to do only well.
He has, as other writers have, good will,
And only wants (like those) nature and skill ;
But, since he cannot reach the envied height,
H' has cast some grains in this to mend the weight ;
And being to part w' you, prays you to accept
This revived piece, as legacy or debt.

DRAMATIS PERSONNÆ.

PERSONS.	RELATIONS.	CHARACTERS.
DON HENRIQUE,	<i>In love with Camilla, but rejected.</i>	Choleric, jealous, revengeful.
DON CARLOS,	<i>Near kinsman to Don Henrique.</i>	A well-natur'd moral gentleman.
DON OCTAVIO,	<i>In love with Porcia, but feigning to be in love with Camilla.</i>	A valiant and accomplished cavalier.
DON ANTONIO,	<i>Contracted to Porcia, by proxy, before he saw her.</i>	A soldier, haughty, and of exact honour.
PORCIA,	<i>Sister to Don Henrique.</i>	Ingenious, constant, and severely virtuous.
CAMILLA,	<i>Sister to Don Carlos.</i>	Susceptible of love, but cautious of her honour.
DIEGO,	<i>Servant to Octavio, bred a scholar.</i>	A great coward, and a pleasant droll.
FLORA,	<i>Waiting-woman to Porcia.</i>	Witty, contriving, and faithful to her mistress.
ERNESTO, SANCHO, SILVIO, GERALDO, PEDRO, BERNARDINO, JAGO,	} <i>Servants to Don Antonio.</i> } <i>Servants to Don Henrique.</i>	

The CORRIGIDOR and Attendants.*

The Scene, Seville.

* In this list of characters three very unimportant personages, Mirabel, Floridor, and a Page, are omitted. C.

THE
ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS*.

ACT I.

SCENE—*Don Antonio's House.*

Enter DON HENRIQUE.

Don Henrique. How happy are the men of easy phlegm!

Born on the confines of indifference,
Holding from nature the securest tenure,
The peaceful empire o'er themselves; which we,
Th' unhappy men of fire, without the aids
Of mighty reason, or almighty grace,
Are all our lives contending for in vain.
'Tis evident, that solid happiness
Is founded on the conquest of our passions;

* This play, in the third edition, from which it is here printed, received some additions and improvements. Downes says, the Earl of Bristol joined in writing it. The first performance of it was at court; and on its appearance on the stage at the Duke's theatre, it met with great applause, and was acted thirteen nights successively. Echard, in the preface to his translation of Terence, gives it this general character, that it "is one of the pleasantest stories that ever appeared upon our stage, and has as much variety of plots and intrigues, without any thing being precipitated, improper, or unnatural, as to the main action." In the year 1767, Mr. Hull made some alterations in it, with which it was acted at Covent-garden theatre about nine nights, under the title of THE PERPLEXITIES. To the second edition were prefixed complimentary verses by James Long, J. Evelyn, A. Cowley, Jasper Nedham, M. D. Lod. Carlile, Chr. Wase, William Joyner, and one copy signed Melpomene. In Sir Wm. Davenant's Works, p. 339, is a prologue written by him, addressed to the Lord Chancellor, on the acting of this play at the Inner Temple.

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But since they are the favourites of sense,
Self-love bribes reason still in their defence :
Thus, in a calm, I reason ; but when cross'd,
The pilot quits the helm, and I am toss'd.

Enter SILVIO.

Silvio. Sir, Don Carlos is without.

Don Henrique. Wait on him in.

Enter DON CARLOS.

Don Carlos. Cousin, methinks this day hath longer
seem'd

Than usual ; since 'tis so far advanc'd

Without our seeing one another.

Don Henrique. If I had not been hinder'd by some
business,

I should, ere this, have seen you, t' have told you

Some pleasing news I lately have receiv'd :

You have so often borne with my distempers,

'Tis fit that once, at least, you should partake

Of my good humour.

Don Carlos. What cause soever has produc'd this
change,

I heartily rejoice in the effect,

And may it long continue.

Don Henrique. I can inform you, by experience, now,

How great a satisfaction 'tis to find

A heart and head eas'd of a weighty care ;

For a gentleman of my warm temper,

Jealous of the honour of his family,

(As yet ne'er blemish'd) to be fairly freed

From the tuition of an orphan sister,

Rich, beautiful, and young.

Don Carlos. You know, Don Henrique, for these
thirteen years,

That I have been with the like province charg'd :

An only sister, by our parents' will,

(When they were call'd from all* their cares below)

* Till now the measure was spoiled by the omission of the word
all. The four editions read the line as it now stands. The play
has been hitherto very carelessly printed, and a few of the errors
are pointed out in the notes. C.

Committed to my trust; much more expos'd
To the great world than yours; and, sir, unless
Nearness of blood deceive me, short of few
In those perfections which invite the gallants:
Yet, thanks to my temper, cousin, as well
As to her virtue, I have seen her grow,
Even from her childhood to her dangerous age,
Without the least disturbance to my rest;
And when with equal justice I reflect
On the great modesty and circumspection
Of lovely Porcia, I conclude that you
Might well have slept as undisturb'd as I.

Don Henrique. Sir, I complain not of my sister's
conduct;

But you know well, young maids are so expos'd
To the invasion of audacious men,
And to the malice of their envious sex,
You must confess the confines of their fame
Are never safe, till guarded by a husband.
'Tis true, discreet relations ought to use
Preventions of all kinds; but, dear Carlos,
The blemish once receiv'd, no wash is good
For stains of honour, but th' offender's blood.

Don Carlos. Y'are too severe a judge of points of
honour.

Don Henrique. And therefore, having not long since
receiv'd

The news, that Don Antonio de Mendoza
Is likely to be here this night, from Flanders;
To whom my sister, by th' intervention
O' th' Marquis D' Olivera, is contracted;
I will not close these eyes till I have seen
Her, and my cares, safe lodg'd within his arms.

Don Carlos. I find your travels, cousin, have not
cur'd you

Of that innate severity to women,
Urg'd justly as a national reproach
To all of us abroad; the rest o' th' world
Lament that tender sex amongst us here,
Born only to be honourable prisoners;

The greater quality, the closer kept :
Which cruelty is reveng'd upon ourselves,
Whilst, by immuring those whom most we love,
We sing, and sigh only to iron-gates.
As cruel is that over-cautious custom,
By proxy to contract parties unknown
To one another ; this is only fit
For sovereign princes, whose high qualities
Will not allow of previous interviews :
They sacrifice their love to public good,
Consulting interest of state and blood ;
A custom, which as yet, I never knew
Us'd amongst persons of a lower rank,
Without a sequel of sad accidents.
Sir, understand me right ; I speak not this
By way of prophecy : I am no stranger
To Don Antonio's reputation,
Which I believe so just, I no way doubt
Your sister's being happy in him.

Don Henrique. Don Carlos, let us quit this argument :

I am now going to our noble friend
And kinsman the Corrigidor, to see
If he'll oblige us with his company
At my sister's wedding : will you come along ?

Don Carlos. Most willingly, as soon as I have brought

My sister hither, who has given this evening
To her cousin Porcia.

Don. Henrique. I have some business, cousin, by the way,

I'll go before, and wait you i' th' piazza.

Your servant, sir :

[*Don Henrique waits on him to the door. Exit Don Carlos.*]

Don Henrique. This kinsman is my bosom friend ;
and yet,

Of all men living, I must hide from him
My deep resentments of his sister's scorn,
That cruel maid, to wound me to the heart,

Then close her ears against my just complaints!
 But though as yet I cannot heal my wound,
 I may, by my revenge upon my rival,
 Divert the pain, and I will drive it home.
 There's in revenge a balm, which will appease
 The present grief, and time cure the disease.

[Exit Don Henrique.

Enter PORCIA.

Porcia. My heart is so oppress'd with fear and grief,
 That it must break, unless it finds relief;
 The man I love, is forc'd to fly my sight,
 And like a Parthian¹ kills me in his flight:
 One whom I never saw, I must embrace,
 Or else destroy the honour of my race.
 A brother's care, more cruel than his hate;
 Oh how perplexed are the intrigues of fate!

Enter DON CARLOS and CAMILLA.

Don Carlos. Cousin, I thought my sister's company
 Would not displease you, whilst I wait upon
 Your brother in a visit.

Porcia. Sir, you oblige me with a welcome favour.
 I rather should have styl'd it charity,
 To bring a friend to her, whose cruel fate
 Has robb'd her of herself. [Aside.

Camilla. Methinks, 'tis pity that a wall should make
 The houses two, of friends so entirely one,
 As you, and I, and our two brothers are.

Porcia. If it be true, that lovers live much more
 There where they love, than where they breathe, I'm
 sure

No walls can sever us, we're still together.

Don Carlos. Were I not much engag'd, I would not
 quit

So sweet a conversation; but, sister,

¹ And like a Parthian, &c.] Prior has adopted this image.

"So when the Parthian turn'd his steed,

And from the hostile camp withdrew,

He backward sent the fatal reed,

Secure of conquest as he flew."

Poems, vol. 1. p. 40. edition 1778,

At my return I'll wait upon you home.

Porcia. For this night, cousin, pray let her be mine,
I beg it of you both.

Don Carlos. You may command, we are both yours.

[*Exit Don Carlos.*]

Porcia. My dear Camilla, how I long'd to have
thee, [*Porcia throws herself on Camilla's neck.*]

Where, freely breathing out my grief, I might

Some mitigation from thy pity find!

But since there's no true pity without pain,

Why should I ease by thy affliction gain?

Camilla. Ah, *Porcia*! if compassion suffering be,

And to condole be pain, my destiny

Will full revenge in the same kind afford,

Should I but my unequal'd griefs relate,

And you but equally participate.

Porcia. If your's as mine, from love-disasters rise,
Our fates are more allied than families.

Camilla. What to our sex and blooming age can
prove

An anguish worthy of our sighs, but love?

Porcia. 'Tis true, *Camilla*, were your fate like mine,
Hopeless to hold, unable to resign.

Camilla. Let's tell our stories, then we soon shall
see

Which of us two excels in misery.

Porcia. Cousin, agreed.

Camilla. Do you begin then.

Porcia. You know, *Camilla*, best, how generously,

How long, and how discreetly, *Don Octavio*

Has serv'd me; and what trials of his faith

And fervour I did make, ere I allow'd him

The least hope to sustain his noble love.

Cousin, all this you know: 'twas in your house

We had our interviews; where you were pleas'd

To suffer feign'd addresses to yourself,

To cover from my watchful brother's eyes

The passion which *Octavio* had for me.

Camilla. My memory in this needs no refreshing.

Porcia. And how one evening (O that fatal hour!)

My brother passing by Don Carlos' house,
With his great friend and confident Don Pedro,
Did chance to see the unfortunate Octavio
In your balcony, entertaining me :
Whom, not believing there, he took for you ;
My back being towards him, and both dress'd alike.
Enraged with jealousy, this cruel man
(To whom all moderation is unknown)
Resolves to stamp all your neglects of him
In's suppos'd rival, poor Octavio's heart.
They take their stand i' th' corner of our street ;
And after some little time, Octavio,
Free from suspicion, as design of ill,
Retires : they assault him, and in 's own defence
He kills Don Pedro, and is forc'd to fly.
My brother cruelly pursues him still,
With such insatiate thirst after revenge,
That nothing but Octavio's blood can quench,
Covering his ill-nature and suspicion
With the resentment of Don Pedro's death.

Camilla. Is this the sum of your sad story, Porcia ?
Is this all ?

Porcia. No, no, Camilla, 'tis the prologue only,
The tragedy will follow—This brother,
To whose impetuous will my deceas'd parents,
(May their souls rest in peace) having condemn'd
Me and my fortune, treats me like a slave :
So far from suff'ring me to make my choice,
That he denounces death if I refuse ;
And now, to frustrate all my hopes at once,
Has very lately made me sign a contract
To one in Flanders, whom I never saw,*
And is this night (they say) expected here.

Camilla. Is such a rigour possible, dear Porcia ?

* This speech is very much altered from the first and second editions, where it stands that Don Henrique has already married Porcia

—————" by proxy
To one in Flanders."—C.

Porcia. Was ever misery like mine, Camilla,
Reduc'd to such extremes, past all relief?
If I acquaint my brother with my love
Th' Octavio, the man whom he most hates,
I must expect the worst effects of fury :
If I endeavour to forget Octavio,
Even that attempt renews his memory,
And heightens my disquiet : if I refuse
To marry, I am lost ; if I obey,
I cast Octavio and myself away.
Two such extremes of ill no choice admit,
Each seems the worst ; on which rock shall I split ?
Since, if I marry, I cannot survive,
And not to marry, were to die alive.

Camilla. Your story, I confess, is strangely moving ;
Yet, if you could my fortune weigh with your's
In scales of equal sensibility,
You would not change your sufferings for mine.

Porcia. What can there be in nature more afflicting,
Than to be torn from th' object of my love,
And forc'd to embrace a man whom I must hate ?

Camilla. Have you not known that object of your
love,
And entertain'd the person you esteem ?
Have you not heard, and answer'd to his sighs ?
Has he not borne his part in all your cares ?
Do not you live and reign within his heart ?

Porcia. I doubt no more his faith, than my hard
fate.

Camilla. Tell me, dearest Porcia, if I love one,
Whom I shall never see suff'ring as much,
Without the means of e'er expressing it,
As what I suffer is above expression ;
If all my sighs wander in fleeting air,
And ne'er can reach his ears for whom they're form'd ;
If all my passion, all my killing cares,
Must be for ever to their cause unknown ;
If their sad weight must sink me to my grave,
Without one groan that he can ever hear,

Or the least hope, that I should e'er obtain
Ease by's pity, or cure by his disdain ;
If this the state of my misfortune be,
(As Heaven, that has decreed it, knows it is)
Say, dearest Porcia, do you envy me ?

Porcia. What over-cruel laws of decency
Have struck you dumb ? have you misplac'd your love,
On such a party as you dare not own ?

Camilla. No, no ; the cause is worthy of th' effect ;
For, though I had no passion for this person,
I were ungrateful if I should not give
The first place in my heart to such high merit.

Porcia. If he had been so happy to deserve
Your love, why are not you so just to let
Him know it ?

Camilla. 'Tis impossible. Ah, that dismal word
Clearly states the difference of our fortunes !
You, in your first adventure have been cross'd,
But I, before I can set out, am lost.

Porcia. Pray make me comprehend this mystery.

Camilla. 'Tis t' open my wounds afresh, dear Porcia,
But you must be obey'd—— [After a little pause.

His excellence the Conde d' Oniate
Being sent ambassador to th' emperor :
We, having the honour to be near allied
To's lady, went with him ; my brother
Was desir'd by her, to make that journey :
Whose tenderness for me, not suffering him
To let me stay behind, I was engag'd,
And treated by th' ambassadress, my cousin,
With more respect than I could ever merit.

Porcia. She's a lady fam'd for great civility.

Camilla. We had not pass'd much time i' th' emper-
ror's court,
When my dear brother, unexpectedly,
By urgent business was call'd back to Seville.
In our return (passing too near a garrison
Of th' enemy's) our convoy was surpriz'd
And routed by a party of their horse——

Porcia. Camilla, you begin to raise my fears.

Camilla. We being pris'ners, were hurried straight
away
To the enemy's quarters, where my ill fate
Made me appear too pleasing to the eyes
Of their commander; who, at first approach;
Pretends to parly in a lover's style,
Protesting that my face had chang'd our fortunes,
And him my captive made: but finding soon
How little he advanc'd in his design,
By flattery and his feign'd submission,
He shifts his person, calls me his prisoner,
And swears my virgin treasure was his prize:
But yet protests he had much rather owe it
To my indulgence, than his own good fortune.
And so, through storms and calms, the villain still
Pursues his course to his accursed end;
But finding me inflexible to his threats
As well as fawnings, he resolves to use
The last, and uncontroled argument
Of impious men in power—force.

Porcia. Ah, poor Camilla! where was your dear*
brother,

At a time of such distress?

Camilla. My brother! he, alas, was long before
Borne away from me in the first encounter;
Where having certainly behav'd himself,
As well became his nation and his name,
Remain'd sore wounded in another house.

Porcia. Pr'ythee make haste to free me from this
fright.

Camilla. The brute approaches, and by violence
Endeavours to accomplish his intent:
I invoke my guardian angel, and resist,
But with unequal force, though rage supplied
Those spirits which my fear, had put to flight.
At length grown faint with crying out and striving,
I spied a dagger by the villain's side,
Which snatching boldly out, as my last refuge,

* *Dear*,—omitted by Reed and Dodaley. C.

With his own arms I wound the savage beast:
He, at the stroke, unseiz'd me, and gave back;
So guilt produces cowardice; then I,
The dagger pointing to my breast, cried out,
Villain keep off, for if thou dost persist,
I'll be myself both sacrifice and priest:
I boldly now defy thy lust and hate;
She that dares choose to die, may brave her fate!

Porcia. Oh, how I love and envy thee at once!

[Porcia starts to her and kisses her.]

Go on, brave maid.

Camilla. Immediately the drums and trumpets
sound,

Pistols go off, and a great cry, To arms,
To arms! the lustful satyr flies: I stand
Fix'd with amazement to the marble floor,
Holding my guardian dagger up aloft,
As if the ravisher had threaten'd still.

Porcia. I fancy thee, Camilla, in that brave posture,
Like a noble statue, which I remember
To have seen of the enraged Juno,
When she had robb'd Jove of his thunderbolt.

Camilla. Freed from this fright, my spirits flow'd so
fast

To the forsaken channels of my heart,
That they, who by their orderly access
Would have supported life, by throngs oppress:
O'ercharg'd with joy, I fell into a swoon,
And that which happen'd during this interval,*
Is not within the circle of my knowledge.

Porcia. Y' have rais'd me to a mighty expectation:
Will the adventure answer it, Camilla?

Camilla. At my return to life, op'ning my eyes,

* The author has not been very strict in the observance of his metre in any part of the play and in this respect the changes he made in the 3rd edition were sometimes injurious: thus in the two earlier copies this line, which would have read very well if it had been substituted for *during*, is given as follows:

"And what was done in this parenthesis."

It was a point gained however to get rid of the figure. C.

Think, dearest Porcia, how I was astonish'd,
To find there, kneeling by my side, a man
Of a most noble form, who bowing to me :
Madam (says he) y' are welcome to the world :
Pardon, I pray, the boldness of a stranger,
Who humbly sues t' you to continue in it ;
Or, if you needs will leave us, stay at least
Until I have reveng'd your wrongs, and then
I'll wait upon you to the other world ;
For you withdrawn, this will a desert seem,
And life a torment.

Porcia. High gallantry, cousin, for the first address.

Camilla. 'Twas so surprizing, that my confusion
Check'd my reply ; but I suppose my looks
Did speak the grateful language of my heart ;
For I perceiv'd an air of joy enlighten
His manly face : but, oh ! how soon 'twas clouded
By fresh alarms ! we heard the soldiers cry,
Where's Antonio ? the enemy is rallied,
And coming on to give a second charge !
He started up, and, with a mien that mark'd
The conflict 'twixt his honour and his love,
Madam (says he) the soul was never yet
With such convulsion from the body torn,
As I from you ; but it must ne'er be said
That Don Antonio de Mendoza
Follows those in dangers, whom he ought to lead.
Thus the vanquish'd conqueror disappear'd,
Leaving that image stamp'd upon my heart,
To which I all the joys must sacrifice
Of the poor remnant of my wretched life ;
If properly to live I may be said,
When all my hopes of seeing him are dead.

[*She puts her handkerchief to her eyes.*]

Porcia. Though you have kept this part of your
adventure
Still from me—

Camilla. And from every body living.

Porcia. I have observ'd the signs of smother'd grief :
I've often seen those lovely eyes much swoln.

Those are true tears, Camilla, which are stol'n.
But what said you was his name, Camilla?

Camilla. Antonio de Mendoza.

Porcia. Oh heavens, Antonio de Mendoza!

Enter DON HENRIQUE.

Don Henrique. I'm pleas'd to find you speaking of
your husband.

Camilla. What's that I hear? her husband!

[Aside.

Don Henrique. Have you the letter ready, I desir'd
you

To write to him? I'll send a servant with it,
To meet him on the way; 'twill shew respect.

Porcia. You know my obedience, brother.

Don Henrique. 'Tis well, sister.

Enter SILVIO.

Silvio. Sir, here's a servant of Don Antonio
Newly alighted at the gate: he's come
Post from his master, charg'd with letters for you.

Don Henrique. I could not have receiv'd more wel-
come news.

Go, bring him in. Sister, you may withdraw.

[Exeunt Porcia and Camilla.]

Enter ERNESTO and SILVIO.

Ernesto. Sir, Don Antonio kisses your hands,
And sends me to present this letter to you.

[He gives a letter to Don Henrique.]

*[Don Henrique opens it, and, having read it to
himself, says:]*

Don Henrique. I'm glad to find by 's letter he's in
health;

Yet methinks, friend, he writes but doubtfully
Of's being here this night, as I expected.

Ernesto. His letter, I suppose, sir, speaks his purpose.

Don Henrique. I'll answer't, and dispatch you pre-
sently:

In the mean while, go make him welcome, Silvio.

[Exeunt Silvio and Ernesto.]

I would to Heaven he were arriv'd; I grow
Each minute more impatient: as bodies

Near the centre move with more violence,
So when we approach the ends of our designs,
Our expectations are the more intense,
And our fears greater of all cross events.

[Exit Don Henrique.]

Enter SILVIO, ERNESTO, GERALDO, PEDRO, BERNARDINO, JAGO, with some cups of chocolate.

Silvio. Methinks, camerade, a soup of chocolate
Is not amiss after a tedious journey—

Your master's health, sir.

[He drinks.]

Ernesto. I'll do you reason, sir^a.

Silvio. Pray how long is't, brother, since you left Spain?

Ernesto. 'Tis now five years, and upwards, since I went

From Seville, with my master, into Flanders,
The king's fencing-school; where all his subjects
Given to fighting, are taught the use of arms,
And notably kept in breath.

Silvio. Your master, I am sure, has got the fame
To be a per'lous man in that rough trade.

Ernesto. He's a brave soldier, envy must confess it.

Pedro. It seems so, faith, since merely by the force
Of his great reputation, he can take
Our bright young mistress in without a siege.

Ernesto. If I mistake not, she will be reveng'd
On him ere long, and take him too, by th' force
Of her rare wit and beauty.

Pedro. Sh'as a fair
Portion, sir, of both, I dare assure you.

Silvio. But pr'ythee, brother, instruct us a little;
Tell us, what kind of country is this Holland,
That's so much talk'd of, and so much fought for?

Ernesto. Why, friend, 'tis a huge ship at anchor,
fraught
With a sort of creatures made up of turf
And butter.

^a I'll do you reason.] See note 23 to *The Widow's Tears*, Vol. VI.
and Note 54 to *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, Vol. VIII.

Pedro. Pray, sir, what do they drink in that country?
'Tis said, there's neither fountains there
Nor vines.

Ernesto. This is the butler, sure, by his apt question.
[*Aside.*

Friend, they drink there a certain muddy liquor,
Made of that grain with which you feed your mules.

Pedro. What, barley? can that juice quench their
thirst?

Ernesto. You'd scarce believe it could, did you but see
How oft they drink.

Pedro. But methinks that should make them drunk,
camerade—

Ernesto. Indeed most strangers are of that opinion;
But they themselves believe it not, because
They are so often.

Geraldo. A nation, sure, of walking tuns! the world
Has not the like.

Ernesto. Pardon me, friend; there is but a great ditch
Betwixt them and such another nation;
If these good fellows would but join, and drink
That dry, i'faith they might shake hands.

Geraldo. Pr'ythee, friend, can these Dutch Borra-
chios fight?

Ernesto. They can do even as well, for they can pay
Those that can fight.

Silvio. But where, I pray, sir, do they get their
money?

Ernesto. Oh, sir, they have a thriving mystery;
They cheat their neighbouring princes of their trade,
And then they buy their subjects for their soldiers.

Silvio. Methinks our armies should beat these butter
boxes
Out of the world.

Ernesto. Trust me, brother, they'll sooner beat our
armies

Out of their country: why, ready money, friend,
Will do much more in camps, as well as courts,
Than a ready wit, I dare assure you.

Geraldo. Methinks, camerade, our king should have
more money,

Then these Dutch swabbers; he's master o' th' Indies,
Where money grows.

Ernesto. But they have herrings, which, I assure you,
Are worth our master's mines.

Geraldo. Herrings! why, what a devil do they grow
In their country?

Ernesto. No, faith, they fish 'em on the English coast,
And fetch their salt from France; then they pickle 'em,
And sell 'em all o'er the world.

Geraldo. 'Slife, these rascals live by cookery.

Ernesto. This is the coddled cook, I've found him out.

[*Aside.*

Bernardino. What kind of beds, sir, have they i' that
country?

Ernesto. This, I dare swear's the groom o' th' cham-
ber.

[*Aside.*

Sir, they have certain niches in their walls,
Where they climb up o' nights, and there they stew
In their own grease till morning.

Jago. Pray, sir, give me leave to ask you one ques-
tion;

What manner of women have they in that country?

Ernesto. The gentleman-usher, upon my life. [*Aside.*

Pray excuse me, sir: we gentlemen soldiers

Value ourselves upon our civility

To that soft sex; and in good faith they are

The softest of that sex, I ever met with.

Jago. Does any of our Spaniards ever marry
With 'em?

Ernesto. Yes, some lean families that have a mind
To lard their progeny.

Silvio. What, a god's name, could come into the heads
Of this people to make them rebel?

Ernesto. Why, religion; that came into their heads
A god's name.

Geraldo. But what a devil made the noblemen
Rebel, they never mind religion?

Ernesto. Why, that which made the devil himself rebel,
Ambition.

Silvio. This is a pleasant fellow.

[*Aside.*

I find you gentlemen-soldiers want no wit.

Ernesto. When we're well paid, sir, but that's so seldom ;

I find that gentleman wants wit that is
A soldier—Your company's very good,
But I have business which requires dispatch.

Pedro. Will you not mend your draught before you go?

Ernesto. I thank you, sir, I have done very well.

All. Your servant, your servant, &c. [Exeunt.

Enter CAMILLA, PORCIA, FLORA.

Porcia. Was e'er disaster like to mine, Camilla?

Camilla. Was e'er misfortune, Porcia, like to mine?

Porcia. That I must never see Octavio more?

Camilla. That I again must Don Antonio see,
Yet never see him mine?

Porcia. I, to be married to the man I hate.

Camilla. And I to have the man I love torn from me.

Porcia. I am, by robbing of my friend, undone.

Camilla. I, for not hind'ring of the theft am lost.

Porcia. Ye powers, who these entangled fortunes give,
Instruct us how to die and how to live. [She weeps.

Camilla. Cousin, when we should act, then to complain

Is childishly to beat the air in vain.

These descants on our griefs only perplex ;

Let's seek the remedy : you know, our sex

This honour bears from men in exigents

Of love, never to want expedients.

Porcia. You have awaken'd me, give me your veil :

[*Porcia takes off Camilla's veil and puts it on herself.*

Quickly, dear cousin, quickly ; and you, Flora,

Run presently, and see whether my brother

Be settled to dispatch Antonio's man. [Exit Flora.

Camilla. What mean you Porcia ?

Porcia. If once my brother be set down to write,

I may securely reckon one hour mine ;

For he is so extravagantly jealous,

That he distrusts the sense of his own words,

And will weigh a subscription to a scruple,

Lest he should wrong his family by his style :

Therefore, I'll serve myself on this occasion

To see Octavio, and to let him know,
That all our hopes are ready to expire,
Unless he finds some prompt expedient
For our relief.

Camilla. Pray how, and where d' you hope to speak
with him?

Porcia. At his own house, where he lies yet conceal'd :
'Tis not far off, and I will venture thither.

Camilla. D' you know the way?

Porcia. Not very well, but Flora's a good guide.

Enter FLORA hastily.

Flora. O madam! he's coming already.

Porcia. Ah, spiteful destiny! Come let's retire
Into my chamber, cousin. [*Exeunt Porcia and Camilla.*]

Enter DON HENRIQUE and ERNESTO.

Don Henrique. If you desire to see her friend, you
may.

Ernesto. I should be glad to acquaint my master, sir,
That I have had the honour to see his bride.

Don Henrique. Where's your lady, Flora?

Flora. She's in her chamber, sir.

Don Henrique. Tell her, Antonio's man attends her
here,

To do his duty to her, ere he goes. [*Exit Flora.*]

Stay here; you'll find her with a kinswoman,

In her home-dress, without a veil, but you

Are privileg'd by your relation, for this access:

I'll go dispatch my letter. [*Exit Henrique.*]

Enter CAMILLA, PORCIA, and FLORA.

[*Ernesto addresses himself to Camilla, seeing
her without a veil.*]

Ernesto. Madam, I have been bold to beg the honour
Of seeing your ladyship, to make myself
More welcome to my lord, at my return.

Porcia. A rare mistake! further it, dear Camilla :
Who knows what good this error may produce? [*Aside.*]

Camilla. Friend, in what state left you your lord and
mine?

Ernesto. As happy as the hopes of being your's
Could make him, madam.

Camilla. I wou'd the master were as easily deceiv'd.

[*Aside.*

I pray present my humble service to him ;
And let him know, that I am very glad
He has pass'd his journey so successfully—
Give him the letter, *Flora**—farewel, friend.

[*Exeunt Camilla, Porcia, and Flora.*

Ernesto. Now, by my life, she is a lovely lady ;
My master will be ravish'd with her form.
I hope this blind bargain made by proxy,
May prove as happy a marriage as those
Made after th' old fashion, chiefly for love ;
And that this unseen beauty may have charms
To bring him back to his right wits again,
From his wild ravings on an unknown dame,
Whom, as he fancies (once upon a time)
He recover'd from a trance, that's to say
From a sound sleep, which makes him dream e'er since.
I'll hasten to him with this pleasing news. [*Exit Ernesto.*

Enter CAMILLA, PORCIA, and FLORA.

Camilla. My melancholy could hardly hinder me
From laughing at the formal fool's mistake.
But tell me, did not I present your person
With rare assurance ? The way for both to thrive,
Is to make me your representative.

Porcia. Most willingly ; and I am confident,
When you your charms shall to his heart apply,
You all your rivals safely may defy.

Camilla. I wish I could be vain enough to hope it.
But, cousin, my despairs are so extreme,
I can't be flatter'd, though but in a dream.

Flora. Madam, do we go, or what do you resolve on ?

Porcia. I must resolve, but know not what to choose.

Camilla. Cousin, take heed, I am afraid you venture

* This is hardly intelligible as it stands here and in the third edition. In the two earlier copies, *Porcia* says to *Flora* on entering :—

"If thou lov'st me get him away quickly
Before my brother come, and give him this.

[*She gives Flora a letter.*" C.

Too much : your brother cannot tarry long,
And if at his return he finds you missing——

Porcia. Y' have reason ; th' opportunity is lost.
What is 't o'clock, Flora ?

Flora. I think near seven, for the clock struck six
Just as Camilla enter'd the chamber.

Porcia. Quick then, Flora, fetch your veil : you
shall carry

My tablets to Octavio ; there he'll find
The hour and place where I would have him meet.

[*Exit Flora.*]

Camilla. 'Tis well resolv'd ; but where do you design
Your meeting ?

Porcia. In the remotest part of all the garden,
Which answers, as you know, to my apartment ;
And Flora has the key of the back-door.

Camilla. As the case stands, you choose the fittest
place.

[*Flora returns veiled.*]

Porcia. Cousin, I beg your patience whilst I writa.

[*Porcia writes in her tablets.*]

Camilla. You, mistress Flora, by this accident
May chance to see your faithful lover, Diego.

Flora. He is a faithful lover of himself,
Without a rival, madam.

Camilla. Damsel, your words and thoughts hardly
agree ;

For could we see his image in your heart,
'Twould be a fairer far, than e'er his glass
Reflected.

Flora. Madam, I am not yet so very old,
That I should dote.

Camilla. Nor yet so very young but you may love :
Dotage and love are cousin-germans, Flora.

Flora. Yes, when we love and are not lov'd again ;
[*Smiling.*]

For else, I think they're not so near akin.

Camilla. I have touch'd a nettle, and stung myself.
[*Aside.*]

Porcia. Make all the haste you can, pray, Flora.

Flora. Madam, I'll fly.
Should I not play my part, I were to blame,
Since all my fortune's betted on her game. [*Aside.*
Madam, has Octavio the other key
Belonging to the tablets?

Porcia. Yes, yes; I pray make haste. [*Exit Flora.*

Camilla. Cousin, pray call for Mirabel, and let her
Divert us with a song.

Porcia. Who waits there?

Enter PAGE.

Page, bid Mirabel come in, and Floridor
With his lute, and send in somebody with chairs.

Camilla. Pray, cousin, let her sing her newest air.

Porcia. What you please.

Camilla. Tell me, pr'ythee, whose composition was it?

Porcia. Guess, and I'll tell you true.

[*They bring in chairs.*

Camilla. Octavio's?

Porcia. Y' are i' th' right.

Enter MIRABEL and FLORIDOR.

Porcia. Mirabel, sing mistaken kindness.

THE SONG*.

Can Luciamira so mistake,
To persuade me to fly?
'Tis (cruel kind) for my own sake,
To counsel me to die;
Like those faint souls, who cheat themselves of breath,
And die for fear of death.

Since love's the principle of life,
And you the object lov'd,
Let's, Luciamira, end this strife,
I cease to be remov'd.
We know not what they do, are gone from hence,
But here we love by sense.

* The song, and its introduction, were new in the copy of 1671. C.

If the Platonics, who would prove
Souls without bodies love,
Had, with respect, well understood
The passions i' the blood,
Th' had suffer'd bodies to have had their part,
And seated love i' the heart.

Porcia. What discord there's in music, when the
heart,
Untun'd by trouble, cannot bear a part!
Camilla. In vain we seek content in outward things,
'Tis only from within where quiet springs.

ACT II.

SCENE—*The City of Seville.*

Enter Don ANTONIO and SANCHO, in riding clothes.

Sancho. Sir, we are arriv'd in very good time.

Don Antonio. I did not think it would have been so
soon

By an hour at least; but lovers ride apace.

Why smile you, Sancho?

Sancho. Faith, at the novelty of your amours.

To fall in love with one you hardly saw,
And marry one you never saw: 'tis pretty,
But we poor mortals have another method.

Don Antonio. Y' are very pleasant, friend; but is
not this

The market-place, behind the Jacobins?

Sancho. Yes, sir.

Don Antonio. 'Tis here I charg'd Ernesto to expect
me.

Sancho. Since you are here, sir, earlier than you
thought,

Why might you not go shift you at the post-house,
And be return'd before Ernesto come?

Howe'er, 'tis better that he wait for you
Than you for him, in the open street.

Don Antonio. 'Tis well thought on ; come, let's go then. [Exeunt.

Enter Don OCTAVIO and DIEGO.

Don Octavio. Come, Diego, 'tis now time to quit our dens,

And to begin our chase.

Diego. Of what, sir, bats or owls, now the sun's set ?
Call you this making of love ? why, methinks
'Tis more like making of war ; marching all night
In arms, as if we design'd to beat up
The enemy's quarters.

Don Octavio. Why, would not you venture as much
for Flora ?

Diego. No, in good faith, sir ; I shall venture enough
If e'er I marry her : I'll run no hazard
(By my good will) beforehand.

Don Octavio. That's from your fear, not prudence,
Diego.

Diego. Sir, you may call it what you please ; but I
Dare boldly say, there lives not in the world
A more valiant man than I, whilst danger
Keeps its distance ; but when saucily
It presses on, then, I confess, 'tis true,
I have a certain tenderness for life,
Which checks my ardour, and inclines my prudence
Timely to withdraw.

Don Octavio. Your style is wond'rous civil to yourself ;
How you soften that harsh word call'd cowardice.
But the danger is not always evident,
When you are pleas'd, my friend, to run away.

Diego. It may be so, sir, not to vulgar eyes ;
But I have such a piercing sight, that I
Discover perils out of others' ken ;
Which they not seeing soon enough to shun,
Are forc'd t' encounter ; and then their struggling
, by th' unwary world, taken for courage.

Don Octavio. Who's truly valiant, will be always so.

Diego. Who's wisely valiant, will avoid the foe.

Don Octavio. You have more light, Diego, I see, than
heat ;

But I'll allow your wit and honesty
To come to composition for your want
Of courage.

Diego. I have courage enough for the profession
To which my parents did design me.

Don Octavio. Why, what was that?

Diego. An advocate. I could have acted choler
In my client's sight, and, when his back was turn'd,
Have hugg'd the lawyer of the adverse party;
And, if I mistake not, they sell their breath,
Much dearer than you soldiers do your blood.
'Tis true, you get honour, a fine light food
For delicate complexions, but I have
Known some captains of plain stomachs starve upon 't.

Don Octavio. The varlet's i' the right. [*Aside.*] How
came 't about

You were not of this thriving trade?

Diego. After I had spent seven years at Salamanca,
My father, a rich merchant of this city,
Was utterly undone by that damn'd Englishman,
With whom we fright our children.

Don Octavio. Who, Captain Drako? Was he a
pirate?

Diego. He had been so on this side of the line.

Don Octavio. 'Tis strange that war and peace should
have degrees

Of latitude: one would have thought they should
Have been the same all o'er the world. But what's
this

To my amours? I trifle away my time.

Was ever lover's fate so rude as mine?

Condemn'd to darkness, forc'd to hide my head,

As well as love; and, to spite me the more,

Fortune has contradictions reconcil'd,

I am at once a pris'ner, and exil'd.

Enter Don ANTONIO and SANCHO.

Don Antonio. Methinks Ernesto should not tarry
long,

If not already come. Sancho, how call you
The street there just before us, where you see

You getleman with his cloak o'er his face?
I have lost all my measures of this town.

Sancho. I am as much to seek as you, sir.

Don Antonio. Let us go to him, Sancho, and enquire:
He has a notable good mein: I ne'er
Saw an air more like Octavio's.

Don Octavio. Unless my eyes do very much deceive
me,

That's Don Antonio: if it be he, Diego,
There is no danger in his knowing us:
He was my comrade when I first bore arms.

[*Don Octavio lets fall his cloak from before his face.*
Tis he.

Don Antonio. You injure me, Octavio, to be so long
A-knowing one who's so entirely yours. [*They embrace.*

Don Octavio. Your presence in this place, noble
Antonio,

Was so unexpected, I hardly durst
Believe my eyes; when came you to this town?

Don Antonio. I am just now arrived.

Don Octavio. I joy to see you here; but should have
thought

It likelier to have heard of you at court,
Pursuing there the recompenses due
To your great merit.

Don Antonio. That is no place for men of morality:
I have been taught, Octavio, to deserve,
But not to seek reward, that does profane
The dignity of virtue. If princes,
For their own interests, will not advance
Deserving subjects, they must raise themselves
By a brave contempt of fortune.

Don Octavio. Rig'rous virtue! which makes us to
deserve,

Yet suffer the neglect of those we serve.

Don Antonio. Virtue to interest has no regard;
Nor is it virtue, if w' expect reward.

Don Antonio. If for their service kings our virtues
press,

Is no pay due to valour and success?

Don Octavio. When we gave up our persons to their will,
We gave with those, our valour, fortune, skill.

Don Octavio. But this condition tacitly was meant,
Kings should adjust reward and punishment.

Don Antonio. Kings are the only judges of deserts,
And our tribunal's seated in their hearts.

Don Octavio. But if they judge and act amiss, what then?

Don Antonio. They must account to th' powers above, not men*.

Don Octavio. Then we must suffer.

Don Antonio. Yes; if we reject
Their power as too great, we must erect
A greater to controul them; and thus we,
Instead of shrinking, swell the tyranny.

Don Octavio. W' obey for fear, then.

Don Antonio. True: 'tis only above
Where power is justice, and obedience love.

Don Octavio. I'm glad to find, in you, the seeds yet left

Of steady virtue; may they bring forth fruit
Fit to illustrate and instruct the age.

Let me once more embrace you: welcome, brave man,
[Embraces *Don Antonio.*

Both the delight and honour of your friends.

Don Antonio. You will give me leave, sir, to distinguish

Betwixt your judgment and civility.

Don Octavio. He has not liv'd i' th' reach of public fame,

Who is a stranger to your character.

This is my house, be pleas'd, sir, to go in,

And make it your's: though truly at present,

I am but in an ill condition

* It may be mentioned here, that throughout the third edition, certain sententious passages and moral and political apothegms, are printed in italic. This ultra loyal line, and some others of the same kind so distinguished, were first inserted in the copy of the play published two years before the death of the author. C.

To receive the honour of such a guest,
Having, by an unlucky accident,
Been forc'd of late to keep myself conceal'd.

Don Antonio. I humbly thank you, sir, but cannot
yet

Receive your favour; for I must stay here
Expecting the return of one I sent
Before me to my brother-in-law's.

Don Octavio. Have you a brother-in-law in Seville?
You surprise me much.

Don Antonio. It is most true, Octavio, I come hither
A married man, as much as friends can make me.

Don Octavio. Since it imports you not to miss your
servant,

Let us stay here without until he comes,
And then go in and rest yourself a while.
But how go our affairs in Flanders?

Don Antonio. I left our armies in a better state
Than formerly.

Don Octavio. And your governor, the Duke of Alva,
I suppose in great reputation.

Don Antonio. The honour of our country, and the
terror

Of others: fortune consulted reason
When she bestow'd such favours upon him.

Don Octavio. And yet, 'tis said, he loses ground at
court.

Don Antonio. 'Tis possible: under a jealous prince,
A great's as prejudicial as an evil fame.

Don Octavio. They say he's cruel, even to barbarity.

Don Antonio. 'Tis mercy, that which they call cruelty.
In a civil war, in fertile provinces,
(And the sun sees not richer than are these)
The soldier, especially th' auxiliary,
Whose trade it is to fight for salary,
Is brib'd by gain the rebels' lives to spare,
That mutual quarter may prolong the war;
Till this slow fever has consum'd their force,
And then they'll fall to our rival France of course.

War made in earnest maketh war to cease,
And vigorous prosecution hastens peace.

Don Octavio. Y' have made me comprehend his conduct: he's sure
As great a politician as a soldier.

Don Antonio. Loyalty's his centre, his circumf'rence
glory;
And t' after ages he'll show great in story.

Don Octavio. And is our good friend, the Marquis
d'Olivera,
In high esteem?

Don Antonio. The boast of our army: he has exceeded
Hope, and made flattery impossible.

Don Octavio. They say he did wonders at the siege
of Mons.*

Don Antonio. You mean, as I suppose, at the pursuit

O' th' German army, led by the Prince of Orange.
Indeed his courage, and his conduct there,
Were very signal.

Don Octavio. You'll much oblige me, if, whilst you expect

Your servant here, I might learn from yourself
Some few particulars of your own actions;
Fame speaks loudly of them, but not distinctly.

Don Antonio. Fame, like water, bears up the lighter
things,

And lets the weighty sink. I do not use
To speak in the first person; but, if you needs
Will have a story to fill up the time,
I'll tell you an adventure of my own,

* at the siege of Mons.] In the year 1572, the town of Mons, in Henault, was surprised by Count Lodowicke, who fortified himself in it, intending to hold it against the power of Spain. It was soon after invested by the Duke of Alva, and surrendered to him after a long siege, though attempted to be succoured by the Prince of Orange, who came before it with an army, with which he sometime harassed his enemy, but without effecting his principal design.

Where you'll find love so intermix'd with arms,
That, I am confident, 'twill raise your wonder,
How, being prepossess'd with such a passion,
I should, upon prudential motives only,
Be engaged, as now you find me, to marry
A lady whom I never saw.

Don Octavio. The person, and the subject, sir, both
challenge

My best attention.

Don Antonio. [After a little pause.] The following
evening to that glorious day,
Wherein the Duke of Alva gain'd such fame
Against the cautelous Nassau, some horse
Were sent from the army, under my command,
To cover the Limbourg frontiers, much expos'd
To th' enemy's inroads. My troops scarce lodg'd,
I receiv'd intelligence, that a party
Of th' enemy, about two hundred horse,
Were newly come t' a village three leagues off,
Intending there to lodge: immediately
We sounded to horse, and march to their surprise
So luckily, that by the break of day
Their quarters were on fire.

Don Octavio. You had been taught, sir, by your wise
general,
That diligence in execution is
(Even above fortune) mistress of success.

Don Antonio. They made but faint resistance: some
were slain,
Some perish'd in the fire, others escap'd,
Giving the alarm, in quarters more remote,
To their companions drown'd in sleep and wine;
Who, at the outcry, and the noise of trumpets,
Methinks I fancy starting from their beds,
As pale and wan, as from their dormitories
Those the last trump shall rouse; diff'ring in this,
That those awake to live, but these to die.

Don Octavio. Oh, how unsafe it is to be secure!

Don Antonio. Finding no more resistance, I made
haste

To a lofty structure, which, as I conceiv'd,
Was the likeliest quarter for their officer;
Led thither by desire to rescue both,
Him, from the soldier's rage, that from the fire.

Don Octavio. A care most worthy of a gallant leader.

Don Antonio. But think, Octavio, how I was surpris'd,

When, entering a pavilion i' th' garden,
I found a woman of a matchless form,
Stretch'd all along upon the marble floor.

*Don Octavio.** I easily can divine how such a heart,
As harbours in the brave Antonio's breast,
May suffer at so sad a spectacle.

Don Antonio. At the first sight, I did believe her dead;

Yet in that state so awful she appear'd,
That I approach'd her with as much respect,
As if the soul had animated still
That body, which, though dead, scarce mortal seem'd.
But as the sun from our horizon gone,
His beams do leave a tincture on the skies,
Which shows it was not long since he withdrew;
So in her lovely face there still appear'd
Some scatter'd streaks of those vermilion beams
Which us'd t' irradiate that bright firmament.
Thus did I find that distress'd miracle,
Able to wound a heart as if alive,
Uncapable to cure it, as if dead.

Don Octavio. I no more doubt your pity, than your wonder.

Don Antonio. My admiration did suspend my aid,
Till passion join'd to pity made me bold.
I kneel'd and took her in my arms, then bow'd
Her body gently forward; at which instant,
A sigh stole from her. Oh the ravishing sound!
Which, being a symptom of remaining life,

* In the third edition, by an error, this speech is not distinguished from Antonio's description, but it would evidently belong to Octavio, even if, in the two earlier copies, the same mistake had been committed. C.

Made me forget that 'twas a sign of grief.
At length she faintly opens her bright eyes;
So breaks the day, and so do all the creatures
Rejoice, as I did, at the new-born light:
But as the Indians, who adore the sun,
Are scorch'd by's beam, ere half his race be run,
So I, who did adore her rising eyes,
Found myself wounded by those deities.

Don Octavio. I am big with expectation, pray
Deliver me.

Don Antonio. From her fair hand a bloody poniard
fell,

Which she held fast during her trance, as if
Sh' had only needed arms whilst she did sleep,
And trusted to her eyes when she did wake.
What I said to her, being a production
Of mere extasy, I remember not.
She made me no reply, yet I discern'd,
In a serener air of her pale face,
Some lines of satisfaction, mix'd with fear.

Don Octavio. Such looks in silence have an elo-
quence.

But pray go on.

Don Antonio. Rais'd from the ground, and to herself
return'd,

I stept a fitting distance back, as well
To gaze upon that lovely apparition,
As to express respect; when at that instant
The trumpets sound a charge; my soldiers cry,
Where is our leader? Where's Antonio?
My love a while disputed with my honour,
But that, being the longer settled power,
O'ercame; I join'd my troops, left in reserve,
As they were ready to receive a charge
From divers squadrons of fresh horse, who, being
Quarter'd in neighbouring villages, had taken
Hotly th' alarm, and came, though then too late,
In succour of their friends. Honour and love
Had so inflam'd my heart, that I advanc'd

Beyond the rules of conduct, and receiv'd
So many wounds, that I with faintness fell.

Don Octavio. How can this story end ?

Don Antonio. My soldiers beat the enemy, and
brought me off,

Where surgeons quickly cur'd my outward wounds ;
But the remembrance of that heroine,
My inward hurts kept bleeding still afresh ;
Till, by the business of the war constrain'd
To attend my charge i' th' army, my despair
Of ever seeing her again, conspiring
With the strong persuasions of Olivera,
I was at length even forc'd to an engagement.
Of marriage with a lady of this city,
Rich, noble, and, as they say, beautiful.
And so you have me here, come to consummate
Those nuptial rites, to which my interest,
And the importunity of trusty friends,
O'er-rule my judgment, though against my heart.

Don Octavio. A wonderful adventure ! but pray, sir,
May I not take the liberty to ask you,
Who may this noble lady be, to whom
The fates have destin'd so much happiness ?

Don Antonio. I have no reserves for you, Octavio,
'Tis the sister of——

*Enter ERNESTO, and Don Octavio retires hastily, and
covers his face with his cloak.*

Don Antonio (nodding to Octavio). It is my servant,
sir.

Don Octavio. Step to Antonio, Diego, and desire him
To send him off. [*Diego goes to Antonio and whispers.*

Don Antonio. I will immediately. Well, Ernesto,
What good news ? speak freely.

Ernesto. Sir, as you charg'd me, I told your brother-
in-law,

I thought you hardly could be there this night.
He kisses your hands, and bade me tell you,
That he expects your coming with impatience.
This letter's from Don Henrique, th' other's from

Yourauteous bride, the most accomplish'd person
I ever saw : my being of your train
Gave me the privilege of a domestic,
To see her in her chamber dress without
A veil, either to cover faults, or hide
Perfections.

Don Antonio. Tell me truly, is she so very handsome?

Ernesto. Handsomer far, in my opinion, sir,
Than all those Brussels beauties, which you call
The finish'd pieces : but I say no more ;
Let your own eyes inform you ; here's a key
Of the apartment that's made ready for you ;
A lower quarter, very nobly furnish'd,
That opens on St. Vincent's street.

Don Antonio. Give it me, and go to the post-house,
And take care that my things be brought from thence.

[*Exit Ernesto.*]

Octavio, will you go along with me,
And be a witness of my first address ?

Don Octavio. Sir, you choose in me an ill companion
Of lovers' interviews, or nuptial joys.
One whose misfortunes to such sad extremes
Are heighten'd, that the very mentioning
Of happy hours, serves only to embitter
The memory of my lost joys.

Don Antonio. So very deep a sense of your misfortunes
Holds no proportion with Octavio's mind.

Enter FLORA in haste.

Flora. Where's your master, Diego ?

Diego. There's some ill towards, when this bird appears.

[*Aside.*]

Do you not see him ? y' have liv'd too long a maid.

Flora. Sir, I have something to say t' you in private,
That requires haste.

Don Octavio. What new accident brings you hither,
Flora ?

Flora. These tablets will inform you, sir:

[*Flora retires.*]

Diego. Will you not stay for an answer, damsel?

Flora. 'Tis a command, not a question, Diego.

Diego. Short and sweet, Flora.

Don Octavio. Good Flora, stay a minute. I much fear

It is some new misfortune.

Diego. Nay, sir, you may be sure 'tis some disaster,
Else it would ne'er have come so easily,
And so unsought for.

Don Octavio. Will you allow me for a moment, sir,
To step into my house, and read a letter?

[*Bowing to Antonio.*

Don Antonio. I'll wait upon you in, and stay your
leisure.

[*Exeunt all but Diego.*

Diego. These little black books do more devils raise,
Than all the figures of the conjurers.
This is some missive from the heroine:
If it ends not in fighting I'll be hang'd;
It is the method of their dear romances,
And persons of their rank make love by book.
Curse of the inventor of that damn'd device
Of painting words, and speaking to our eyes!
Had I a hundred daughters, by this light,
Not one of 'em should ever read or write.

Enter FLORA, and seems to go away in haste.
Here she comes again. 'Twas a quick dispatch.
A word, Flora, or a kind glance at least;
What, grown cruel? Diego, no body w' you.

Flora. This is no time for fooling, friend.

Diego. Nay, if you be so serious, fare you well.
But, now I think on't better, I'll do th' honours
Of our street, and bring you to the end on't.

Flora. I shall be well help'd up with such a 'squire,
If some wandering knight should chance to assault you,
To bear away your damsel, what would you do?

Diego. I'd use no other weapon but a torch:
I'd put aside your veil, shew him your face,
That, I suppose, would guard us both.

Flora. Why, d'you think 'twould fright him, Diego?

Diego. Oh, no; 'twould charm him, Flora.

Flora. Well, such as 'tis, I'll venture it without
Engaging your known valour: good night. [*Exit Flora.*]

Enter DON OCTAVIO and DON ANTONIO.

Don Octavio. What may this be? I swear I cannot
guess;

The warning's short, but she must be obeyed.
The hour draws near; I must go seek a friend,
Her words seem to imply need of a second:
'Twere barbarous to engage Antonio,
Newly arriv'd, and come on such an errand. [*Aside.*]
Noble Antonio, my confusion's great,
[*Addressing to Antonio.*]

To tell you thus abruptly, I must leave you;
Th' occasion's indispensable.

Don Antonio. I must not quit you, sir, I know too
well

The laws of honour to desert you now:
When I perceive my friend in such disorder,
And all the marks that he is call'd to danger,
To leave him then—

Don Octavio. It is a summons from a lady, sir,
Whom I have lov'd with passion and success,
To meet her in her garden presently.
All is propitious on her part and mine;
But she's so guarded by a tyrant brother,
So naturally jealous, and so incens'd
By a late accident which I shall tell you,
That to assure you there would be no danger
In this adventure, were, sir, to abuse you:
But for that very reason I am bound
Not to consent you should embark yourself
In a business, so directly opposite
To the occasion which has brought you hither.

Don Antonio. I like the omen, at my first arrival
To have the honour to serve so brave a friend.

Don Octavio. You from a life of perils hither come
To find a nuptial bed, not seek a tomb.

Don Antonio. My friend engag'd, it never must be
said.

Antonio left him so, to go to bed.

Don Octavio. Y' are marry'd, and expose what's not your own.

Don Antonio. Wedded to honour that must yield to none.

Don Octavio. Honour makes me refuse your aid ; we must

As well to friends, as to ourselves, be just.

Don Antonio. He ought not to pretend to friendship's name,

Who reckons not himself and friend the same.

Don Octavio. Friendship with justice must not disagree,

That were to break the virtue's harmony.

Don Antonio. Friendship is justice ; for whene'er we give,

We then receive, so 'tis commutative.

Don Octavio. So great's your friendship, you your friend oppress :

To make it juster, you must make it less.

Don Antonio. Friendship can never err in the extent : Like Nile, when 't overflows, 'tis most beneficent.

Don Octavio. I find, Antonio, you will still subdue.

Don Antonio. I owe my triumph to my cause not you. Come we lose time, your mistress must not stay.

Don Octavio. Who's so accompany'd, needs not fear his way. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE—*Don Henrique's House,*

CAMILLA, PORCIA, and FLORA, appear in a balcony.

Porcia. Come, cousin, the hour assign'd approaches.

Camilla. Nay, more than so, for 'tis already night,

Flora. And, thanks to your stars, sufficiently dark.

Porcia. To the clouds you would say, Flora ; for stars, In this occasion, would not much befriend us.

Pray, cousin, when Octavio shall arrive,

Do you and Flora watch above with care ;

For if my cruel brother should surprize us—

Camilla. Let us alone to play the centinels.

Flora. I'm confident he's abroad, and will not suddenly return; for I heard him say, He'd pass the evening at the Corrigidor's; And thence, you know, he seldom comes home early.

Enter ANTONIO, OCTAVIO, and DIEGO, with their cloaks o'er their faces, and their swords undrawn in their hands.

Don Antonio. Is it not something early for adventures Of this nature!

Don Octavio. 'Tis the hour she appointed.

Don Antonio. How dark 'tis grown o' th' sudden! there's not one

Star appears in all the firmament.

Diego. So much the better; for, when I must fight, I covet no spectators of my prowess. [*Aside.*]

Don Octavio. Stay you here, Antonio, I'll step before, And give the sign: when you hear the door open, Then come on and follow me in.

Enter at the other side of the stage, DON HENRIQUE and DON CARLOS.

Don Henrique. The Corrigidor's is a sweet place.

Don Carlos. The walks and fountains so entice me, I still

Weary myself before I can retire.

Don Henrique. Indeed we have staid longer than we thought,

And therefore let's go home the shorter way:

The back-door of my garden's here at hand.

Don Carlos. It will be better than to go about.

Porcia. Would he were come, I fear the rising moon Will give us little time. [*Above in the balcony.*]

[*Octavio knocks upon the hilt of his sword.*]

I think I hear his usual knock. Who's there?

Don Octavio. 'Tis I.

Porcia. I hope y' are not alone.

Don Octavio. No; here's Diego with me and a friend.

Porcia. 'Tis well. I'll open the door presently.

Don Henrique. Come, we are now hard by the garden-gate.

Don Octavio. Let's to the door, sure she's there by this time.

Be not afraid, Diego.

Diego. You had as good command me not to breathe.

Don Octavio. Come on; what are you thinking on?

Diego. That I see company, or that my fear does.

Don Octavio. Y' are i' th' right: let 's, to avoid suspicion,

Walk on at large, till they are out of distance.

[*The noise of a lock.*]

Don Carlos. I think I heard your garden-door open.

Don Henrique. I think so too; ha, at this time of the night!

Why, what a devil can this mean? 'Tis so.

Don Antonio. They have open'd this door: 'tis time for me

To follow, surely Octavio is gone in.

[*Antonio goes towards the door.*]

Porcia. What stay you for?

[*Holding the door half open.*]

Don Henrique. What is 't I hear? sure 'tis Porcia's voice.

Porcia. What mean you to stand there? come in, I say.

Don Henrique. Hell and furies!

[*He goes to draw his sword.*]

Don Carlos. Be patient, sir, and you will make a clearer

Discovery of your affront.

Porcia. You may come in securely, Octavio,

[*Setting open the door.*]

I have set those will watch my brother's coming.

Don Antonio. Madam, I am not Octavio.

Porcia. Not Octavio! who are you then? and who's That shadow there?

Don Henrique. I can hold no longer—I'm thy destiny,

[*Draws his sword.*]

Vile woman, and his mortal enemy.

Don Antonio. Ha, my mortal enemy?

Don Henrique. Yes, villain. Whoe'er thou art, thou shalt pay

This treachery with thy life.

Don Antonio. Vain man! whoe'er thou art, know, the life thou

Threaten'st is guarded by a trusty sword.

[*Don Carlos draws, and they all enter the garden fighting.*

Don Henrique. Make fast the door. [*To Don Carlos.*
Thou art some desperate villian, hir'd to murder.

[*Octavio and Diego come to the door.*

Don Antonio. Hir'd by friendship, and honour's my salary. [*In the garden.*

Don Octavio. That's Antonio's voice within the garden;

[*Runs to the door and finds it shut.*

What, the door shut! my friend engag'd, and I

Excluded! cursed fate! this tree may help me

To climb o'er; if not, I'll fly t' him. [*He climbs up.*

Diego. You may do so; your sprightly love has wings,
And's ever fledge; 'tis molting-time with mine:

Yet I'll up too; the hazard's not in climbing.

[*Diego climbs the tree.*

Here I will sit, and out of danger's reach

Expect the issue.

SCENE changes to a garden, out of which they
issue fighting.

Don Octavio. Courage, brave friend; you have Octavio by you.

Don Antonio. So seconded, a coward would grow firm.

Don Henrique. What, is there more of your crew?
then 'tis time

To call for help—ho, Silvio, Geraldo,

Pedro! come forth, and bring out torches with you.

Enter SILVIO with his sword drawn.

Silvio. Here am I, sir, my camerades will follow,

[*They fight.*

As soon as they have lighted their torches.

Don Antonio. How I despise these slaves, Octavio,
Having you by me!

Diego. Their swords do clatter bravely in the dark.

[*In the tree.*

Silvio. I'm slain.

[*Silvio falls.*

[*Don Henrique stepping back falls over Silvio, and loses his sword, and Carlos runs in to him.*

Don Carlos. Wat are you hurt?

Don Henrique. No, I fell by chance: help me to find my sword.

Don Octavio. What, do you give back? you do well to take breath,

Whilst you have any left; 'twill not be long,
Now that the rising moon lends us some light.

[*The rising moon appears behind the scene,*

[*Porcia runs out to Octavio.*

Porcia. O Octavio, let not this moment slip
To free me from my cruel brother's fury
Or never hope to see me any more
Amongst the living.

[*Octavio leads her away by the arm.*

Don Octavio. Ah, noble maid! he that is once
possess'd
Of such a treasure, and defends it not,
Let him live wretched, and detested die.
Where's my brave friend?

Don Antonio. You have me by your side; lead off
your mistress;

I'll secure your retreat.

Diego. That, doubtless, is my master, who victorious,

[*In the tree, pointing to those who are going off.*
Is bravely marching off with his fair prize:
I'll down and follow.

Don Carlos. But whilst I was engag'd to succour you,
[*Having helped up Don Henrique.*

Our enemies, I fear, are got away:
I heard the door open, and see none here;
Although the night's much brighter than 'twas.
I'll follow, and trace the villains, if I can,
To their dens: meanwhile take care of your sister;
And, pray, till my return be moderate.

Don Henrique. How! moderation in this case?—
what, ho!

Geraldo, Pedro, ah, ye cursed rogues!

[*Enter servants with torches.*

Durst ye not shew your heads till they were gone?

Geraldo, light me in, whilst Pedro looks
To his hurt companion—ah, Porcia! Porcia!

[Exeunt Don Henrique and Geraldo: Pedro carries out Silvia fainting with his hurts.]

SCENE changes to the city of Seville.

Enter DON OCTAVIO, PORCIA, DON ANTONIO, and a little after DIEGO, and after them DON CARLOS.

Diego. Sure, that's Antonio bringing up the rear.
Sir, th' are but just before; my master bears her
[Looking back to Don Carlos.]

Most gallantly away: lose not sight of me.

Don Carlos. This rogue takes me for one of his own crew;

He will, by his mistake, help me to harbour 'em. *[Exeunt.]*
[Camilla and Flora appear in the balcony.]

SCENE changes to Don Henrique's house.

Camilla. Was there ever such a disaster, Flora?
Sure th' are all dead, so great's the silence.

Porcia! Porcia!—nobody answers.

Flora. Madam, let us go down into the garden.

Camilla. Excuse me; that were to involve myself
In this unlucky scandal. 'Tis possible,
Affrighted with the scuffle, she's return'd
Into her quarter by the other door;

Let's away thither. *[They go down upon the stage.]*

Flora. Oh, madam! I see a light, and Don Henrique
Coming this way with his sword drawn: what shall
We do?

Camilla. Peace; let us hide ourselves behind the
door. *[They go behind the door.]*

Till we discover his intentions.

*Enter DON HENRIQUE and GERALDO with a torch,
and PEDRO with a light; Don Henrique and Geraldo,
their swords drawn.*

Pedro. Sir, I have search'd all the rooms of the house,
And cannot find her.

Don Henrique. Base infamous woman! may be she's fled

To the quarter order'd for Antonio.

Pedro. That door is lock'd and's servant has the key.

Don Henrique. Ah, this cursed vagabond! thus to rob [He stamps.

A brother of the fruits of all his care,
And cast this stain on th' honour of our house!
But if ever I get the fugitive
Within my reach, I'll sacrifice her blood
To the offended spirits of my ancestors.

Flora. Madam, d' you hear?

Camilla. Yes, and tremble, Flora.

Don Henrique. Call for her woman.

Pedro. Flora! Flora!

Enter FLORA.

Flora. My good angel guard me!—what's your pleasure, sir?

Don Henrique. Where's your mistress, hussey?

Flora. She told me, sir, about half an hour since,
She would go down into the garden. [Exit Flora.

Don Henrique. My shame is certain. Ah! the sad condition

Of us men of honour! how unequally
Our crosses and our comforts mingled are!
Our orphan sisters are no sooner grown
Above the follies of their childish age,
(During which season, custom does exact
Our watchful caution over all their actions)
But they are grafted on some stranger stock,
Where they do change both their abodes and names,
Without the least reflection on their kindness,
Who pain'd themselves to cultivate their youth;
Or else remain to exercise our fears.
Oh unjust heavens! why suffer you that they,
Who to our joys of life such bubbles are,
Should add such weight unto our griefs and care?
Ah Porcia, Porcia!

Enter DON CARLOS.

Don Carlos. Don Henrique, if I am not much mistaken,

I have in this short time made a great progress
Towards your redress : I come from harbouring
The villains, who have done you this affront.

Camilla. It imports to be attentive now,

Don Henrique. O you revive me ! May I but once
enjoy

The pleasure of my revenge, though the next
Moment were the last period of my life,
I should depart contented. Are the villains
Within our reach ?

Don Carlos. Be patient, sir, and I'll inform you fully.
You were no sooner up, but I pursu'd
Your flying enemies, hoping, the night
Grown somewhat lighter, might help me to discover
The place of their retreat—one of their party,
Who was behind the rest, mistaking me
For one of his camerades, bade me come on,
Saying, his master was but just before ;
That he had borne his mistress bravely off,
And put her champion brother out of combat.

Don Henrique. Insolent rascal !— [*He stamps.*

Don Carlos. We had not pass'd above a street or two
Before he stopp'd, and at the second house
Beyond the church, in Saint Iago's street,
He enter'd and desir'd me to follow him.
I, making a stand, he grew suspicious,
And, from my silence, guessing his mistake,
He slipp'd into the house and lock'd the door.
When I had well observ'd the street and house,
I came with speed to give you this account.

Flora. Oh, madam, this is Don Octavio's house :
Without all doubt, they've carry'd Porcia thither.

Camilla. Peace, Flora, and listen to the sequel.

Don Henrique. Come, cousin, we lose time—Heigh,
who waits there ?

I will besiege the house ; if they refuse
To render, I'll reduce that theatre

Of my shame to ashes, and make their fort
Both theirs and its own sepulchre. There are
Such charms in vengeance, that I do not wonder,
It is reserv'd for him who form'd the thunder.

Don Carlos. Have patience, cousin, and consult your
reason;

'Twill soon convince you how unpracticable
And vain your proposition is, t' attempt,
At this time of night, a house so guarded,
In a well-govern'd city: that would prove
Very like thunder, which the cloud destroys
Wherein 'twas form'd, producing only noise.
What can the issue be, but to alarm
The town, expose your person and your fortune
To th' rigour of the law, publish your shame,
And frustrate your revenge for ever?

Don Henrique. What! would you have me tarry till
these villains,

Who have invaded my house, affronted
My person, murder'd my servant, and robb'd
Me of a sister, may evade my vengeance?

[*Spoken hastily.*

Don Carlos. No; fear not that, let me alone to
find

A certain way to hinder their escape.
I'll instantly to the Corrigidor,
And beg the assistance of his authority
To secure these criminals for the present,
That afterwards the law may punish them.

Don Henrique. A fine proposal! Why, cousin, can
you think

That I'll submit a personal injury
To th' tame decision of the formal law?
And having been affronted by the sword,
To pray the aid of the long robe, and take
An advocate for second?—Reliev'd by law!

Don Carlos. Since we all parties are in making laws,
We must not judges be in our own cause:
We hold it infamous to break our words,
Yet cancel the great charter with our swords.

Don Henrique. They, by their insolence the laws invade.

Don Carlos. But you, by your revenge, the laws degrade.

Don Henrique. Honour obliges me to take revenge.

Don Carlos. Honour is justice, rightly understood :
Your idol honour's only heat of blood.

Don Henrique. Honour's opinion, which rules all the world.

Don Carlos. Opinion, Henrique only governs fools ;
Reason, the wise and truly valiant rules.

Don Henrique. Reason's opinion ; for every one
Stamps reason on his own opinion.

Don Carlos. Then, by your argument, when people join
In making laws, because they all opine,
Laws are reasonable, and bind us all—

Don Henrique. Curse on your sophistry, to treat a friend

With figures, that's raging in a fever !
You may as well pretend to teach a man
To sing his part, that's stretch'd upon a rack.

No, sir, I'll sooner lose this irksome life,
Than e'er consent to publish my disgrace,
Before I have reveng'd it—to assist

At the funeral of my own honour !— [*He stamps.*

Don Carlos. What a wild creature is a cholerick man ! [*Aside.*

'Tis far from my intent ; all my design
Is only how we may conceal your shame,
Till we have got these villains in our power ;
Which can be brought about by no such means,
As by demanding justice against those
Who did assault your person, and have wounded
Your servant, a very plausible pretence !
Will this content you ? Trust my conduct, cousin :
Is not my interest the same with yours ?

Don Henrique. Well, since it must be so, I pray
make haste.

Don Carlos. Doubt not my diligence ; by this I'll
prove
Friendship has fire and wings, as well as love.

Don Henrique. If you could fly, you'd move with too much leisure;

Ah, tedious minutes, which revenge does measure!

[*Exit Carlos.*]

Flora. Madam, y' have heard their mischievous design?

Camilla. Yes, Flora, out of question Porcia's there, And, if they find her, she is lost for ever.

Flora. I'll try to hinder it, though I were certain To perish in th' attempt. I'm confident The house at present is in such confusion, I may run thither without being miss'd.

Camilla. 'Tis well thought on; in the interim I'll retire

To Porcia's chamber. [*Exeunt from behind the door.*]

Enter GERALDO.

Geraldo. Sir, Don Antonio is just arriv'd.

Don Henrique. Ha! what's that you say, sirrah?

Geraldo. That Don Antonio, sir, your brother-in-law, Is without, walking i' th' hall, and bade me Give you notice of it. Shall he come in?

Don Henrique. Antonio arriv'd! O heavens, this circumstance

Was only wanting to complete my shame!

When he desires to see his wife, shall I,

Myself, inform a person of his quality,

That she is run away? Where shall I find

A heart, a tongue, a voice, or breath, or face,

To utter this unparallel'd disgrace? [*Spoken hastily.*]

O this fantastic sense of honour! I

At my own tribunal stand assoil'd,⁴

Yet fearing others' censure am embroil'd.

Geraldo. What is your pleasure, sir? 'tis possible That Don Antonio may think it long.

⁴ *Assoil'd,*] absolved, discharged. Fr. *absoudre*. Lat. *absolvere*.

JUNIUS.

See likewise note 39 to *Lodge's Wounds of Civil War*, Vol. VIII. C.

"Then had the Monkes authoritie to preache, baptyse, and as-soyle from synne, which they never had afore."—*Bale's Acts of English Votaries*, fol. 35 edit. 1550.

See also, "*World of Wonders*," part 1. page 32, folio, 1607. O. G.

Don Henrique. Wait on him in, but at the same time tell him.

You cannot find me.—I will leave my house,
And the discovery of my shame, to fate,
And any censure rather undergo,
Than be the reporter of my own disgrace;
Till first I have my honour's ransom paid,
In the vile blood of this perfidious maid. [*Exit Henrique.*]

Enter DON ANTONIO and ERNESTO.

Don Antonio. My friend and his fair mistress safely lodg'd,

And free from their adventure, 'tis now fit
To mind my own engagement—But, Ernesto,
What can the meaning be of this rude usage,
In suffering me to stay without thus long,
Upon my first arrival? Come, let's go on
Into the other rooms.

Ernesto. I swear, sir, I'm amaz'd at this great change.

'Tis not above two hours, since I found here
A numerous and well-order'd family,
In all appearance; now I see the pages
Bolt out of the doors, then start back again
Into their holes, like rabbits in a warren:
The maids lie peeping at the garret windows,
Like th' upper tier of ordnance in a ship,
All looks disorder'd now; nor can I guess
What may have caus'd so great an alteration;
But there I see the servant you sent in.

Enter GERALDO.

Don Antonio. Friend, where's your master?

Geraldo. I cannot tell, sir.

Don Antonio. Where is his sister?

Geraldo. In truth I know not, sir; we men-servants
Have little to do in the ladies' quarters. [*Exit Geraldo.*]

Don Antonio. This looks but oddly. Are you sure,
Ernesto,

Y' have not misguided me to a wrong house?

Ernesto. If you are sure, sir, that we are awake,
Then I am certain this is the same house,

Wherein this afternoon I saw and spoke with
 Don Henrique and your bride: by the same token
 There was a lady with her in a veil,
 And this very room is the anti-chamber
 To her apartment.

Don Antonio. I should be finely serv'd, if, after all
 This negociation, and a tedious journey,
 My pains and patience should be cast away
 On some such wither'd Sybil for a wife,
 As her own brother is asham'd to shew me.

Ernesto. You'll soon be freed from that fear, sir.

[*Ernesto goes toward the door.*]

Don Antonio. How so?

Ernesto. Because I see her in the inner-room,
 Lying along upon her couch, and reading.
 Her face is turn'd the other way, 'but yet
 Her shape and cloaths assure me 'tis the same.

Don Antonio. Art certain that 'tis she?

Ernesto. There are not many like her.

Don Antonio. If thou be'st sure 'tis she, I'll venture in,

Without her brother's presenee t' introduce me.

Ernesto. She's coming this way, sir.

Enter CAMILLA reading.

Camilla. Y' have reason, Dido, and 'tis well remark'd,—[*She shuts her book; after a little pause.*]

The woman who suffers herself to love,
 Ought likewise to prepare herself to suffer.
 There was great power in your charms, *Eneas*,
 T' enthrall a lady's heart at first approach,
 And make such early and such deep impressions,
 That nothing but her death could e'er deface.
 Alas, poor Dido!---

Don Antonio. O heavens! what's that I see?—or do I dream?

[*Antonio, seeing her, starts, then stands as if amaz'd.*]

Sure I am asleep, and 'tis a vision
 Of her who's always present to my thoughts;
 Who, fearing my revolt, does now appear
 To prove and to confirm my constancy.

When first I saw that miracle, she seem'd
An apparition; here it must be one.

Ernesto. What fit of frenzy's this?—Sir, 'tis Porcia,
A lovely, living woman, and your bride.

Don Antonio. The blessing is too mighty for my faith.

Ernesto. Faith! ne'er trouble your faith in this
occasion;

Approach her boldly, sir, and trust your sense.

Don Antonio. As when we dream of some transport-
ing pleasure,

And, finding that we dream, we fear to wake,
Lest sense should rob us of our fancy's treasure,

And our delightful vision from us take,

Bless'd apparition, so it fares with me.

That very angel, now, once more appears,

To whose divinity, long since, I rais'd

An altar in my heart; where I have offer'd

The constant sacrifice of sighs and vows.

My eyes are open, yet I dare not trust 'em!

Bliss above faith must pass for an illusion.

If such it be, O let me sleep for ever,

Happily deceiv'd? But, celestial maid,

If this thy glorious presence real be,

O let one word of pity raise my soul

From visionary bliss, and make me die

With real joy instead of extasy.

Speak, speak, my destiny; for the same breath

May warm my heart, or cool it into death.

Ernesto. 'Slife! he's in one of his old fits again—

Why, what d' you mean, sir? 'tis Porcia herself.

Camilla. I am that maid, who to your virtue owes

Her honour then, and her disquiet since;

Yet in my pain, I cannot but be pleas'd

To find a passion, censur'd in our sex,

Justify'd by so great an obligation.

'Tis true, I blush yet I must own the fire,

To which both love and gratitude conspire.

Don Antonio. Incomparable creature! can it be,

That having suffer'd all which mighty love

Did e'er inflict, I now should be repaid

With as full joys as love could ever give?
 Fortune, to make my happiness complete,
 Has join'd her power, and made me find a bride
 In a lost mistress; but with this allay,
 Of leaving me no means my faith to prove,
 Since chance anticipates the pains of love.

Camilla. The servant's error has misled the master,
 He takes me too for Porcia; blest mistake!
 Assist me now, artful dissimulation. [*Aside.*]
 But how can that consist with so much passion?
 'Tis possible the sense of my distress'd
 Condition might dispose a noble heart
 To take impressions then, which afterwards
 Time, and your second thoughts, may have defac'd;
 But can a constant passion be produc'd
 From those ideas pity introduc'd?
 Let your tongue speak your heart; for, should y'
 abuse me,

I shall in time discover the deceit:
 You may paint fire, Antonio, but not heat.

Don Antonio. Madam—

Camilla. Hold. Be not too scrupulous, Antonio;
 Let me believe it, though it be not true;
 For the chief happiness poor maids receive,
 Is when themselves they happily deceive.

Don Antonio. If, since those conquering eyes I first
 beheld,

You have not reign'd unrival'd in my heart,
 May you despise me now you are my own;
 Which is to me all curses summ'd in one.

But may your servant, madam, take the boldness
 To ask, if you have ever thought of him?

Camilla. A love so founded in a grateful heart,
 Has need of no remembrancer, Antonio;
 You know yourself too well: those of your trade
 Have skill to hold, as well as to invade.

Don Antonio. Fortune has lifted me to such a height
 Of happiness, that it may turn my brain,
 When I look down upon the world.
 What have I now to wish but moderation,

To temper and to fix my joys?

Camilla. I yield as little t' you, noble Antonio,
In happiness, as affection; but still
Porcia must do as may become your bride,
And sister to Don Henrique; in whose absence
A longer conference must be excused:
Therefore I take the freedom to withdraw.
Should I have staid until Don Henrique came,
His presence would have marr'd my whole design. [*Aside.*
[*Exit Camilla.*

Don Antonio. Where beauty, virtue, and discretion
join,
Tis heaven, methinks, to find that treasure mine!

Enter DON HENRIQUE.

Don Henrique. Sure, Don Antonio, having long ere this
Found out th' infamous flight of my vile sister,
Will be retir'd to meditate revenge
Upon us both—Ah, curse! he is there still. [*He sees him.*
I'll slip away—But it is now too late,
He has perceiv'd me.

Don Antonio. How, Don Henrique! avoid your friend
that's come
So long a journey t' embrace you, and cast
Himself at the feet of your fair sister?

Don Henrique. Noble Antonio, you may well imagine
The trouble I am in, that you should find
My house in such disorder, so unfit
To receive th' honour of so brave a guest.

Don Antonio. 'Tis true, Don Henrique, I am much
surpriz'd
With what I find: I little did expect
Your sister Porcia, should have been—

Don Henrique. Oh heavens! I'm lost, he has dis-
cover'd all. [*Aside.*

'Tis not, Antonio, in a brother's power
To make a sister of a better paste
Than Heav'n has made her.

Don Antonio. In your case 'specially; for, without
doubt,
Heaven never made a more accomplish'd creature.

Don Henrique. What means the man? [*Aside.*]

Don Antonio. I come just now from entertaining her,
Whose wit and beauty so excel all those
Of her fair sex, whom I have ever known,
That my description of her would appear
Rather detraction than a just report
Of her perfections.

Don Henrique. Certainly he mocks me: he never could
Have chosen a worse sufferer of scorn;
But I will yet contain myself a while,
To see how far he'll drive it. [*Aside.*—Say you, sir,
That you have seen and entertain'd my sister?

Don Antonio. Yes, Don Henrique; and with such full
contentment,
So rais'd above expression, that I think
The pains and care of all my former life
Rewarded with excess, in the delight
Of those few minutes of her conversation.
'Tis true that satisfaction was abridg'd
By her well-weigh'd severity; to give me
A greater pleasure in the contemplation
Of her discreet observance of the rules
Of decency; not suffering me, though now
Her husband, any longer to enjoy
So great a happiness, you not being by.

Don Henrique. I am confounded; but I must disse-
mble
My astonishment, till I can unfold
The mystery. [*Aside.*—She might have spared that
caution:

But I suppose you'll easily forgive
An error on the better side.

Don Antonio. Sir, I have seen so much of her perfec-
tion
In that short visit, I shall sooner doubt
Our definitions in morality,
Than once suppose her capable of error.

Don Henrique. This exposition makes it more obscure.
I must get him away. [*Aside.*—Sir, is 't not time
To wait on you to your chamber? It's late,

And I believe you have need of rest.

Don Antonio. I should accept your offer, sir, with thanks,

If I were not oblig'd, as late as 'tis,

To see a friend before I go to bed.

Don Henrique. I'll bear you company, if you'll give me leave.

Don Antonio. I humbly thank you, sir, but can't consent

To give you so much trouble; I'll return

Within an hour at farthest.

Don Henrique. Whene'er you please; y' are wholly master here.

Don Antonio. I never saw a man so compos'd, Whate'er the matter is.— [Aside.

Ernesto, I must make a step to see

A friend near hand; bid Sancho follow me,

And stay you in my chamber till I come.

[*Exeunt Antonio and Ernesto.*

Don Henrique. Your servant, sir. [*Don Henrique waits on him to the door.*] This sudden sally hence

At this time of the night, newly arriv'd

From a long journey, and not to suffer me

To wait upon him, does embroil me more.

But now I will not long be in suspense;

I'll to my sister's chamber.

Enter DON CARLOS, as Don Henrique is going into Porcia's chamber.

Don Carlos. Ho! *Don Henrique;* come away, all's prepar'd.

Our kinsman the Corrigidor is ready

With a strong band of serjeants, and stays for you.

Don Henrique. Speak softly, *Don Antonio* is arriv'd,

And some of his may over-hear us.

Don Carlos. That's very unlucky; but does he know Your sister's missing?

Don Henrique. I think not yet.

Don Carlos. Come, let's away; we have no time to lose.

Don Henrique. Pray stay a while. I labour with a doubt

Will burst me if not clear'd before I go.

Don Carlos. What cousin! will you lose an opportunity

Never to be recover'd? Are you mad?

Will you permit the villains to escape,

And laugh at us for ever? Come away, [*He pulls him.*

Don Henrique. Well, I must go, and let him make it out.

The worst estate of human life is doubt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE—*Don Octavo's House.*

Enter DON OCTAVIO angrily, pushing DIEGO, and PORCIA following.

Don Octavio. Villain, thou hast undone us; cursed villain,

Where was thy soul? had fear quite banish'd it,

And left thee not one grain of common sense?

Porcia. Was there ever so fatal an accident?

Don Octavio. Why, traitor, didst thou not let me know it,

As soon as we were come into the house?

Diego. What would y' have done, if you had known it then?

Don Octavio. I would have sally'd out, and kill'd the rogue,

In whose power thou hast put it to destroy us.

Can it be doubted, but that long ere this

He has acquainted Henrique where we are?

From whose black rage we must immediately

Expect t' encounter all the worst extremes

Of malice, seconded by seeming justice;

For the unfortunate are still i' th' wrong.

Curse on all cowards! better far be serv'd

By fools and knaves: they make less dangerous faults.

Diego. Am I in fault, because I'm not a cat?

How could I tell i' th' dark, whether that rascal
 Were a knight-errant, or a recreant knight?
 I thought him one of us, and true to love.
 Were it not for such accidents as these,
 That mock man's forecast, sure the destinies
 Had ne'er been plac'd amongst the deities.

Don Octavio. Peace, cowardly slave! having thus
 play'd the rogue,

Are you grown sententious? Did I not fear
 To stain my sword with such base blood, I'd let
 Thy soul out with it at a thousand wounds.

Diego. Why then a thousand thanks to my base blood,
 For saving my good flesh. [Aside.

Don Octavio. Pardon, my dearest mistress this excess
 Of passion in your presence.

Porcia. What shall we do, Octavio? if we stay here,
 We are undone for ever: my brother
 Will be instantly upon us. Alas!

My own life I value not, Octavio,
 When your's, my better life, such hazard runs;
 But O my honour! O my innocence!
 Expos'd to scandal: there's my deepest sense.

Don Octavio. Though the complexion of your brother's malice

Resemble hell, it is not black enough
 To cast a stain upon your virgin innocence.
 Sure two such diff'rent branches ne'er did spring
 From the same stock. To me 't seems very strange,
 Our middle natures, form'd of flesh and blood,
 Should have such depths of ill, such heights of good,
 An angel sister, and a devil brother.

Porcia. He's my brother, and I know no defence
 For injur'd innocence, but innocence.
 Fly, fly, Octavio! leave me to my fate.

Don Octavio. Your kindness, generous maid, confutes itself:

To save my life, you counsel me to fly,
 Which is at once to bid me live and die.

Porcia. What then, for Heaven's sake, d' you resolve to do?

Don Octavio. I must resolve, and suddenly, but what,

I swear I know not: there have been such turns
In my misfortunes, they have made me giddy.

Porcia. You must determine; time wastes, Octavio.

Don Octavio. Madam, if I should lead you through
the streets,

And chance to meet the officers of justice,
I not daring to avow my person,
For that unlucky accident you know of,
You might, I fear, by that means, be in danger:
We must not venture 't—Run, rascal, and fetch
A chair immediately.

Diego. A pretty errand at this time o' th' night!
These chairmen are exceedingly well-natur'd,
Th' are likely to obey a servant's orders
After nine o'clock. [Exit *Diego*.

Don Octavio. Ye Pow'rs above, why do ye lay so great
A weight on human nature, and bestow
Such an unequal force to bear our loads?
After a long pursuit, through all those stories
Which hell-bred malice, or the power of fate,
Could ever raise t' oppress a noble love;
To be at length possess'd of a rich mine,
Where nature seem'd to have lodged all her treasure,
And in an instant have it ravish'd from me,
Is too rude a trial for my patience
To sustain: I cannot bear it.

Porcia. My sense of this misfortune equals your's;
But yet I must conjure you to submit
To the decrees of those who rule above:
Such resignation may incline their justice
Th' impending mischief to divert; besides,
In human things, there's such vicissitude,
Where hope should end, we hardly can conclude.

Don Octavio. Weak hope the parent is of anxious
care,

And more tormenting far, than fix'd despair:
This makes us turn to new expedients,
That languish 'twixt desire and diffidence.

Porcia. Fortune will blush for shame, when she shall find
Her best-aim'd darts can never touch your mind.

Don Octavio. Ah, *Porcia*! though my mind be far above

The reach of fate, 'tis level unto love.

Urge it no more: I'll die a thousand deaths

Ere I'll consent to part with you. [*Strikes his breast.*]

Porcia. I shall be always your's; for though we're forc'd

To separate, yet we are not divorc'd.

Don Octavio. Whilst our souls act by organs of the sense,

'Twixt death and parting there's no difference.

Porcia. Consult your reason, then you will comply,
Making a virtue of necessity.

Don Octavio. Ah, lovely maid! 'twas not allow'd to Jove,

To hold at once his reason and his love.

Enter DIEGO.

Diego. The chair is come, sir, just as I expected.

Don Octavio. Where is it?

Diego. Even where it was: they are deeply engag'd
A las Pintas^s, and will not leave their game,
They swear, for all the Dons in Seville.

Don Octavio. A curse upon these rogues! I'll make 'em come,

Or make their hearts ake. [*Don Octavio runs out*]

Diego. Madam, though I was never yet unkind
To my own person, I am so much troubled
At the disquiet my mistake has brought you,
That, could I do't conveniently, i' faith,
I would even cudgel myself.

Porcia. Away, buffoon! is this a time for fooling?

Enter DON ANTONIO and SANCHO.

Don Antonio. Where is my noble friend, Octavio?

^s *A las Pintas.*] at cards. From *pinta*, a spot or mark. *Sp.*

Although *Pintas* mean *cards* generally, yet the word is applied to a particular game in Spain, which we call *Basset*. *C.*

Diego. Did you not meet him at the door, sir?

Don Antonio. No.

Diego. He went out, sir, just as you came in.

Don Antonio. Madam, I might have gone to bed,
but not [Addresses himself to Porcia.

To rest, without returning to enquire
Of your's, and of my noble friend's condition,
And once more to offer you my service.

Porcia. I take the boldness, in Octavio's absence,
To return his, with my most humble thanks,
For your late generous assistance of us,
And for this new addition to our debt.

Don Antonio. Though I have not th'honour to be
known t'you,
The service of your sex in their distresses
Is the first vow of those of our profession ;
And my constant friendship for Octavio
Is of so old a date, that all occasions,
By which I may express the fervour of it,
Are most welcome to me.

Enter FLORA in great haste.

Flora. Oh madam—I'm out of breath with running.

Porcia. What accident, Flora, brings you hither?

Flora. A sad one, madam, and requiring haste,
To give you timely notice on't—Don Carlos,
Assisted by the light o' th' rising moon,
And by a mistake of some of your train,
Has trac'd you to this house, and in my hearing
Inform'd your brother of the place and manner
Of your retreat ; who is now coming hither
Accompanied with the Corrigidor,
To seize on whomsoever shall be found
Within these walls, upon pretence of murder.

Porcia. Oh, cruel accident !

Flora. Madam, make haste : get out of the back
door,

Or you will certainly be met with.

Porcia. How vile a creature am I now become !
For, though in my own innocence secure,
To the censorious world, who, like false glasses

Mingling their own irregular figures,
Mis-reflect the object, I shall appear
Some sinful woman, sold to infamy.

Don Antonio. Your own clear mind 's the glass, which
to yourself

Reflects yourself; and, trust me, madam,
W' are only happy then, when all our joys
Flow from ourselves, not from the people's voice.

Flora. Madam, they'll instantly be here.

Porcia. Oh that Octavio should just now be absent !
But to expect till he return were madness.

Don Antonio. Y' have reason, madam ; and, if you
dare trust

Your person to the conduct of a stranger,
Upon my honour, lady, I'll secure you,
Or perish in th' attempt.

Porcia. Generous sir, how shall a wretched maid,
Abandon'd by her fate to the pursuit
Of an inhuman brother, e'er be able
Either to merit, or requite your favours ?

Don Antonio. I am th' oblig'd, if rightly understood,
Being o'erpaid by th' joy of doing good.

Porcia. Sir, I resign myself to your protection,
With equal gratitude and confidence.

Don Antonio. Come, madam, we must lose no time—
Diego, find out your master presently,
And tell him, that the danger not allowing
Our stay till his return, I shall convey
His mistress safely to a nunnery.

Porcia. And, Flora, stay you here to bring me word
What he resolves to do in this our desperate
Condition. [Exit Diego.]

Flora. Madam, I shall.

Don Antonio. But stay—I swear I'd like to have
committed [Going out, returns.]

A foul mistake : the monastery gates
Will not be open'd at this time o' th' night,
Without a strict enquiry into the cause ;
Besides, 'tis possible, that, once lodg'd there,
She may be out of my friend's power, or mine,

Ever to get her thence, if it be known.
It must not be—I have thought better on't.

[He pauses, and thinks.]

I will convey you to my brother-in-law's,
A person of such quality and honour,
As may protect and serve you with his credit:
And there my wife may have the happiness
T' accompany you, and pay the offices
Due to your virtue and distress'd condition:
And, going to a house that's so much mine,
Make account madam, 'tis to your own home.
Sancho, stay you here, to attend Octavio,

[Turning to Sancho.]

And guide him the next way to my apartment:
Here is the key, I shall have little use on't,
Having Ernesto waiting for me there.
One word more, Sancho: let Octavio know
'Tis my advice, that he come in a chair.
He, by that means may possibly escape
Examination, if he should be met with.

Porcia. Flora, I pray do you continue here,
And if by any accident Octavio
Should be hinder'd from coming after us,
Observe his motions well, and where he fixes;
Then return home, and I shall find some way
Of sending to you, to inform myself.

Flora. I shall not fail t' observe your orders, madam.

Don Antonio. Madam, I am ready to attend you.

Porcia. Ah, cruel brother! ah, my dear Octavio!
How am I tortur'd betwixt love and hate!

Don Antonio. W' had better suffer than deserve our
fate.

[Exit Don Antonio and Porcia.]

Sancho. 'Tis no small compliment my master makes
Your lady and her gallant, at this time
O' th' night, to quit his brother-in-law's, and leave
So fair a bride as Porcia all alone.

Flora. What, is his mistress's name Porcia too?

Sancho. Yes; and if she has as fair a hand-maid
As yourself, I shall soon forget my damsels
In the Low-Countries.

Flora. If your Low-Country damsels resemble us,
You would not be put to't to forget first.
But I believe that you are safe enough :
I have not heard such praises of their wit,
But that we may suppose they have good memories.

Enter DIEGO.

Diego. Is not my master yet return'd ?

Flora. No.

Diego. Well ; now have we an honourable cause
To wear the Beadle's livery : faith, *Flora*,
If your tender sex had not been privileg'd
From this harsh discipline, how prettily
Would the Beadle's crimson lace show upon
Your white back !

Flora. 'Twon't do so well as on a darker ground :
'Twill suit much better with your tawny hide.

Sancho. I pray, camerade, is it the mode in Seville,
To be whipp'd for company ?

Diego. Oh, sir, a well-bred soldier will ne'er refuse
Such a civility to an old friend ;
This is a new way of being a second,
To shew your passive courage.

Sancho. We soldiers do not use to shew our
backs.

Diego. Not to your enemies ; but, sir, the Beadle
Will prove your friend ; for, your blood being heated
With riding post, the breathing of a vein
Is very requisite.

Sancho. Would t' heaven that I were i' the camp
again :
There we are never stripp'd till we are dead.

*Enter DON OCTAVIO, and the Chairmen appear at the
door.*

Don Octavio. Be sure you stir not thence till I return.
[To the Chairmen.]

Sirrah, where's Porcia ?

Diego. She's fled-away i' th' dark, with a young man
Of your acquaintance.

Don Octavio. Rascal, leave your fooling.

Diego. There's none i'th' case, sir: 'tis the wisest thing

She ever did; had she staid your return,
 She would have fallen into those very clutches,
 In which you will immediately be gripp'd,
 Unless you make more haste. Flora is come
 With all the speed she could, to let you know
 Th' are coming with the justice, to lay hold
 Of all within this house; pray be quick, sir,
 And save yourself. She's safe in a nunnery,
 Conducted thither by Antonio.

Don Octavio. Peace screech-owl! fire consume that tongue of thine.

What say'st thou, villain! in a nunnery?
 Porcia in a nunnery? O heavens! nothing
 But this was wanting to make me desperate.
 What hope's there left ever to get her thence,
 After such accidents as these made public?
 Ah, Flora, is it true that my dear Porcia
 Is gone into a nunnery?

Flora. Once, sir, 'twas so resolv'd, and Diego sent
 To give you notice on't; but afterwards,
 He being gone, they chang'd their resolutions.
 There's one can tell you more— [*Pointing to Sancho.*]

Sancho. My master bade me stay, to let you know
 He has convey'd her to his own apartment,
 In his brother-in-law's house, a person
 So eminent in quality and credit,
 That the imagining him in her and your
 Protection, sir, may much avail ye both:
 Besides, she'll have the satisfaction there
 Of being treated by my master's bride.
 There he'll expect you, and advises you
 To come in a chair, to avoid questioning,
 In case of any encounter.

Don Octavio. I'll take his counsel: he's a generous friend.

Come, Chairmen, away: pray, friend, do you guide us.
 [*To Sancho.*]

Diego. Up with your burden, beasts, and fall forth—
with

To your half-trot.

[*Exeunt.*

[*The chair is carried over the stage; Diego, Sancho,
and Flora follow.*

[*A noise within. Follow, follow, follow.*

*Enter DON CARLOS, the CORRIGIDOR, and Serjeants,
pursuing Sancho, Flora, and Diego.*

Diego. This is one of Don Cupid's pretty jests:
W' are struck upon a shelf before we could
Put out to sea.

Don Carlos. You find, sir, my conjecture's not ill-
grounded.

[*To the Corrigidor.*

Corrigidor. What are you, sirrah?

Diego. A living creature, very like a man,
Only I want a heart.

Corrigidor. Y'are pleasant, sir; pray heaven your
mirth continue:

Who is that woman with the veil?

Diego. Let her answer for herself, sh' has a tongue;
Set it but once a going, and she'll tell
All that she knows, and more.

Corrigidor. Make her uncover her face.

[*One of the Serjeants goes to lift up her veil.*

Don Carlos. Hold friend—Cousin, if it should be
Porcia,

[*Turning to the Corrigidor.*

It were not fit to expose her here.

Corrigidor. 'Tis very well consider'd. Go you to her.
And speak to her in private.

[*Don Carlos goes towards Flora.*

Flora. 'Tis I, sir, Flora, who being commanded
By my lady——

Don Carlos. Speak softly pr'ythee, Flora, 'tis enough;
I understand the rest, and pity her:
Bid her sit still i' th' chair, I'll do my best
To save her from dishonour.

Flora. He thinks 'tis Porcia there; a good mistake;
It may secure Octavio from the hands
Of this rude rabble.

[*Aside.*

They take you for my mistress, sir; sit still,

[*To Don Octavio in the chair.*

I'll follow the chair, and watch all occasions
To further your escape.

Don Carlos. We have found our wand'ring nymph, sir.

Corrigidor. Was it Porcia?

Don Carlos. No, sir, 'twas her waiting-woman, Flora,
Following the chair, wherein they were conveying
Her lady to some other place.

Corrigidor. We arriv'd luckily: had we but staid
A moment longer, they had all been fled.

Serjeant. Will you have us see, sir, who's i' th' chair?

Corrigidor. Forbear, fellow!

Her own folly is punishment enough, [To *Don Carlos*.
T' a woman of her quality, without
Our adding that of public shame.

Don Carlos. 'Twas happily thought on, when you
oblig'd

Don Henrique to expect us at your house;
For had he come, and found his sister here,
'T had been impossible to have restrain'd
His passion from some great extravagance.

Corrigidor. I could not think it fit to let him come;
For one of such a spirit would ne'er brook
The sight of those had done him these affronts.
And 's better that a business of this nature,
Especially 'twixt persons of such quality,
Should be compos'd, if it were possible,
By th' mediation of some chosen friends,
Than brought t' a public trial of the law;
Or, which is worse, some barbarous revenge.

Don Carlos. This fellow (if I am not much* mis-
taken)

[Looking upon *Diego*.

Is *Don Octavio*'s man.

Corrigidor. Who do you belong to, friend?

Diego. To nobody, sir.

Corrigidor. Do not you serve?

Diego. Yes, sir, but my master is not himself.

Corrigidor. Take his sword from him, *Serjeant*.

[The *Serjeant* goes to take away his sword.

Diego. *Diego* disarm'd, by any other hand

* Much was omitted by previous Editors. C.

Than by his own? Know, friend, it is a weapon
Of such dire execution, that I dare not
Give it up, but to the hands of justice.

*[The Corrigidor receives the sword, and gives it to
the hands of his Serjeants.]*

Pray call for't, sir, as soon as you come home,
And hang 't up in your hall, then under-write,
This is bold Diego's sword. O may it be
Ever from rust, as 'tis from slaughter, free.

Corrigidor. Thou art a fellow of a pleasant humour.

Diego. Faith, sir, I never pain myself for love,
Or fame, or riches; nor do I pretend
To that great subtilty of sense, to feel
Before I'm hurt; and for the most part
I keep myself out of harm's way.

Don Carlos. The definition of a philosopher.

Corrigidor. Come, leave your fooling, sirrah. Where's
your master?

Diego. The only way to leave my fooling, sir,
Is to leave my master; for, without doubt,
Whoever has but the least grain of wit,
Would never serve a lover militant;
He had better wait upon a mountebank,
And be run through the body twice a week
To recommend his balsam.

Corrigidor. This fellow is an original.

Diego. But of so ill a hand, I am not worth
The hanging up, sir, in my master's room,
Amongst the worst of your collection.

*Enter SERJEANTS with two Footmen, and two Maid-
servants.*

Serjeant. An't please your worship, we have search'd
the house,
From the cellars to the garrets, and these
Are all the living cattle we can find.

Corrigidor. Friends, take a special care of that same
varlet,
And the waiting-woman: we'll find a way
To make them tell the truth, I warrant you.

Flora. O Diego! must we be prisoners together?

Diego. Why, that's not so bad as the bands of wedlock, *Flora*.

Corrigidor. Come, let's away; but whither to convey her——

To her own house, certainly were not fit,
Because of her incensed brother.

Don Carlos. If you approve on't, cousin, I'll carry her

To mine; for since we seek if possible)
To compose the business, she will be there
With much more decency and satisfaction,
Being in a kinsman's house; and where she'll have
My sister to accompany her.

Corrigidor. This business cannot be in better hands
Than your's; and there I'll leave it, and bid you
Good-night.

Don Carlos. Your servant, cousin: I wish you well
at home.

You may be pleas'd to take your searjeants with you;
[*As the Corrigidor goes out.*]

There are without two servants of *Don Henrique's*,
They'll be enough to guard our prisoners,
And with less notice.

Corrigidor. Come, serjeants, follow me.

Don Carlos. Well, ye may go about your business,
friends. [To the footman and maids.]

I am glad we did not find *Octavio* here;
For, though I might justly pretend ignorance,
I would not have him suffer, though by chance.

[*Exeunt servants.*]

Sancho. Well, I am now sufficiently instructed,
And, since there is no notice ta'en of me,
I'll fairly steal away, and give my master
An account of this misfortune. [Exit *Sancho*.]

Don Carlos. Take up the chair and follow me.

[*They take up the chair.*]

Diego. A lovely dame they bear: 'tis true, she's
something
Hairy about the chin, but that, they say 's
A sign of strength. It tickles me to think

How like an ass he'll look, when, op'ning the shell,
His worship finds within so rough a kernel. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Don Antonio's apartment in
Don Henrique's house.

Enter DON ANTONIO and PORCIA.

Don Antonio. Madam, banish your fear, you are now
safe

Within these walls: be pleas'd to remain here,
Till I shall bring some lights, and acquaint Porcia
With th' honour she'll receive, in entertaining
So fair a guest.

Porcia. Who is't you say you will advertise, sir?

Don Antonio. My wife, Porcia. Have but a little
patience,

And she'll attend you, madam. [*Exit Antonio.*]

Porcia. Is her name Porcia too? Pray heaven send
her

A better fate than her distress'd name's-sake.
But whither am I brought? What house is this?
What with my fears, and darkness of the night,
I have lost all my measures, I can't guess
What quarter of the town it is w' are in;
For to avoid the meeting with my brother,
And his revengeful train, we have been forc'd
To make so many turnings, I am giddy.
But, thanks to providence, I have this comfort,
That now I'm in a place out of his reach.

*Enter DON ANTONIO with two lights, and sets them
on the table.*

Don Antonio. Madam, my wife will suddenly attend
you.

Pardon, I pray, my absence for a moment. [*Exit Antonio.*]

Porcia. Now I begin to hope my sighs and tears
Have in some measure with just heaven prevail'd
At length to free me—But what do I see!

[*Looking about her she starts.*]

Am I awake, or is it an illusion?

Bless me, is not this my brother's house? this

The quarter joining to my own apartment?

There is no room for doubt; and my misfortunes

Are always certain, and without redress.
 Unerring Powers, arbiters of fate,
 Teach me my crimes, and how to expiate
 Your wrath! Alas, I know not what I have done,
 To merit this continued persecution!
 But how came I here? brought by Octavio's friend,
 One on whose virtue I did so rely,
 That I my brother's malice durst defy.
 Can he betray me? sure I'm in a dream.
 But if Octavio—O vile suspicion!
 Octavio false? No, truth and he are one.
 'Tis possible his friend may guilty be,
 But to what end so base a treachery?
 And, if perfidious, how could he be his friend?
 I am confounded with the various forms
 Of my misfortunes, heighten'd still the more,
 The less I can their hidden cause explore.
 This only's evident, that I must fly
 Immediately this fatal place. But why
 Struggle I thus with fate, since, go or stay,
 Death seems alike to wait me every way. [*She weeps.*]

Enter DON ANTONIO and CAMILLA.

Camilla. I wonder much what lady this can be
 Antonio mentions. [*Aside.*]

Don Antonio. Pardon, I beseech you, madam, the
 liberty
 Which I so early take; but I presume
 Such is your generous tenderness to those
 Whose spiteful fortunes, not their fault, has brought
 Into distress, that you will think yourself
 Oblig'd to him who gives you the occasion
 T' exercise those virtues, which only visit
 Others, but reside with you.—This fair lady—
 But she will best relate her own sad story,
 Whilst I seek out Don Henrique, and engage him
 T' employ his power and int'rest for her service.

[*Exit Don Antonio.*]

[*Upon Camilla's approach Porcia takes the
 handkerchief from her eyes.*]

Camilla. Ha; what's that I see? Stay, stay, Antonio,
 [*She runs after Antonio.*]

It is not fit Don Henrique—but he's gone,
And we are lost for ever!

Porcia. O heavens! is this Antonio, the same man
To whom I am betroth'd? then my destruction
Is inevitable.

Camilla. Are you an apparition, or are you
Porcia herself? speak; that when y' have said it thrice,
I may not yet believe you.

Porcia. You well may doubt even what you see,
Camilla,

Since my disasters are so new and strange,
They sever truth from credibility.

Camilla. How is it possible you should be here?

Porcia. I know not how: only of this I'm sure,
I have not long to expect the dismal end
Of my sad tragedy; since 'tis evident,
The person that hath led me to this place,
This fatal place, is the abus'd Antonio,
Who has conspir'd with my unnatural brother
To take away my wretched life, and chose
This scene as fittest for their cruelty.
And thus, strange fate! (through ignorance betray'd)
I have sought protection from the same party
Whom I have injur'd, and have made my husband
Th' only confident of his own affront;
Who, to accomplish his too just revenge,
As well upon my family as person,
Gives me up to be murder'd by my brother.
So, whilst I'm branded as a faithless bride,
He'll be detested as a parricide.

Camilla. Prodigious accident! but wer't thou blind,
Not to know thine own house, unhappy Porcia?

Porcia. Alas, how could I, in so dark a night,
In such confusion, and so full of fear!
Besides, he brought me in by the back way,
Through his own quarter, where was neither light,
Nor any creature of the family.

Camilla. Although I cannot comprehend the steps
Of this your strange adventure, yet, dear cousin,
Your case, as I conceive, is not so desperate.

Porcia. We easily persuade ourselves to hope

The things we wish. But, cousin, my condition
Will not admit self-flattery, and what
Can you propose to temper my despair?

Camilla. Don't you remember, how this afternoon
Antonio's man, finding me in your quarter
Without a veil, you having put on mine,
That he applied himself to me, and I,
By your command, assum'd your person?

Porcia. Yes, very well.

Camilla. The master since has, by the man's mistake,
Been happily led into the same error :
I have not disabus'd him yet, in hopes
It might produce advantage to us both.

Porcia. Oh ! he has spoken with my brother since,
Who sure has undeceiv'd him long ere this.
No, without doubt, they, having found themselves
Affronted both, have both conspir'd my death.

Camilla. How, cousin, can that be, if Don Antonio
Has engag'd himself in your protection,
And is Octavio's friend ?

Porcia. Cousin, if you impartially reflect
'On the affront which I have done Antonio,
You will not wonder much, if he recede
From the scarce-trodden path of rigid honour,
To meet with his revenge ; and to that end
Proceeds thus cautelously ; still pretending
He knows not me, that he may not disavow,
Both to Octavio and to all the world,
Th' infamy of betraying a poor maid
To loss of life and honour.

Camilla. Misfortunes make you rave : this vile sus-
picion

Is inconsistent with Antonio's fame.
You may as well believe, that nature will
Reverse the order of the whole creation,
As that Antonio, a man whose soul
Is of so strong and perfect a complexion,
Should e'er descend to such a slavish sin.

[Spoken with heat.

And if we had the leisure, I could give you
Such reasons to convince you of your error,
That you would both acknowledge and repent it.

Porcia. Alas! I had forgot her near concernments
For Antonio. [*Aside.*] Pardon and pity me, Camilla;
My mind is so distracted by afflictions,
I know not what I should, or should not fear.

Camilla. I pity thee with all my heart. But, cousin,
If Antonio, not knowing you, nor your
Relations, should chance to find your brother,
And tell him unawares all that has pass'd,
And that h'as brought the distress'd party hither,
He'll presently imagine it is you,
And then, I fear, 'twill be impossible
(Though he should interpose with all his power)
To stop the torrent, or divert his rage
From breaking in, and executing on us
That horrid parricide, which, though too late,
It may be he himself would execrate.

Porcia. There's too much ground for what you fear,

Camilla;

But if I could secure myself this night,
'Tis very possible, that to-morrow
We might engage Antonio and your brother
To find out some expedient to relieve me.

Camilla. Were you only in pain for your security
This night, I know an easy remedy
For that.

Porcia. Which way, my dearest?

Camilla. Why, what does hinder us from making use
On this occasion, of the secret door,
By which, you know, you have so often pass'd
Into your house, upon more pleasing errands?
By this we shall obtain these benefits;
Safety from your brother's present fury,
And time to try if Carlos and Antonio
May be engag'd to mediate in this business.
And I have cause to think you will not find
Antonio so implacable as you
Imagine.

Porcia. I conceive you, cousin. Fool that I was
To think a heart once conquer'd by your eyes,
Should e'er become another virgin's prize!

Enter DON ANTONIO.

Don Antonio. So late! a guest in's house! that's come so far,

'On such a business, and not yet come home!
There's something in't I cannot comprehend. [*Aside.*
Madam, I ha'n't as yet found out your brother,
But sure 'twill not be long ere he return;
Then I'll acquaint him with the accident
Has made his house this lady's sanctuary.

Porcia. Here is a glimpse of comfort, for I see
He takes my cousin for Don Henrique's sister. [*Aside.*
O bless'd mistake, so luckily continu'd!

Camilla. I am, by his permission, mistress here;
And since that I am pleas'd, sir, 'tis enough,
Without our troubling him with the account
Of her sad story.

Don Antonio. True, madam, as to her reception here,
But yet 'twere very fit he knew it too,
That we might serve ourselves of his advice
And credit, for this lady's service.

Enter DON HENRIQUE.

Don Henrique. Though I did promise the Corrigidor
Not to stir from his house till his return,
Yet I could not obtain it of myself; [*Aside.*
I'm so impatient to unfold the riddle
Of Don Antonio's seeing of my sister,
And entertaining her in her own lodgings.
I shall not now be long i' th' dark.—O heavens:

[*He sees her.*

'Tis she herself, and Camilla with her.
Were all my servants mad, or all agreed
T' abuse me in affirming she was fled?
But Don Carlos, was he mad too, to swear
That he had trac'd her to another house?
Certainly I or they must be possess'd,
Or some enchantment reigns within these walls.

Don Antonio. O here comes Don Henrique, now I'll
acquaint him

With your sad story, madam.

Camilla. I fear we are undone.

Don Antonio. Don Henrique—

Porcia. I'm dead if he proceed, but how to hinder him—

Don Antonio. Here's a lady with your sister Porcia—

Don Henrique. Yes, sir, I see who 'tis.

Don Antonio. Since you know her, sir, you will the easier Excuse my boldness.

Don Henrique. Boldness! in what, sir?

Don Antonio. To have been th' occasion of your finding her

Here, with your sister, at this time o' th' night.

Don Henrique. Lord, sir, what do you mean?

Don Antonio. There was in truth such a necessity in it,

That 'twill, I hope, excuse my humble suit to you, In her's and my behalf.

Porcia. Now all comes out.

Don Henrique. I understand you, sir; she does desire To pass this night with Porcia, to assist her In th' ordering of her nuptial ceremonies.

Let her stay a God's name.

Porcia. If he does not dissemble, my condition Is not so desperate as I imagin'd. [*Aside.*]

Don Antonio. I hope you'll pardon this great liberty: So early a confidence will need it, sir.

Don Henrique. 'Tis more than enough, that you desire it;

Th' occasion, too, does justify her stay.

Don Antonio. 'Tis most true, sir, th' occasion did inforce me

Thus boldly to presume upon your friendship.

Don Henrique. Ha' done, for Heaven's sake: is it a novelty,

Think you, for Porcia and her cousin-german To pass a night together?

Don Antonio. Is she so near a kinswoman of his? Strange inadvertence in her, not to tell me

Her relation to him, when I nam'd him first.

I'd made fine work on't, had I told him all. [*Aside.*]

Don Henrique. She knows I owe her many a good turn

Upon Octavio's score, and hope ere long
To be able to repay her to the full.

[*Looking on the ladies, and spoken aside, that Antonio might not hear him.*

Porcia. Can he declare his mind in plainer terms?

Camilla. I cannot tell which of us two he means,
These words may be applied to either of us;
But I begin to fear that he knows all.

Don Henrique. Since 'tis so late, pray give the ladies
leave

To retire to their chambers. Go in, sister.

Don Antonio. My brother's words and his behaviour
Imply some mystery; but I must be silent
Till I discover more. [Aside.

Porcia. Let us be gone, w' are lost if we stay here.
I'm confident he counterfeits this calm
To cover his revenge until Antonio
And the rest of the house are gone to bed.

Camilla. But we shall ne'er be able to get out,
Whilst they continue in the outward rooms.

Porcia. Yes, by the garden door; but I'm afraid
Tis shut.

Camilla. No, now I think on't, Flora went that way,
And left it open.

Porcia. Come, let's be gone: I hope Heaven will
ordain
Ease by that door, which first let in my pain.

[*Exeunt Porcia and Camilla.*

Don Antonio. I'll only make a step, sir, to my
chamber,
And then return to you immediately.

Don Henrique. Pray, sir, give me leave to wait on
you.

Don Antonio. I humbly thank you, sir; I know the
way,
And shall not stay above a moment from you.

Don Henrique. What you please, sir; you command
here.

Don Antonio. I'll now go see whether my servant
Sancho
Has brought Octavio to my lodgings,
As I directed him. [Exit Don Antonio.

Don Henrique. Heavens! was there ever so strange a mystery!

Don Carlos he affirm'd that those we fought with
Had convey'd Porcia away; and when I come
To seek her in the house, I find her missing:
To second this, her waiting-woman, Flora,
Tells me that she went down, about that time,
Into the garden: Antonio, not long after,
Affirms that he both saw and entertain'd her
In her own apartment, where I now find her,
And Camilla with her. What can this be?
These sure are riddles to pose an *Œdipus*;
But if, by my own sense, I am assur'd
My honour's safe, which was so much in doubt,
What matter is it how 'tis brought about?

ACT V.

SCENE—*Don Carlos's House.*

Enter DIEGO, FLORA, and PEDRO, *accompanying the chair, groping as i' th' dark.*

Pedro. Dame Flora, and Signior Diego, go in there
And you, my friends, set down the chair, and let
The lady out; go, there's money for you.
I'll go fetch a candle.

[Diego and Flora go in, and the chair being set in the door, Octavio goes out into the room: Pedro claps to the door, and goes away.]

Enter DON OCTAVIO, DIEGO, FLORA, *at another door.*

Don Octavio. What! put in all alone here i' th' dark,

[Groping as in the dark.]

And the door shut upon me! Diego, Flora!

Diego. Here am I, sir, and mistress Flora too,
Unless my sense of feeling fails me.

Don Octavio. I can't conjecture where we are. I
durst not

So much as peep out of the chair, since Flora
Gave me the warning; but where'er I am,
'Tis better far than in the serjeants' hands.

Flora. Though now i' th' dark, I know well where we are.

I have too often walk'd the streets, Octavio, .
From your house hither, upon Cupid's errands,
Not to know the back-door of Carlos his
Apartment : 'tis there I'm sure w' are now.

Don Octavio. Curse on thee, Flora ! had'st thou lost thy wits,

Not to let me know it sooner ?

Diego. A gipsy told me by my palm, long since,
A sour-fac'd damsel should be my undoing.

Flora. Suspend a while your apprehensions, sir,
You may escape before the candles come.
The door was wont to open on this side ;
If not, I have another way in store.

[*Octavio goes to the door.*]

Don Octavio. Flora, I cannot make the lock go back.

[*Pedro unlocks it on the other side, and coming in with a candle, meets with Octavio, and starting back and stumbling, lets the candle fall, then running out again, double locks the door.*]

Diego. Nay then, i'faith w' are fast : I heard him give
The key a double turn. [*Diego takes up the candle.*]

Here 's a fair trial for your maiden breath :
Flora, blow 't in again, let 's owe your mouth
More light, than yet your eyes could e'er impart.

Flora. Light 's cast away on such an owl as you ;
But yet I'll try. [*Flora blows the candle in.*]

Diego. Thanks, gentle Flora, to your virgin puff ;
'Tis a strong breath that can o'ercome a snuff. [*Aside.*]
But I had rather 't had been let alone :
If I must needs be kill'd, unless it were
Behind my back, I'd have it i' the dark ;
For I hate to be kill'd in my own presence.

Don Octavio. What must we do, Flora ? all my hope
's in you.

Flora. W' have yet some room for hope. There 's a
back-stairs

Beyond that inner chamber, which goes down
Into the garden : if the door be open,
As certainly it is, the way is easy.

Don Octavio. Come, let's lose no time. Pr'ythee
guide us, Flora. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to Don Henrique's House.

Enter DON HENRIQUE.

Don Henrique. As well pleas'd as I am, to find my
honour

Less desperate than I thought, I cannot rest
Till I have drawn from Porcia a confession
Of the whole truth, before she goes to bed.
She's in her chamber now, unless by new
Enchantments carried thence.

[As he is going towards Porcia's chamber

Enter DON CARLOS in haste.

Don Carlos. I can't imagine what should make Don
Henrique

Quit the Corrigidor's till we return'd :

One of his servants tells me he's come home.

O, here he is—Now shall I raise a storm,

Which (if we do not take a special care)

Will scarce b' allay'd without a shower of blood ;

Yet I must venture 't, since it so imports

Our friendship and the honour of our house. [Aside.

Happiness is such a stranger to mankind,

[Addressing to Henrique.

That, like to forc'd motion, it is ever strongest

At the first setting out, then languishing

With time, grows weary of our company :

But to misfortunes we so subject are,

That like to natural motion they acquire

More force in their progression.

Don Henrique. What means this philosophical pre-
amble ?

Don Carlos. You'll know too soon, I fear.

Don Henrique. Don Carlos, I am so well recover'd
From all m' inquietudes, that for the future

I dare defy the malice of my stars

To cause a new relapse into distemper.

Don Carlos. Cousin, I'm much surpriz'd with this
great change :

But since y' are such a master of your passions,
I'll spare my ethicks, and proceed to give you

In short the narrative of our success.
Our worthy kinsman the Corrigidor,
Forward to serve you in th' affair I mention'd,
Was pleas'd to go along with me in person,
With a strong band of serjeants, to the place
Where I, attended by your servants, led him.
Cousin, 'twas there ;—(it wounds my heart to speak it,
And I conjure you summon all your patience—)
'Twas there I found——

Don Henrique. Whom, cousin, did you find? for,
since I'm sure

You found no Porcia there, my concernments
In your discoveries are not very likely
To discompose me.

Don Carlos. I would to Heaven we had not found
her there.

Don Henrique. What 's that you say, Don Carlos?
My sister there!

Don Carlos. Yes, sir, your sister.

Don Henrique. My sister? that's good, i'faith; ha,
ha, ha.

Don Carlos. Why do you laugh? Is the dishonour of
Our family become a laughing matter?
This is a worse extreme, methinks, than t' other.

Don Henrique. How can I choose but laugh, to see
you dream?

Awake, for Heaven's sake, and recall your senses.
Porcia there, said you?

Don Carlos. Yes, sir, Porcia, I say; your sister Por-
cia;

And, which is more, 't was in Octavio's house.

Don Henrique. Why sure, y' are not in earnest,
cousin?

Don Carlos. As sure as y' are alive, I found her there.

Don Henrique. Then you transport me, sir, beyond
all patience.

Why, cousin, if she has been still at home,
Antonio seen and entertain'd her here,
Accompany'd by Camilla; if even now
I left them there within, is 't possible
You should have found her in Octavio's house?

To be here and there too at the same time,
None sure but Janus with his double face
Can e'er unfold this mystery.

Don Carlos. Let me advise you, abuse not yourself;
I tell you positively, I found her there:
And, by the same token, her waiting-woman
Flora was there attending her.

Don Henrique. Flora! dear cousin, do not still persist
Thus to affirm impossibilities.

Don Carlos. Sure you are making some experiment
Upon my temper, and would fain provoke
My patience to some such high disorder,
That I should ne'er hereafter have the face,
When you are in your fits, to play the stoick.

Don Henrique. Cousin, I swear to you upon my honour,

'Tis not above a quarter of an hour
Since I did speak with Porcia and your sister,
In that very apartment, and am now
Returning to them in my sister's chamber.

Don Carlos. And, sir, I swear to you upon my honour,
'Tis not above a quarter of an hour
Since I left Porcia carrying in a chair
From Don Octavio's house, and your man Pedro
Leading the chair-men to mine, and follow'd
By Flora; whilst I came to find you out,
To acquaint you with this displeasing news,
But fit for you to know as soon as might be.

Don Henrique. This question, cousin, may be soon
decided:

Pray come along, her chamber's not far off.

Don Carlos. And my house but the next door; let's
go thither.

Don Henrique. You'll quickly find your error, cousin.

Don Carlos. And you'll as soon be undeceiv'd. But
stay,

Here comes your servant, whom I left to guard her:
He'll instantly convince you of the truth.

Enter PEDRO.

Pedro. O sir!—

Don Henrique. What brings you hither, Pedro ?

Pedro. Give me my albricias,* sir; I bring you
The rarest news, your enemy Octavio—
I'm quite out of breath—

Don Henrique. What does the varlet mean?

Pedro. Sir, I suppose Don Carlos has inform'd you,
That he left me to see your sister Porcia,
With Flora and Diego, Octavio's man,
Safely convey'd, t' his house.

Don Carlos. See now, Don Henrique, who was i' the
right.

Pedro. I did as he commanded me, and put them
All three into Don Carlos's anti-chamber,
Porcia in the same chair which brought her thither;
And for more safety, double-lock'd the door,
Whilst I went down in haste to fetch some candles.

Don Henrique. As sure as death this madness is in-
fectious;

My man is now in one of Carlos's fits.

Pedro. Returning with some lights a moment after,
I no sooner open'd the door, but, heavens!
Who should I see there, standing just before me,
In the self-same place where I left Porcia,
But Octavio, your enemy Octavio.

Don Henrique. Here is some witchcraft, sure. What
can this mean?

Pedro. Amaz'd at this sight, I let the candle all,
And clapp'd the door to; then double-lock'd it,
And brought away the key.

Don Carlos. But how could he get in, if you be sure
You lock'd the door when you went out for lights?

Pedro. I know not whether he was there before,
Or got in after; but of this I'm sure,
That there I have him now, and safe enough.

Don Henrique. Let's not, Don Carlos, now perplex
ourselves
With needless circumstances, when, and how;

* *Albricias.*] A reward of gratuity given to one that brings good
news. *Stevens's Spanish Dictionary.*

Those queries are too phlegmatic for me :
If the beast be i' th' toil, it is enough ;
Let us go sieze him, for he must die.

Enter DON ANTONIO.

Don Antonio. Pray, brother, what unhappy man is he,
Whom you so positively doom to death ?

I have a sword to serve you in all occasions
Worthy of you and me.

Don Henrique. His intervening, Carlos, is unlucky.
How shall we behave ourselves towards him
In this business, so unfit for his knowledge ?

Don Carlos. Cousin, you should consider with your-
self

[Carlos draws Henrique aside.]

What answer to return him : he's not a man
To be put off with any slight pretences ;
Nor yet to be engag'd in such an action,
As bears th' appearance rather of brutality
Than true honour. You know Antonio needs
No fresh occasions to support his name :
Who dangers seek are indigent of fame.

Don Henrique. I beg your patience, sir, but for one
word

With this gentleman, my friend.

[Don Henrique addresses himself to Don Antonio.]

Don Antonio. I'll attend your leisure.

I find my coming has disorder'd 'em, *[Aside.]*
There's something they would fain conceal from me :
All here is discompos'd, whate'er's the matter.

Don Henrique. I am a rogue if I know what to do.

Don Carlos. Since the event's so dangerous and
doubtful,

'Tis best, in my opinion, sir, to temporize.

Don Henrique. How easily men get the name of wise !
To fear t' engage, is call'd to temporize :
Sure fear and courage cannot be the same,
Yet th' are confounded by a specious name ;
And I must tamely suffer, because fools
Are rul'd by nice distinctions of the schools.
How I hate such cold complexions ! *[He stamps.]*

Don Carlos. Why so transported ? as if vehemence

Were for your passion an approv'd defence.

Don Henrique. Who condemns passions, nature he arraigns.

Don Carlos. Th' are useful succours, when they serve in chains ;

But he who throws the bridal on their necks,
From a good cause will produce ill effects.

Don Henrique Be th' effects what they will, I am resolv'd.

I doubt not of your kind concurrence, sir,

[*Addressing to Don Antonio.*]

In all the near concernments of a person
Ally'd to you as I am ; but, noble brother,
It were against the laws of hospitality
And civil breeding, to engage a guest
(Newly arriv'd after so long a journey)
In an occasion where there may be danger.

Don Antonio. If such be the occasion, I must then
Acquaint you freely, that I wear a sword,
Which must not be excluded from your service.
I 'm sure you are too noble to employ your's
In any cause not justify'd by honour.

Don Henrique. Though with regret, I see, sir, I must yield

To your excess of generosity,
This only I shall say, to satisfy
Your just reflections, that my resentments
Are grounded on affronts of such a nature,
That, as nothing but the offender's life
Can e'er repair 'em, so as to the forms
Of taking my revenge, they can't admit
Of the least scruple.

Don Antonio. Honour's my standard, and 'tis true
that I

Had rather fall, than blush for victory ;
But you are such a judge of honour's laws,
That 't were injurious to suspect your cause.
Allow me, sir, th' honour to lead the way.

[*Exeunt Don Antonio and Don Henrique.*]

Don Carlos. If Porcia be there too (as I believe)

'T will prove, I fear a fatal tragedy;
But should she not be there, yet 'tis too much
For such a heart as mine, through ignorance
To have betray'd a gentleman, though faulty,
Into such cruel hands. I must go with them;
But so resolv'd, as in this bloody strife,
I'll salve my honour, or I'll loose my life. [Exit.

SCENE changes to Don Carlos's House.

Enter DON OCTAVIO, DIEGO, and FLORA with a candle.

Flora. O th' unluckiness! I vow t' you, sir,
I have scarce known that door e'er lock'd before.

Don Octavio. There's no remedy, Flora: I am now
At the mercy of my enemies.

Diego. Having broken into another's ground,
'Tis just, i'faith, you should be put i' th' pound.

Don Octavio. The tide of my ill fate is swoln so high,
'T will not admit increase of misery;
Since, amongst all the curses, there is none
So wounds the spirit as privation:
For 'tis not where we lie, but whence we fell;
The loss of heav'n's the greatest pain in hell.
When I had sail'd the doubtful course of love,
Had safely gain'd my port, and, far above
My hopes, the precious treasure had secur'd
For which so many storms I had endur'd,
To be so soon from this great blessing torn,
That's hard to say, if 'twere first dead or born,
May doubtless seem such a transcendent curse,
That even the Fates themselves could do no worse:
Yet this I bore with an erected face,
Since fortune, not my fault, caus'd my disgrace;
But now my eyes unto the earth are bent,
Conscious of meriting this punishment:
For trusting a fond maid's officious care,
My life and honour's taken in this snare;
And thus I perish on this unseen shelf,
Pursu'd by fate, and false unto myself.
Flora, when I am dead, I pray present

[*He pulls out his tablets.*

These tablets to your lady; there she'll find
My last request, with reasons which I give,
That for my sake she would vouchsafe to live.
Give me the candle, Flora.

[Octavio sets the candle on a table, and sits down to write in his tablets.]

Diego. A double curse upon all love in earnest,
All constant love: 'tis still accompanied
With strange disasters; or else ends in that
Which is the worst of all disasters—marriage.

Flora. Sure you could wish that every body living
Had such a soul of quicksilver as your's
That can fix no where.

Diego. Why, 't would not be the warse for you, dear
Flora,

You then might hope in time to have your turn,
As well as those who have much better faces.

Flora. You, I presume, sir, would be one o'th'
latest

Which I should hear of; yet 'tis possible
That one might see you before you should be
Welcome.

Diego. She has wit and good-humour, excellent
Ingredients to pass away the time;

And I have kindness for her person too;
But that will end with marriage, and possibly
Her good-humour; for I have seldom known
The husband and the wife make any music,
Though when asunder they can play their parts.
Well, friend Diego, I advise you to look
Before you leap, for if you should be coupled
To a yoke, instead of a yoke-fellow,

'Tis likely you may wear it to your grave.

Yet, honest Diego, now I think on't better,
Your dancing and your vaulting days are done:
Faith, all your pleasures are three stories high,
They are come up to your mouth; you are now
For ease and eating, the only joys of life;
And there's no cook, nor dry-nurse, like a wife.

Don Octavio. Here, take my tablets, Flora: sure
they'll spare

Thy life for thy sex's sake; but for poor Diego—

Diego. Why, sir, they'll never offer to kill me.
There's nothing in the world I hate like death.

Don Octavio. Since death's the passage to eternity,
To be for ever happy, we must die.

Diego. 'Tis very true; but most that die would live,
If to themselves they could new leases give.

Don Octavio. We must possess our souls with such
indifference,

As not to wish nor fear to part from hence.

Diego. The first I may pretend to, for I swear
I do not wish to part: 'tis true, I fear.

Don Octavio. Fear! why, death's only cruel when
she flies,

And will not deign to close the weeping eyes.

Diego. That is a cruelty I can forgive,
For I confess, I'm not afraid to live.

Don Octavio. We shall still live, though 'tis by others'
breath,

By our good fame, which is secur'd by death.

Diego. But we shall catch such colds, sir, under
ground,

That we shall never hear Fame's trumpet sound.

Don Octavio. 'Tis but returning, when from hence
we go,

As rivers to their mother-ocean flow.

Diego. We know our names and channels whilst
w' are here;

W' are swallow'd in that dark abyss when there.

Don Octavio. Ingulf'd in endless joys and perfect
rest,

Unchangeable, i' th' center of the bless'd.

Diego. Hark, I hear a noise—

[*The noise of the opening of a door.*

[*Diego runs to the door, looks into the next room,
then comes running to Octavio.*

Diego. O sir, w' are lost! I see two female giants
Coming most terribly upon us.

Don Octavio. Away, you fearful fool——

*Enter CAMILLA and PORCIA, the one with a key,
the other with a candle.*

Porcia. I'm confident nobody saw us pass
From th' other house.

Camilla. However, let us go through my brother's
quarter,
And open the back-door into the street;
'Tis good in all events t' have a retreat
More ways than one.

[A door claps behind, and both look back.]

Porcia. O heavens, our passage is cut off!
The wind has shut the door through which we came.

Camilla. The accident's unlucky: 'tis a spring lock,
That opens only on the other side.

Porcia. Let's on the faster, and make sure of th'
other— *[Seeing Octavio, she starts.]*
Octavio here! — *[Octavio hearing them, starts up.]*

Don Octavio. Porcia in this place! may I trust my
senses,

Or does my fancy form these chimeras?

Diego. Either we sleep, and dream extravagantly,
Or else the fairies govern in this house.

[Flora runs to Porcia.]

Flora. Ah, dearest mistress! you shall never make
me

Quit you so again.

Porcia. But can that be Octavio?

Don Octavio. I was Octavio; but I am at present
So much astonish'd, I am not myself.

Camilla. What can the meaning of this vision be?

[Don Octavio approaches Porcia.]

Don Octavio. My dearest Porcia, how is 't possible
To find you in this place, my friend Antonio
Having so generously undertaken
Your protection?

Porcia. Did he not your's so too? and yet I find
Octavio here, where he is more expos'd
Than I, to certain ruin. I am loth
To say 'tis he who has betray'd us both.

Don Octavio. Antonio false? It is impossible.

Diego. 'Tis but too evident.

Don Octavio. Peace, slave! he is my noble friend,
of noble blood,

Whose fame's above the level of those tongues
That bark by custom at the brightest virtues,
As dogs do at the moon.

Porcia. How hard it is for virtue to suspect!
Ah, Octavio! we have been both deceiv'd.
This vile Antonio is the very man
To whom my brother, without my consent
Or knowledge, has contracted me in Flanders.

Don Octavio. Antonio the man to whom you are
contracted?

Porcia. The bride whom he is come to marry?

Porcia. The very same.

Don Octavio. Why did you not acquaint me with it
sooner?

Porcia. Alas, I have not seen you since I knew it;
But those few hours such wonders have produc'd,
As exceed all belief, and ask more time
Than your unsafe condition, in this place,
Will allow me, to make you comprehend it.

Camilla. Cousin, I cannot blame your apprehen-
sions,
Nor your suspicion of Antonio's friendship;
But I am so possess'd with the opinion
Of his virtue, I shall as soon believe
Impossibilities as his apostacy
From honour.

Don Octavio. What's her concernment in Antonio,
Porcia?

Porcia. O, that's the strangest part of our sad story,
And which requires most time to let you know it.

[*A blaze of light appears at the window, and a
noise without.*]

See, Flora, at the window, what's that light
And noise we hear. [*Flora goes to the window.*]

Flora. O madam, we are all undone! I see
Henrique, Carlos, and their servants, with torches,

All coming hither ; and, which is wonderful,
Antonio leading them with his sword drawn.

Camilla. Thou dream'st, distracted wench? Antonio false ?

It is impossible——

[*Camilla runs to the window, and turning back, says :*

All she has said is in appearance true.

There is some hidden mystery which thus

Abuses us ; for I shall ne'er believe

Antonio can transgress the rules of friendship.

Don Octavio. Friendship's a specious name, made
to deceive

Those whose good-nature tempts them to believe :

The traffic of good offices 'mongst friends,

Moves from ourselves, and in ourselves it ends :

When competition brings us to the test,

Then we find friendship is self-interest.

Porcia. Ye pow'rs above ! what pleasure can ye take
To persecute submitting innocence ?

Don Octavio. Retire, dear Porcia, to that inner room ;

For should thy cruel brother find thee here,

He's so revolted from humanity,

He'll mingle thine with my impurer blood.

Porcia. That were a kind of contract. Let him come,
We'll meet at once marriage and martyrdom.

Don Octavio. Soul of my life, retire.

Porcia. I will not leave you.

Don Octavio. Thou preserv'st me by saving of thyself ;

For they can murder only half of me,

Whilst that my better part survives in thee.

Porcia. I will die too, Octavio, to maintain

That different causes form the same effects :

'Tis courage in you men, love in our sex.

Don Octavio. Though souls no sexes have, when w'
are above,

If we can know each other, we may love.

Porcia. I'll meet you there above, here, take my word.

[*Don Octavio takes her hand and kisses it.*
This Porcia knows the way of joining souls,

As well as th' other, when she swallow'd coals.

[They retire to the other room, Porcia leaning on Camilla, and Octavio waits on them to the door.]

Diego. Nay if y' are good at that, the devil take
The hindmost. 'Tis for your sake, fair Flora,

[Taking Flora by the hand.]

I shun these honourable occasions.

Having no weapon, sir, 'tis fit that I

March off with the baggage. *[Turning to Don Octavio.]*

[Exeunt Diego and Flora.]

Don Octavio. I'm now upon the frontiers of this life,
There's but one step to immortality;

And, since my cruel fortune has allow'd me

No other witness of my tragic end,

But a false friend and barbarous enemy,

I'll leave my genius to inform the world,

My life and death was uniform : as I

Liv'd firm to love and honour, so I die.

[Draws his sword.]

Look down, ye spirits above ; for if there be

A sight on earth worthy of you to see,

'Tis a brave man, pursu'd by unjust hate,

Bravely contending with his adverse fate.

[Waving his sword.]

Stay till this heaven-born soul puts off her earth,

And she'll attend ye to her place of birth.

Enter DON ANTONIO, DON HENRIQUEZ, DON CARLOS,
and PEDRO, their swords drawn ; Don Antonio before
the rest.

Don Antonio. Where is the man whose insolence and
folly

Has so misled him to affront my friend ?

Don Octavio. Here is the man thou seek'st, and he
whom thou

So basely hast betray'd.

Don Antonio. Oh heavens ! what is't I see ? It is
Octavio,

My friend.

Don Octavio. Not thy friend, Antonio, but 'tis Oc-
tavio,

Who by thy perfidy has been betray'd
To this forlorn condition; but, vile man,
Thou now shalt pay thy treachery with thy life.

[*Don Octavio makes at Don Antonio.*

Don Antonio. Hold, Octavio! though thy injurious
error

May transport thee, it shall not me, beyond
The bounds of honour. Heaven knows I thought
Of nothing less than what I find, Octavio
In this place.

Don Henrique. What pause is this, Antonio? All
your fervour

In the concernments of a brother-in-law,
Reduc'd to a tame parley with our enemy?
Do all the promises you have made to me,
T' assist my just revenge, conclude in this?

Don Octavio. Do all the promises you have made to
me,

T' assist my virtuous love, conclude in this?

Don Henrique. Where is your wonted bravery?
Where your kindness to such a near ally?

Don Octavio. Where is your former honour? where
your firmness

To such an ancient friend?

Don Antonio. What course shall my distracted ho-
nour steer,

Betwixt these equal opposite engagements? [*Aside.*

Don Henrique. What, demur still? nay then I'll
right myself.

[*Don Henrique makes at Don Octavio; Don
Antonio turns on Don Octavio's side.*

Don Antonio. Who attacks Octavio must pass
through me.

Don Carlos. I must lay hold on this occasion. [*Aside.*
Good cousin, I conjure you to restrain
Your passion for a while. There lies conceal'd
Some mystery in this, which, once unfolded,
May reconcile this difference.

Don Henrique. Sweetly propos'd, sir; an accommo-
dation!

Think'st thou my anger's like a fire of straw,
Only to blaze and then expire in smoke?
Think'st thou I can forget my name and nation,
And barter for revenge when honour bleeds?
His life must pay this insolence, or mine.

[*He makes at Don Octavio again, Don Antonio interposes.*

Don Antonio. Mine must protect his, or else perish
with him.

Don Henrique. Since neither faith nor friendship
can prevail,

'Tis time to try what proof you are, Antonio.
Against your own near interest. Know that the man,
Whom you protect against my just revenge,
Has seconded his insolence to me
By foul attempts upon my sister's honour,
Your Porcia's, sir. If this will not inflame you——

[*Don Antonio turns from Don Octavio and
beholds him with a stern countenance.*

Don Octavio. How! I attempt your sister's honour,
Henrique?

[*Don Antonio turns and looks sternly upon
Don Henrique.*

The parent of your black designs, the devil,
Did ne'er invent a more malicious falsehood;
'Tis true, that I have serv'd the virtuous Porcia,
With such devotion and such spotless love,
That, though unworthy, yet she has been pleas'd
To recompense my passion with esteem;

[*Don Antonio turns and looks sternly upon
Don Octavio.*

By which she has so chain'd me to her service,
That here I vow either to live her prize,
Or else in death to fall love's sacrifice.

Don Antonio. O heavens! what's that I hear? Thou
blessed angel,

Guardian of my honour, I now implore
Thy powerful assistance, to preserve
That reputation, which I hitherto
By virtuous actions have maintain'd unblemish'd.

In vain, Don Henrique, you design to change
 [He pauses a little, and rubs his forehead.]
 My resolutions : it must ne'er be said,
 That passion could return Antonio
 From the strict rules of honour. Sir, I tell you
 Nothing can make me violate my first
 Engagement.

Don Henrique. Nay then, thou shalt die too, perfidious man.

Ho ! Geraldo, Pedro, Leonido !

Enter GERALDO, PEDRO, and LEONIDO, with their swords drawn ; they join with Don Henrique ; Don Carlos interposes.

Don Carlos. For heaven's sake, cousin, draw not on yourself

The horrid infamy of assassinating
 Persons of noble blood, by servile hands.

Don Henrique. Do you defend them too ? Kill 'em, I say.

Don Antonio. Retire, Octavio, I'll sustain their shock.

Don Octavio. Octavio retire !

Don Antonio. Trust me, you must, they will surround us else ;

Through that narrow passage they'll assail us
 With less advantage.

[They retire, fighting, off the stage ; Don Henrique and his men pursuing them, and Don Carlos endeavouring to stop Don Henrique.]

Don Henrique. What, d'ye give back, ye mighty men of fame ?

Don Antonio. Don Henrique, you shall quickly find 'tis honour,

Not fear, makes me retire. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter presently DON ANTONIO and DON OCTAVIO at another door, which Don Antonio bolts.

Don Antonio. Now we shall have a breathing-while at least,
 Octavio, and time to look about us.

Pray see yon other door be fast.

[*Don Octavio steps to the door, where they went out, and Don Henrique bounces at the door they came in at.*

Don Henrique. Geraldo, fetch an iron bar to force
The door. [Within, aloud.

[*Don Antonio goes to both the doors, to see if they be fast.*

Don Antonio. So, 'tis now as I could wish it.

Don Octavio. What do you mean, generous Antonio?

Don Antonio. To kill thee now myself:—having perform'd

What my engagement did exact from me,
In your defence 'gainst others, my love now
Requires its dues, as honour has had his.
There's no protection for you from my sword,
But in your own, or in your frank renouncing
All claim to Porcia: she is so much mine,
That none must breathe, and have the vanity
Of a pretension to her, whilst I live.

Don Octavio. I never will renounce my claims to
Porcia,

But still assert them by all noble ways:
Yet, sir, this hand shall never use a sword
(Without the last compulsion) 'gainst that man
Who has so much oblig'd me. No, Antonio,
You are securely guarded by the favours
Which you so frankly have conferr'd upon me.

Don Antonio. Pray, sir, let not your pretended gratitude

Enervate your defence: 'tis not my custom
To serve my friends with prospects of return.

Don Octavio. And, sir, 'tis not my custom to receive
An obligation, but with a purpose,
And within the power of my return.

Friendship, Antonio, is reciprocal,
He that will only give, and not receive,
Enslaves the person whom he would relieve.

Don Antonio. Your rule is right, but you apply it
wrong.

It was Octavio, my camerade in arms,
 And ancient friend, whom I design'd to serve;
 Not that disloyal man, who has invaded
 My honour and my love. 'Tis the intent
 Which forms the obligation, not th' event.

Don Octavio. I call those powers, which both discern
 and punish,

To witness for me, that I never knew
 You e'er pretended to Don Henrique's sister,
 Before I came within these fatal walls:
 This I declare only to clear myself
 From th' imputation of disloyalty,
 And to prevent the progress of your error.

Don Antonio. How can I think you should speak
 truth to me,

Who am a witness y' have been false to her,
 To whom you now profess so high devotion?

Don Octavio. I false to Porcia! take heed, Antonio,
 So foul an injury provokes too much.
 But, sir, I must confess I owe you more,
 Than the forgiveness of one gross mistake.

Don Antonio. Rare impudence! I must not trust
 my senses.

Don Octavio. If we cannot adjust this competition,
 Let's charge our envious fortunes, not our passions,
 With this fatal breach of friendship.

Don Antonio. Leave your discourses, and defend
 yourself;

Either immediately renounce all claims
 To Porcia, or this must speak the rest.

[*Shaking his sword.*

Don Octavio. Nay then, I must reply. [*They fight.*

[*A noise as if the door were broken open.*

*Enter DON HENRIQUE, DON CARLOS, LEONIDO, and
 GERALDO, with their swords drawn.*

Don Henrique. What's this! Antonio fighting with
 Octavio?

This bravery is excessive, gallant friend,
 Not to allow a share in your revenge.
 To him who's most concern'd: he must not fall

Without some marks of mine.

[*Don Henrique makes at Don Octavio, and Don Antonio turns to Don Octavio's side.*]

Don Antonio. Nay, then my honour you invade anew,

And, by assaulting him, revive in me
My pre-engagements to protect and serve him
Against all others.

Don Henrique. Why, were not you, Antonio, fighting with him?

Were you not doing all you could to kill him?

Don Antonio. Henrique, 'tis true; but finding in my breast

An equal strife 'twixt honour and revenge,
I do, in just compliance with them both,
Preserve him from your sword, to fall by mine.

Don Carlos. Brave man, how nicely he does honour weigh!

Justice herself holds not the scales more even.

Don Henrique. My honour suffers more, as yet, than yours,

And I must have a share in the revenge.

Don Antonio. My honour, sir, is so sublim'd by love,

'Twill not admit comparison or rival.

Don Henrique. Either he must renounce all claims to Porcia,

'Or die immediately.

Don Antonio. Y'are i' the right, that he must do, or die;

But by no other hand than mine.

Don Octavio. Cease your contention, and turn all your swords

Against this breast: whilst Porcia and I have breath,
She must be mine, there's no divorce but death.

Don Henrique. I'll hear no more, protect him if thou canst:

Kill the slave, kill him, I say!

[*Don Henrique makes at him, and Don Carlos endeavours to interpose.*]

Don Carlos. For Heaven's sake hold a moment! certainly
There's some mistake lies hidden here, which clear'd
Might hinder these extremes.

[*Don Henrique and his servants press Don Antonio and Don Octavio.*

[*Flora peeps out, and, seeing them fight, cries out Camilla! Porcia! Camilla and Porcia looking out, both shriek, and then run out upon the stage.*

Enter PORCIA and CAMILLA from the inner-room.

Porcia. Don Henrique!

Camilla. Antonio! Carlos!

Porcia. Octavio!

Camilla and Porcia together. Hear us but speak!
hear us but speak.

Don Henrique. By heavens 'tis Porcia! why, how came she here?

Don Carlos. Why, did not I tell you she was brought hither

By my directions? you would not believe me.

Don Henrique. But how then could Octavio come hither?

Don Carlos. Nay, that Heaven knows, you heard as well as I

Your man's relation.

Don Henrique. Ah, thou vile woman! that I could destroy

Thy memory with thy life?

[*He offers to run at Porcia, Don Antonio interposes.*

Don Antonio. Hold, sir, that must not be.

Don Henrique. What, may not I do justice upon her
Neither?

Don Antonio. No, sir: although I have not yet the honour

To know who this lady is, I have this night
Engag'd myself both to secure and serve her.

Don Carlos. He knows not Porcia. Who was it the right,

Don Henrique, you or I?

Don Henrique. He not know Porcia! why 'tis not an hour

Since I saw him entertaining her at home.
Sure w'are enchanted, and all we see's illusion.

Camilla. Allow me, Henrique, to unspél these charms.
Who is't, Octavio, you pretend to? speak.

Don Octavio. You might have spar'd that question,
madam: none

Knows, so well as you, 'tis Porcia I adore.

Don Antonio. Porcia's my wife: disloyal man, thou diest.
[Offers to make at Don Octavio.

Camilla. Hold, sir! which is the Porcia you lay claim to?

Don Antonio. Can you doubt of that? why, sure you know too well

The conquest that you made, so long ago,*
Of my poor heart, in Flanders.

Don Carlos. Couquest! poor heart! Flanders! what can this mean?

Don Henrique. New riddles every moment do arise,
And mysteries are born of mysteries.

Don Carlos. Sure, 'tis the pastime of the destinies
To mock us, for pretending to be wise.

Camilla. Thanks be to Heaven, our work draws near an end.

Cousin, it belongs to you to finish it.

Porcia. To free you from that labyrinth, Antonio,
In which a slight mistake, not rectify'd,
Involv'd us all, know, the suppos'd Porcia,
Whom you have lov'd, is the true Camilla.

Camilla. And you Don Henrique, know, that Don Octavio

Has always been your sister's faithful lover,
And only feign'd a gallantry to me,
To hide his real passion for my cousin
From your discerning eyes.

Don Antonio. Generous Octavio!

* All the copies have it "so long ago," but Reed followed Dodsley in the absurd error of substituting "some days ago." C.

Don Octavio. Brave Antonio! how happy are we
both, [They embrace.
Both in our loves and friendships!

Don Antonio. Ah, how the memory of our crosses
past,

Heightens our joys when we succeed at last!

Don Octavio. Our pleasures in this world are always
mix'd :

'Tis in the next where all our joys are fix'd.

[*Camilla takes Don Antonio by the hand, and
leads him to Don Carlos.*

Camilla. This my dear brother, is that brave com-
mander,

To whom you owe your life and liberty;
And I much more, the safety of my honour.

Don Carlos. Is this that gallant leader, who re-
deem'd us

With so much valour from the enemy?

Camilla. The very same.

Don Carlos. Why did you not acquaint me with it
sooner?

'Twas ill done, Camilla.

Camilla. Alas, my dearest brother, gratitude,

[*Drawing Don Carlos aside.*

Conspiring with the graces of his person,
So soon possess'd him of my heart, that I,
Asham'd of such a visionary love,
Durst never trust my tongue with my own thoughts.

Don Carlos. 'Tis enough. Here, sir, take from me
her hand,

[*Addressing to Don Antonio.*

Whose heart your merit has long since made your's.

[*Don Antonio takes Camilla's hand and kisses it.*

Don Antonio. Sir, with your leave, and her's, I seal
the vows

Of my eternal faith unto you both.

Don Carlos. But let's take heed, Antonio, lest whilst
we

Are joying in our mutual happiness,
Don Henrique's scarcely yet-compos'd distemper

Revive not, and disorder us afresh :

I like not his grim posture.

Don Antonio. 'Tis well thought on, let 's approach him.

[*Don Octavio, holding Porcia by the hand, advances towards Don Henrique.*

Don Octavio. Here, with respect, we wait your confirmation

Of that which seems to be decreed above,

Though travers'd by unlucky accidents.

This lady, your incomparable sister,

Can witness, that I never did invade

Your passion for Camilla; and Pedro's death

Happen'd by your mistaken jealousy.

The causes of your hate being once remov'd,

'Tis just, Don Henrique, the effects should cease.

Don Henrique. I shall consult my honour—

Don Carlos. You cannot take a better counsellor

In this case, than your own and sister's honour;

What, to secure them both, could have been wish'd

Beyond what fate has of itself produc'd?

Don Henrique. How hard it is to act upon constraint!

That which I could have wish'd, I now would fly,

Since 'tis obtruded by necessity.—

'Tis fit that I consent, but yet I must

Still seem displeas'd, that m' anger may seem just.

[*Aside.*

Don Antonio. Noble Don Henrique, you may reckon
me

To be as truly your's, by this alliance,

As if a brother's name subsisted still.

Don Henrique. Well, I must yield, I see, or worse
will follow.

[*Aside.*

He is a fool, who thinks by force or skill

To turn the current of a woman's will:

Since fair Camilla is Antonio's lot,

I Porcia yield to Don Antonio's friend.

Our strength and wisdom must submit to fate:

Stripp'd of my love, I will put off my hate.

Here take her hand, and may she make you, sir,
 [*Don Henrique takes Porcia by the hand, and gives her to Don Octavio.*]

Happier than she has done me.

DIEGO and FLORA advance.

Flora. Had e'er disorders such a rare come-off?
 Methinks 't would make a fine plot for a play.

Diego. Faith, Flora, I should have the worst of that;

For, by the laws of comedy, 't would be
 My lot to marry you.

Don Octavio. Well thought on, Diego, tho' 'tis spoke
 in jest:

We cannot do a better thing in earnest
 Than to join these, who seem to have been made
 For one another. What say'st thou to it, Flora?

Flora. Troth I have had so many frights this
 night,

That I am e'en afraid to lie alone.

[*Diego takes her by the hand.*]

Diego. Give me thy hand, sweet Flora, 'tis a bargain.
 I promise thee, dear spouse, I'll do my best
 To make thee first repent this earnest jest.

Flora. You may mistake: we have a certain way,
 By going halves, to match your foulest play.

Don Carlos. Since this last happy scene is in my
 house,

You'll make collation with me ere you part.

Don Antonio and Don Octavio. Agreed, agreed,
 agreed.

Don Antonio. Thus end the strange Adventures of
 Five Hours,

As sometimes blust'ring storms, in gentle showers.*

[*Addressing to the Pit.*]

* Here the play ended until the third edition, which, as has been already noticed, varies materially from those that preceded it. The third edition also omits the original epilogues at the theatre and at

Don Octavio. Thus, noble gallants, after blust'ring
lives,
You'll end, as we have done, in taking wives.

court, and which, as they are worth preserving, are now, for the first
time, inserted in a note. C.

THE EPILOGUE.

*DIEGO comes stealing in, and is followed by HENRIQUE, who stays
at the door, and listens.*

Diego. Come, Gentlemen !

Let the *Dons* and *Monsieurs* say what they will,
For our parts, we are for *Old England* still.
Here's a fine Play indeed, to lay the scene
In three houses of the same town, O mean !
Why we have several plays, where I defy
Th' Devil to tell where the scene does lie :
Sometimes in *Greece*, and then they make a step
To *Transylvania*, thence at one leap
To *Greece* again : this shows a ranging brain,
Which scorns to be confined t' a town in *Spain*.

Then for the Plot ;

The possible *Adventures of Five Hours* ;
A copious design ; why, in some of ours
Many of the adventures are impossible,
Or if to be achiev'd, no man can tell
Within what time : this shows a rare invention,
When the design's above your comprehension ;
Whilst here y' are treated with a romance tale,
And a plot cover'd with a *Spanish* veil.

As for the Style ;

It is as easy as a proclamation,
As if the play were penn'd for th' whole nation.
None of those thund'ring lines, which use to crack
Our breaths, and set your wits upon the rack.
Who can admire this piece, or think it good ?
There's not one line but may be understood.

The Raillery ;

As innocent, as if't had past the test
Of a full synod : not one bawdy jest ;
Nor any of those words of double sense,
Which make the ladies, to show their innocence,
Look so demure, whilst by a simp'ring smile,
The gallant shows he understands the style.
But here you have a piece so subtly writ,
Men must have wit themselves to find the wit.

Diego. Hold, sirs, there's not an end as yet; for then
Come your own brats, and those of other men.

Don Henrique. Besides the cares of th' honour of
your race,
Which, as you know, is my accursed case.

[*Addressing to the Boxes.*]

Camilla. You, ladies, whilst unmarried, tread on
snares;

Married, y'are cumber'd with domestic cares.

Porcia. If handsome, y'are by fools and fame
attack'd;

If ugly, then, by your own envy rack'd.

Flora. We, by unthrifty parents forc'd to serve,
When fed are slaves, and when w'are free we starve.

Don Carlos. Which put together, we must needs
confess,
This world is not the scene of happiness.

Faith that's too much; therefore by my consent,
We'll damn the play.

Henrique. Think'st thou, impertinent,
That these, who know the pangs of bringing forth
[*Pointing to the pit.*]

A living scene, should e'er destroy this birth?

You ne'er can want such writers, who aspire
To please the judges of that upper tier.

The knowing are his peers, and for the rest
Of the illiterate crowd, (though finely dress'd)

The author hopes he never gave them cause
To think he'd waste his time for their applause.

You then, (most equal judges) freely give
Your votes whether this play should die or live.

THE EPILOGUE AT COURT.

We've pass'd the lords and commons, and are come
At length, dread sir, to hear your final doom.

'Tis true your vassals, sir, may vote the laws,
Their sanction comes from your divine applause.

This shining circle then will all sit mute
Till one pronounce from you *Le Roi le veut*.*

* These are the words still used by ancient usage whenever the royal assent is given to any bill that has passed through both houses of parliament. C.

EPILOGUE.

BY MR. SMITH.

OUR poet, gentlemen, thought to steal away,
Hoping those wretched rhymes, i' th' end o' th' play,
Might serve for epilogue; for truly he
Takes epilogues for arrant bribery;
H' observes your poet, in our modern plays,
Humbly sheweth,—and then as humbly prays:
So that it can't be said, what they have writ
Was without fear, though often without wit.
He trusts (as ye say papists do) to merit;
Leaves you (like quakers) to be mov'd by th' spirit.
But since that epilogues are so much in vogue,
Take this as prologue to the epilogue.

BY MR. HARRIS.

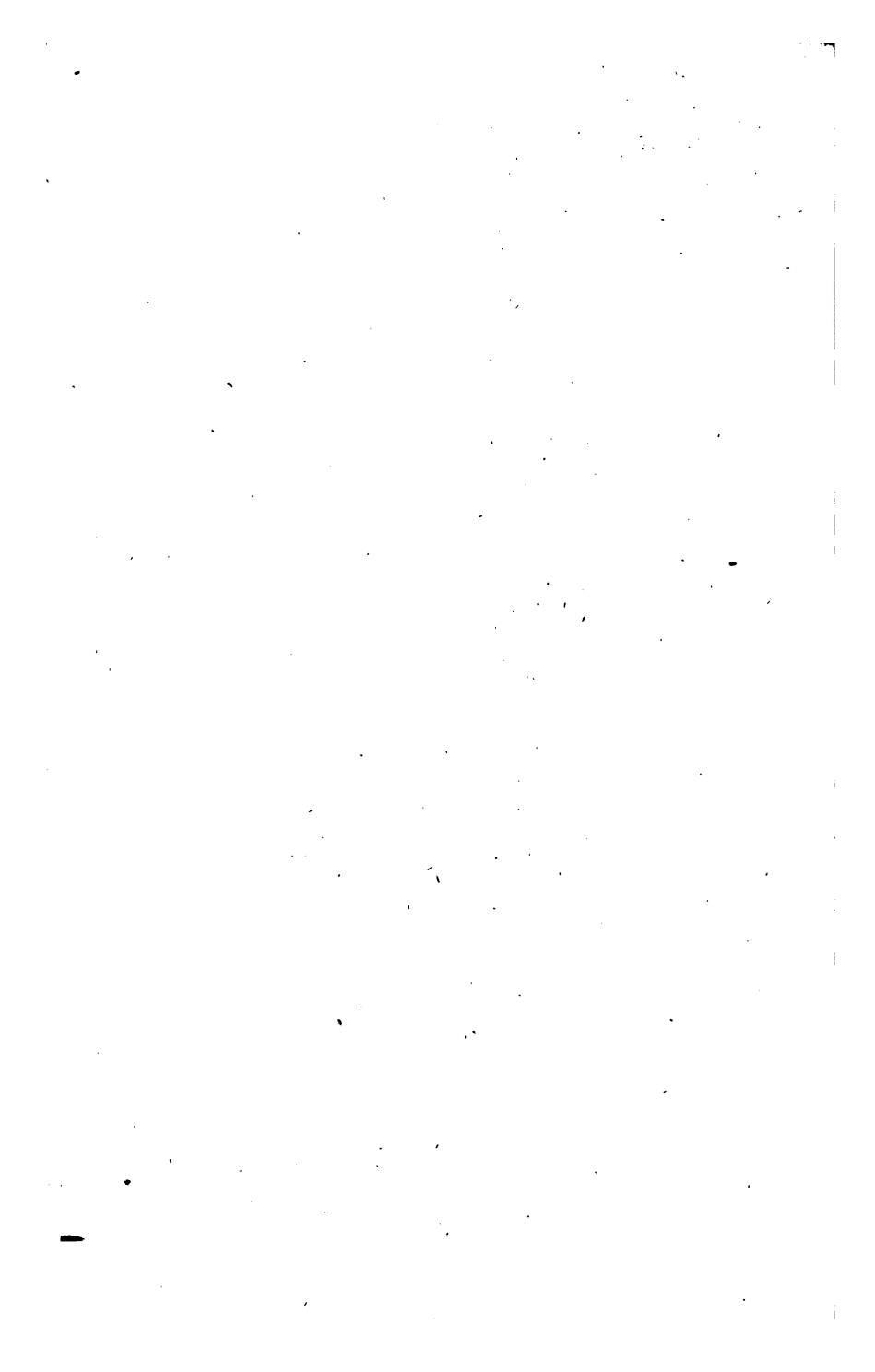
Some, as soon as th' enter, we wish 'em gone ;
Taking their visit as a visitation :
Yet when they go, there are certain grimaces
(Which, in plain English, is but making faces)
That we, for manners' sake to all allow.
The poet 's parting ; don't rise, but smile and bow ;
And 's back being turn'd, ye may take the liberty
To turn him, and all h' as writ, to raillery.
Now, as I shall be sav'd, were I as you,
I'd make no bones on 't—why, 'tis but his due.
A fop ! in this brave, licentious age,
To bring his musty morals on the stage ?
Rhyme us to reason ? and our lives redress
In metre, as Druids did the Savages ?
Affront the free-born vices of the nation ?
And bring dull virtue into reputation ?
Virtue ! would any man of common sense
Pretend to 't ? why virtue now is impudence ;
And such another modest play would blast
Our new stage, and put your palates out of taste.
We told him, Sir, 'tis whisper'd in the pit,
This may be common sense, but 'tis not wit ;
That has a flaming spirit, and stirs the blood.
That 's bawdry, said he, if rightly understood ;
Which our late poets make their chiefest tasks,
As if they writ only to th' vizard-masks.
Nor that poetick rage, which hectors heaven,
Your writer's style, like 's temper, 's grown more even ;
And he's afraid to shock their tender ears,
Whose God, say they, 's the fiction of their fears ;
Your moral's to no purpose. He replied,
Some men talk'd idly just before they died,
And yet we heard them with respect :—"Twas all he said.
Well, we may count him now as good as dead :
And, since ghosts have left walking, if you please,
We'll let our virtuous poet rest in peace.

EDITIONS.

The Adventures of Five Hours. A Tragi-Comedy.
—*Non ego Ventosæ Plebis suffragia venor.* Horat.
Febr. 21^o, 1662. Imprimatur, John Berkenhead.—
London. Printed for Henry Herringman, at the Anchor, in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1663. fol.*

The Adventures of Five Houres: a Tragi-Comedy.
As it is acted at His Royal Highness the Duke of York's Theatre. The third impression. Revis'd and corrected by the author, Sir Samuel Tuke, Kt. and Bart. *Nonumque prematur in Annum.* Horat. de Art. Poet. London: Printed by T. N. for Henry Herringman, at the sign of the Blew Anchor, on the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1671. 4to.

* The title of the copy of 1664 is precisely the same as that of the first edition. It is in 4to.



ELVIRA;

OR,

THE WORST NOT ALWAYS TRUE.



GEORGE DIGBY, EARL OF BRISTOL, was the author of the following play. He was, as Mr. Walpole* observes, "a singular person, whose life was one contradiction. He wrote against popery, and embraced it; he was a zealous opposer of the court, and a sacrifice for it: was conscientiously converted in the midst of his prosecution of Lord Strafford, and was most unconscientiously a prosecutor of Lord Clarendon. With great parts, he always hurt himself and his friends; with romantic bravery, he was always an unsuccessful commander. He spoke for the test act, though a Roman catholic; and addicted himself to astrology, on the birth-day of true philosophy." The histories of England abound with the adventures of this inconsistent, and eccentric nobleman, who, amongst his other pursuits, esteemed the drama not unworthy of his attention. Downes, the prompter,† asserts, that he wrote two plays, between the years 1662 and 1665, *made out of the Spanish*; one called *'Tis better than it was*, and the other entitled *Worse and Worse*. Whether either of these is the present performance cannot now be ascertained. It is however at least probable to be one of them with a new title. The same writer‡ says, he also joined with Sir Samuel Tuke in the composition of *The Adventures of Five Hours*. *Elvira* was printed in the year 1667, and Mr. Walpole imagines that it occasioned our author's being introduced into Sir John Suckling's Session of Poets: a conjecture which however will by no means correspond with the time in which Lord Bristol and Sir John Suckling are supposed to have written the respective works before mentioned. From the notice taken of him by Sir John Suckling as a poet, he seems to have been the

* Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, vol. ii. p. 25.

† Roscius Anglicanus, 1708, p. 26.

‡ P. 22.

author of some pieces which are now lost to the world.* After a life, which at different periods of it commanded both the respect and contempt of mankind, and not unfrequently the same sentiments at one time, he died, neither loved nor regretted by any party, in the year 1676.

* It is not easy to find out why this inference is drawn, since Sir J. Suckling only mentions him by name, with three others comparatively little known.

"Sands with Townshend, for they kept the order;
Digby and Shillingsworth a little further."

Session of the Poets. C.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON JULIO ROCCA.

DON PEDRO DE MENDOZA.

DON FERNANDO SOLIS, in love with Donna Elvira.

DON ZANCHO DE MONEZES, in love with Donna Blanca.

FABIO, servant to Don Fernando.

FULVIO, servant to Don Pedro.

CHICHON, servant to Don Zancho.

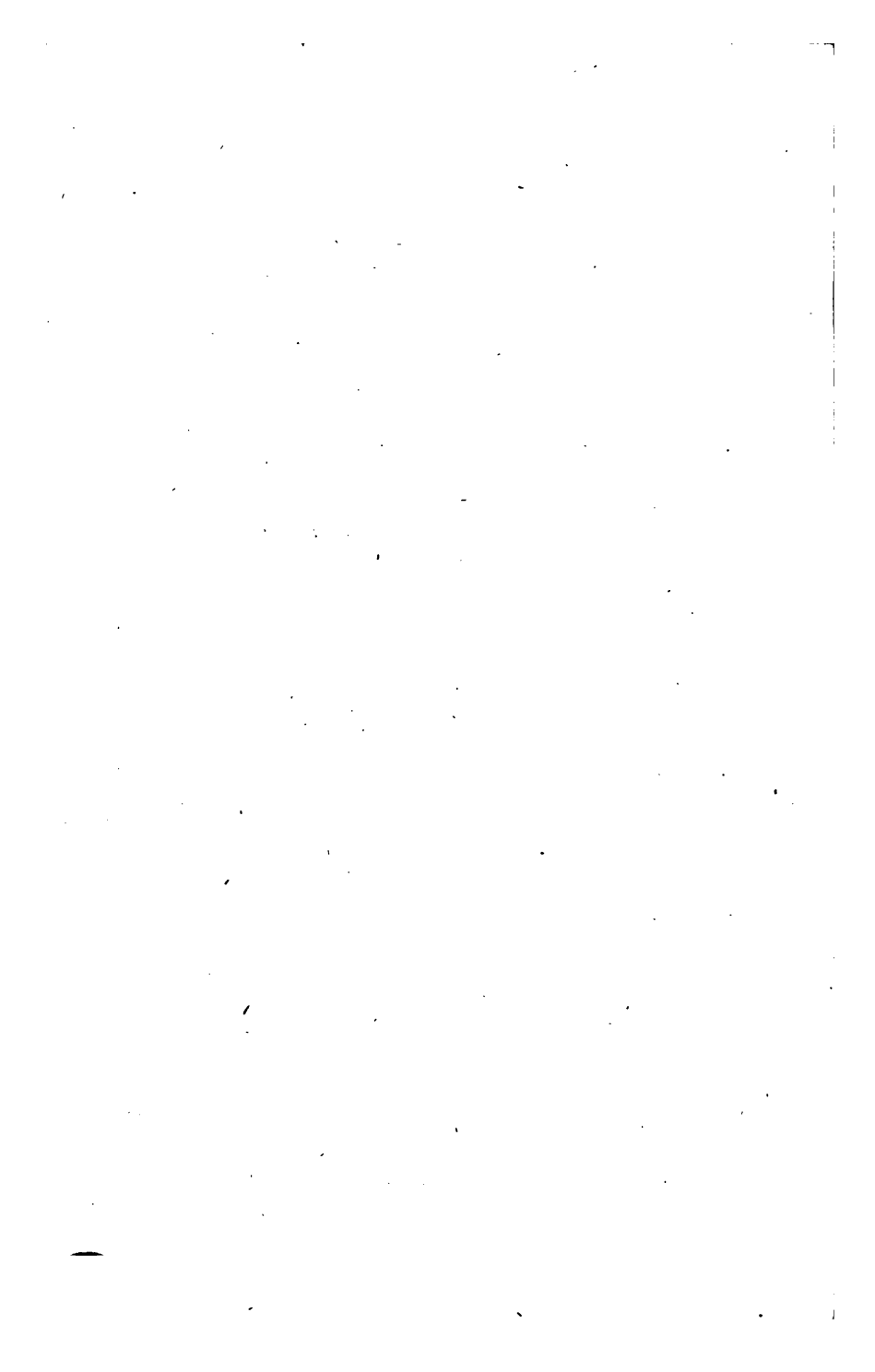
A PAGE.

DONNA ELVIRA, a beautiful lady, Don Pedro's daughter.

DONNA BLANCA, a lady of high spirit, Don Julio's sister.

FRANCISCA, Donna Blanca's woman.

SCENE—Valencia.



ELVIRA;
OR,
THE WORST NOT ALWAYS TRUE.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Room in the Inn.*

*Enter DON FERNANDO, and at another door his servant
FABIO, both in riding clothes.*

Don Fernando. Have you not been with him Fabio,
and given him

The note?

Fabio. I found him newly got out of his bed;
He seem'd much satisfied, though much surpriz'd,
With your arrival; and as soon as possibly
He can get ready, he'll be with you here.
He says he hopes some good occasion brings you
To Valencia, and that he shall not be
At quiet till he know it. 'Twas not fit
For me without your orders, to give him
Any more light than what your ticket did.

Don Fernando. 'Tis well: go now and see if Donna
Elvira

Be stirring yet, for I would gladly have her
A witness, even at first, to what shall pass
Betwixt my friend and me in her concernments:
If she be still asleep, Fabio, make bold
To knock, and wake her, w' have no time to lose.
O here she comes—Wait you Don Julio. [*Exit Fabio.*]

Enter DONNA ELVIRA.

Elvira. Ah, can you think my cares and sleep con-
sistent?

* The errors Dodsley committed, and Reed allowed to remain
in the course of this play, were very numerous: it has been thought
worth while to point out only a few of them in the notes. C.

Slumber and tears have sometimes met in dreams ;
But hearts with such a weight as mine oppress'd,
Find still the heaviest sleep too light a guest.

Don Fernando. Madam, though such least pity do
deserve,

Who by their own unsteadiness have drawn
Misfortune on themselves ; yet truly, Elvira,
Such is my sense of yours, and my compassion,
To see a lady of your quality
Brought to such sad extremes in what is dearest,
As makes me even forget my own resentments,
Granting to pity the whole place of love,
And at that rate I'll serve you. Yet thus far
You must allow the eruption of a heart
So highly injur'd, as to tell you frankly,
'Tis to comply with my own principles
Of honour now, without the least relation
To former passion, or to former favours.

Elvira. Those you have found a ready way to cancel ;
Your sullen silence, during all our journey,
Might well have spar'd you these superfluous words ;
That had sufficiently instructed me
What power mere appearances have had,
Without examination, to destroy,
With an umbrageous nature, all that love
Was ever able on the solid'st grounds
To found and to establish. Yet, methinks,
A man that boasts such principles of honour,
And of such force to sway him in his actions,
In spite of all resentments, should reflect,
That honour does oblige to a suspense,
At least of judgment, when surprising chances,
Yet unenquired into, tempt gallant men
To prejudicial thoughts of those, with whom
They had settled friendship upon virtuous grounds.
But 'tis from Heav'n, I see, and not from you,
Elvira must expect her vindication ;
And until then submit to th' hardest fate,
That ever can befall a generous spirit,
Of being oblig'd by him that injures her.

Don Fernando. Nay, speak, Elvira, speak; you have me attentive:

[*With a kind of scornful accent.*

It were a wonder worthy of your wit,
To make me trust my ears before my eyes.

Elvira. Those are the witnesses indeed, Fernando,
To whose true testimony's false inference
You owe my moderation and my silence,
And that I leave it to the Gods and time,
To make appear both to the world and you,
The maxim false, that still the worst proves true.

Enter FABIO.

Fabio. Don Julio is without.

Don Fernando. Wait on him in — [Exit *Fabio*.

And now, Elvira,

If you'll be pleas'd to rest yourself awhile
Within that closet, you may hear what passes
Betwixt my friend and me, until such time
As I by some discourse having prevented
Too great surprize, you shall think fit t' appear.
He is the man, (as I have often told you,
During my happy days) for whom alone
I have no reserves; and 'tis to his assistance
That I must owe the means of serving you,
In the concernments of your safety and honour:
And therefore, madam, 't will be no offence,
I hope to trust him with the true occasion
That brings me hither, to employ his friendship;
Observing that respect in the relation,
Which I shall always pay you.

Elvira [*retiring as into the closet.*] There needs no
management in the relation:

I am indifferent what others think,
Since those who ought t' have thought the best, have
fail'd me:

Sir, I obey, resign'd up to your conduct,
Till mistress of my own.

[Exit.

Enter DON JULIO: *Don Fernando and he embrace.*

Don Julio. My joy to have my dear Fernando here
So unexpectedly, as great as 'tis,

Cannot make Julio unsensible
Of th' injury you have done him, t' have alighted
And pass'd a night within Valencia,
At any other place than at his house :
Donna Blanca herself will scarce forgive it,
When she shall know it.

Don Fernando. I hope she's well.

Don Julio. She is so, thanks to Heaven ;
But I must bid you expect a chiding from her.

Don Fernando. You both might well accuse me of a
failure,

Did not th' occasion of my coming hither
Bring with it an excuse, alas ! too just,
As you will quickly find.

Don Julio. Nay, then you raise disquiet ; ease me
quickly,

By telling me what 'tis : of this be sure,
Heart, hand, and fortune, are entirely your's
At all essays.

Don Fernando. [*After pausing a while.*] It is not new
t' ye, that I was a lover,

Engaged in all the passion that e'er beauty,
In heighth of its perfection, could produce ;
And that confirm'd by reason, from her wit,
Her quality and most unblemish'd conduct ;
Nor was there more to justify my love,
Than to persuade my happiness in her
Just correspondence to it, by all the ways
Of honorable admission, that might serve
To make esteem transcend the pitch of love.

Don Julio. Of all this I have not only had knowledge,
But great participation in your joys ;
Than which I thought nothing more permanent,
Since founded on such virtue as Elvira's.

Don Fernando. Ah, Julio, how fond a creature is the
man

That founds his bliss upon a woman's firmness !
Even that Elvira, when I thought myself
Securest in my happiness, nothing wanting
To make her mine, but those exterior forms,

Without which men of honour, that pretend
In way of marriage, would be loth to find
Greater concession, where the love is greatest :
As I was sitting with her, late at night,
By usual admittance to her chamber,
As two whose hearts in wedlock-bands were join'd,
And seem'd above all other care, but how
Best to disguise things to a wayward father,
Till time and art might compass his consent ;
A sudden noise was heard in th' inner room
Belonging to her chamber : she starts up
In manifest disorder, and runs in,
Desiring me to stay till she had seen
What caus'd it. I impatient, follow,
As fearing for her, had it been her father :
My head no sooner was within the room,
But straight I spy'd, behind a curtain shrinking,
A godly gallant, but not known to me.

Don Julio. Heavens ! what can this be ?

Don Fernando. You will not think that there, and at
that hour,

I stay'd to ask his name. He, ready as I
To make his sword th' expresser of his mind,
We soon determin'd what we sought : I hurt
But slightly in the arm, he fell as slain,
Run through the body : what Elvira did,
My rage allow'd me not to mark ; but straight
I got away, more wounded to the heart
Than he I left for dead.

Don Julio. Prodigious accident ! where can it
end ?

Don Fernando. I got safe home, where carefully conceal'd,

I sought by Fabio's diligence to learn
Who my slain rival was, and what became
Of my unhappy mistress, and what course
Don Pedro de Mendoza took, to right
The honour of his house.

Don Julio. You long'd not more
To know it then, than I do now.

Don Fernando. All could be learn'd was this : that
my rival,
Whom I thought dead, was likely to recover,
And that he was a stranger lately come
Up to the court, to follow some pretensions ;
His name he either learn'd not perfectly,
Or did not well retain. As for Elvira,
That none knew where she was ; and that Don Pedro
Had set a stop to prosecution
In any public way, with what reserves
Was not yet known.

Don Julio. More and more intricate.

Don Fernando. I must now come to that you least
look for.

I had but few days past in my concealment
(Resent and revenge still boiling in me)
When late one evening, as I buried was
In deepest thought, I suddenly was rous'd
By a surprising apparition, Julio :—
Elvira in my chamber, speaking to me
With rare assurance thus—Don Fernando,
I come not here to justify myself,
That were below Elvira, towards one
Whose action in deserting me hath shown,
So disobligingly, his rash judgment of me.
I come to mind you of honour, not of love :
Mine can protection seek from none but your's.
I've hitherto been shelter'd from the fury
Of my enrag'd father by my cousin Camilla ;
But that's no place, you easily may judge,
For longer stay : I do expect from you
To be convey'd, where, free from violence,
And from new hazards of my wounded fame,
I may attend my righting from the gods.

Don Julio. Can guilt maintain such confidence in a
maid ?

Yet how to think her innocent, I know not.

Don Fernando. 'T were loss of time to dwell on cir-
cumstances,
Either of my wonder, or reply : in short,

What I found honour dictated, I did.
Within two hours, I put her in a coach,
And, favour'd by the night, convey'd her safe
Out of Madrid to Ocana, and thence
In three days hither to Valencia,
The only place where, by your generous aid,
I could have hopes to settle and secure
Her person and her honour. That once done,
Farewell to Spain : I'll to the wars of Milan,
And there soon put a noble end to cares.

Don Julio. Let us first think how to dispose of her,
Since here you say she is ; that done, which presses,
You will have time to weigh all other things.

Don Fernando. My thoughts can pitch upon no other
way
Decent or safe for her, but in a convent,
If you have any abbess here to friend.

Don Julio. I have an aunt, ruling the Ursulins,
With whom I have full power, and she is wise,
In case that course were to be fix'd upon ;
But that's not my opinion.

Don Fernando. What can your reason be ?

Don Julio. Last remedies, in my judgment,
Are not to be used till easier have been tried.
Had this strange accident been thoroughly
Examin'd in all its circumstances,
And that from thence she were convicted guilty,
Nought else were to be thought on but a cloister ;
But, as things stand imperfectly discover'd,
Although appearances condemn her strongly,
I cannot yet conclude a person guilty
Of what throughout so contradictory seems
To the whole tenor of her former life,
As well as to her quality and wit ;
And therefore let's avoid precipitation,
Let my house be her shelter for a while ;
You know my sister Blanca is discreet,
And may be trusted ; she shall there be serv'd
By her and me, with care and secrecy.

Don Fernando. The offer's kind, but no wise practicable,
And might prove hazardous to Blanca's honour,
When it should once break out (as needs it must)
From servants seeing such a guest so treated.

Don Julio. That, I confess, I know not how to answer :

But, could Elvira's mind submit unto it,
I could propose a course without objection.

Don Fernando. That she can soon resolve; what is it, Julio?

Don Julio. A gentlewoman who waited on my sister
Hath newly left her service for a husband,
And it is known she means to take another :
I have a ready way to recommend one,
By Violante, of whose love and mine
You are not ignorant, since that ere this
We had been married, had not kindred forc'd us
To wait a dispensation for't from Rome.
Blanca I'm sure will readily embrace
Any occasion of obliging her.

Don Fernando. That were a right expedient indeed,
Could but Elvira's spirit brook it.

Enter ELVIRA as from the closet.

Elvira. You have ill measures of Elvira's spirit,
Mistaken Don Fernando. Till Heaven's justice
Shall her entirely to herself restore,
The lowlier shape her fate shall hide her under,
The more't will fit her humour.

[Don Julio starts back as it were amazed.]

Don Julio. *[Aside.]* O heavens! can guilt with such
perfection dwell,
And put on such assurance? It cannot be.

*[Don Julio addressing himself to her, and beginning.
She holding out her hand and interrupting him.]*
Madam.

Elvira. Spare compliments, and let your actions
speak :
Those may oblige both him and me; your words

Cannot comply with both.

Don Julio. [Aside.]—Did ever yet
Such majesty with misery combine,
But in this woman?

[To her.]—Madam, I obey,
And, since you're pleas'd t' approve what I propos'd,
No moment shall be lost in th' execution.

[Exit Julio, Fernando accompanying him, and Fabio.]

Elvira. O how unkindly have the heavens dealt
With womankind, above all other creatures!
Our pleasure, and our glory, to have placed
All on the brink of precipices, such
As every breath can blow the least light of us
Headlong into, past all hopes of redemption:
Nor can our wit, or virtue, give exemption.
'Tis true, I lov'd; but, justified therein
By spotless thoughts, and by the object's merit,
I deem'd myself above the reach of malice;
When in an instant, by another's folly,
I am more lost than any by her* own.
Accurs'd Don Zanchó, what occasion
E'er gave Elvira to thy mad intrusion?
Unless disdain and scorn incentives are
To make men's passions more irregular.
Ah, matchless rigour of the Powers above!
Not only to submit our honour's fate
Unto the vanity of those we love,
But to the rashness even of those we hate. *[Exit.]*

*Enter DONNA BLANCA at one door, reading a paper
with great marks of passion and disturbance; and her
waiting-woman FRANCISCA at another, observing her.*

Blanca. Ah, the traitor!

Francisca. What can this mean? *[Aside.]*

Blanca. Was this thy sweet pretension at Madrid,
Drawn out in length, and hind'ring thy return?
Thy fair pretence, thou should'st have said, false man.

Francisca. For love's sake, madam, what can move
you thus?

* The substitution of *my* for *her*, in opposition to the authority
of the old copy, till now made this passage unintelligible. C.

Blanca. For hate's sake, say, and for revenge, Francisca,
 And so thou may'st persuade me to discover
 My shame unto thee. Read, read, that letter;
 'Tis from your favourite, Chichon.

[Francisca takes the letter and reads it.]

'Madam, to make good my engagements of concealing nothing from you during this absence of my master, I am bound to tell you, that some ten days since, late at night, he was left for dead, run through the body by another unknown gallant, in the chamber of a famed beauty of the court. Whilst the danger continued, I thought it not fit to let you know either the accident, or the occasion; which, now he is recovered, and thinking of his return to Valencia, I must no longer forbear. I hope you will have a care not to undo me for being more faithful to you, than to the master you gave me.

'Your creature Chichon.'

Blanca. Have I not a worthy gallant, think you?

Francisca. Madam, this comes of being over-curious, And gaining servants to betray their masters. How quiet might you have slept, and never felt What pass'd with your Don Zanchó at Madrid! His pale and dismal looks at his return, Though caus'd by loss of blood in the hot service Of other dames, might fairly have been thought Effects of care, and want of sleep for you, And, taken so, have pass'd for new endearments. Who ever pry'd into another's letter, Or slyly hearken'd to another's whisper, But saw or heard somewhat that did not please him? 'Twas Eve's curiosity undid us all.

Blanca. Away with thy moralities,* dull creature! I'll make thee see, and false Don Zanchó feel, That Blanca's not a dame to be so treated. But who are those I hear without; whoe'er

* In former editions misprinted,

"Away with thy formalities, dull creature!" which destroys all the spirit of the exclamation. C.

They be, they come at an unwelcome hour.

[*Francisca looks out.*

Francisca. Madam, it is a page of Violante's,
Ushering a handsome maid.

Enter a PAGE with a letter, and ELVIRA: the Page presents the letter to Blanca; she addresses herself to Elvira, and she throws up her veil.

Blanca. This letter is in your behalf, fair inaid,

[*Having read the letter.*

There's no denying such a recommender;

But such a face as your's is needed none.

Page, tell your lady as much: and you, Silvia,

[*Turning.*

(For so she says you are call'd) be confident
Y'are fallen into the hands of one that knows
How to be kind, more as your friend than mistress,
If your demeanour and good-nature answer
But what your looks do promise.

*Elvira.** Madam, it is the noble charity
Of those you cast upon me, not mine own,
To which I must acknowledge any advantage
I ever can pretend to, more than what
Fair Violante's mediation gives me.

Blanca. She's strangely handsome, and how well
she speaks!

[*Aside to Francisca.*

Francisca. So, so, methinks: you know new comers,
madam,
Set still the best foot forward.

Blanca. And know as well, that you decaying
stagers
Are always jealous of new comers, young
And handsome.

Francisca. You may be as sharp upon me as you
please;

I know to what t'attribute your ill-humour.

Blanca. Francisca, entertain her: I'll go write

* The old copy inserts in the margin opposite Elvira, the words
"by the name of Silvia," merely to shew more distinctly that El-
vira was to pass by that name, which is inserted before what she
says. C.

To Violante, and then rest a while,
In hopes to ease the head-ache that hath seiz'd me;
That done, sweet Silvia, we shall talk at leisure.

[Exit Blanca.]

Francisca. Sweet Silvia! kind epithets are for new faces.

[Aside.]

Elvira. Now comes the hard part of my task indeed,
To act the fellow waiting-woman right.
But, since the gods already have conform'd
My mind to my condition, I do hope,
They'll teach me words and gestures suitable.

[Aside.]

[Francisca embraces Elvira.]

Francisca. Let me embrace thee, my sweet sister,
and beg you
To be no niggard of a little kindness:
A very little serves, with such a face,
To gain what heart you please.

Elvira. If it can help to gain me your's, I'll take it
For the best office that it ever did me,
And love it much the better.

Francisca. Make much on't then, for that't has
done already.

Elvira. If you will have me vain enough to think it,
You must confirm it, by the proof of being
My kind instructor how to please my lady,
For I am very raw in service.

Francisca.—O, that
I were so too, and had thy youth t'excuse it.
But my experience, sister, shall be your's,
By free communication. Come, let's in
And rest us in my chamber; there I'll give you
First handsel of the frankness of my nature.

[Exeunt Elvira and Francisca.]

Enter DON ZANCHO and CHICHON his man, in riding habits.

Don Zanchó. I must confess, Chichon, the very
smell
Of sweet Valencia has even reviv'd my spirits.
There is no such pleasure as to suck and breathe
One's native air.

Chichon. Chiefly after being in so fair a way,
As you, of never breathing any more.

Don Zancho. Pr'ythee no more of that; since I have
forgot it,
Methinks thou easily may'st.

Chichon. Faith, hardly, sir, whilst still your ghastly
face

Doth bear such dismal memorandums of it,
Apter to raise inquisitiveness in those
Knowing nothing of the matter, that t'allay
Remembrance in partakers.

Don Zancho. Heaven shield us from Donna Blanca's
queries;
No matter for the rest.

Chichon. You would not wish to find her so uncon-
cern'd;

I'm sure you would not: faith I long to hear
Th' ingenious defeats, I make account,
You are prepar'd to give to her suspicions.

Don Zancho. Let me alone for that: but on thy life
Be sure that nothing be screw'd out of thee,
Neither by her, nor by her sly Francisca.

Chichon. Be you, sir, sure, that from your true
Chichon,

They'll know no more to-day, than yesterday
They did; nor thence more to the world's end,
Than what they did before we left Madrid.

Don Zancho. Truly, Chichon, we needs must find
the means

To get a sight of her this very night:
I die if I should miss it.

Chichon. Last week left gasping for Elvira's love,
And scarce reviv'd, when presently expiring
For Blanca's again!—I did not think Don Cupid
Had been a merchant of such quick returns.

Don Zancho. Thou art an ass, and want'st distinc-
tiveness.

'Twixt love and love: that was a love of sport,
To keep the serious one in breath.

Chichon. Faith, sir, I must confess my ignorance,

That when I saw you groveling in your blood,
I thought your love had been in sober sadness.

Don Zancho. Pr'ythee leave fooling, and let's carefully

Gain the back way into my house unseen,
That none may know of my return, till Blanca
Find me at her feet. And be you industrious
T' observe Don Julio's going forth this evening:
Doubtless he'll keep his usual hours abroad
At Violante's, since not married yet.

Chichon. I shall observe your orders punctually.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter DON JULIO, and knocks as at Blanca's door.

Don Julio. What, sister, at your Siesta¹ already?
if so,

You must have patience to be wak'd out of it,
For I have news to tell you.

Enter BLANCA.

Blanca. No, brother, I was much more-pleasingly
Employ'd, in serving you; that is, making
My court to Violante, by receiving
To wait upon me, in Lucilla's place,
A gentlewoman of her recommending.

Don Julio. Where is she? let me see her.

Blanca. ——"Twere not safe,
She is too handsome. You think now I jest;
But, without raillery, she is so lovely,
That, were not Violante very assur'd
Of her own beauty, and the strong ideas
That still upholds within you, one might question
Her wit to have set her in her gallant's way.
But what's the news you mean?

Don Julio. That our dear friend and kinsman, Don
Fernando,
Is come to town, and going for Italy:
The secret of it doth so much import him,

¹ *Siesta.*] The heat of the day, from noon forwards. So called from Hora Sexta, noon-day, a time when the Spanish ladies retire to sleep.

It forc'd him to forbear alighting here,
And lodging with us, as he us'd to do;
But yet he says, nothing shall hinder him
From waiting on you in the dusk of th' evening:
I hope you'll find wherewith to regale* him.

Blanca. As well as you have drain'd my cabinets
Of late, in presents to your mistress, some
Perfumes will yet be found, such as at Rome
Itself, shall not disgrace Valencia.

Don Julio. I know your humour, and that the best
present

Can be given you, is to give you the occasion
Of presenting; but I am come in now
Only to advertise you, and must be gone;
Yet not, I hope, without a sight of one
So recommended, and commended so.

Blanca. I should have thought you strangely chang'd
in humour,
Should you have gone away so uncuriously.
Francisca, ho! [*She knocks.*]

Enter FRANCISCA.

Francisca. What please you, madam?

Blanca. Pr'ythee tell Silvia, I would speak with her.
Exit Francisca.

Well, clear your eyes, and say I have no skill,
If she appears not t' ye exceeding handsome.

*Enter FRANCISCA with ELVIRA. Don Julio
salutes her.*

Don Julio. Welcome, fair maid, into this family,
Where, whilst you take a servant's name upon you,
To do my sister honour, you must allow
It's master to be yours, and that by strongest ties,
Knowing who plac'd you here, and having eyes.

Elvira. I wish my service, sir, to her and you,
May merit such a happy introduction.

Don Julio. Farewell, sister, till anon: accompanied
As now you are, I think you'll miss me little.

[*Exit Julio.*]

* It is singular that in the old copy the author should here have inserted the Spanish verb *regular* instead of the English one. C.

Blanca. I must confess I ne'er could better spare
you
Than at this time, but not for any reason
That you, I hope, can guess at.
Francisca, you and Silvia may retire
[*Exeunt Elvira and Francisca.*
And entertain yourselves: I'll to my closet
And try to rest, or rather, to vent freely
My restless thoughts. O the self-torturing part!
[*Aside.*
To force complacency from a jealous heart. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE changes to the Room in the Inn.

Enter DON JULIO and DON FERNANDO.

Don Julio. Albricias^a, friend, for the good news I
bring you:

All has fallen out as well as we could wish.
As to Elvira's settling with my sister,
So lucky a success in our first aims
Concerning her, I trust, does bode good fortune
Beyond our hopes; yet, in the farther progress
Of this affair——

Don Fernando. There's no such thing in nature left
as better,

Julio; the worst proves always true with me.
Yet pr'ythee tell, how does that noble beauty
(Wherein high quality is so richly stamp'd)
Comport her servile metamorphosis?

Don Julio. As one, whose body, as divine as 'tis,
Seems bound to obey exactly such a mind,
And gently take whate'er shape that imposes.

Don Fernando. Ah, let us mention her no more, my
Julio!
Ideas flow upon me too abstracted

^a *Albricias.*] See note 6 to *The Adventures of Five Hours.*

From her unfaithfulness, and may corrupt
The firmest reason. Above all, be sure
I do not see her so transform'd, lest that
Transform me too: I'll rather pass with Blanca
Both for unkind and rude, and leave Valencia
Without seeing her.

Don Julio. Leave that to me, Fernando;
But if you intend the honour to my sister,
It will be time, the night draws on apace.

Don Fernando. Come, let's be gone then.

[*As they are going out, enter FABIO hastily.*

Fabio. Stay, sir, for heaven's sake, stay—

Don Fernando. Why, what's the matter?

Fabio. That will surprise you both, as much as
me.

Don Pedro de Mendoza is below,
Newly alighted.

Don Fernando. Ha! What say'st thou, sirrah?
Elvira's father?

Fabio. Sir, the very same,
And he had scarcely set one foot to ground,
When he enquir'd, where lives Don Julio Rocca?

Don Julio. For my house, Fabio? It cannot be;
I never knew the man.

Don Fernando. The thing does speak itself, and my
hard fate.

What else can bring him hither but pursuit
Of me, and of his daughter, having learn'd
The way we took? and what so easy, Julio,
Here at Valencia, as to know our friendship;
And then of consequence, your house to be
My likeliest retreat?

Don Julio. 'Tis surely so;
Let us apply our thoughts to best preventives.

Don Fernando. Whilst we retire into the inner
room

T'advise together, Fabio, be you sure
(Since unknown to him) to observe his motions.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE changes to the prospect of Valencia.

Enter DON ZANCHO and CHICHON, as in the street near Don Julio's house.

Don Zancho. Newly gone out, say you ?
That is as lucky as we could have wish'd :
And see but how invitingly the door
Stands open still !

Chichon. An open door may lead to a face of wood—
[*Aside to Don Zancho.*

But mean you, sir, to go abruptly in
Without more ceremony ?

Don Zancho. Surprise redoubles (fool) the joys of
lovers.

But stay, Chichon, let's walk aside awhile
Till yonder coach be past. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to the Room in the Inn.

Enter DON JULIO and DON FERNANDO.

Don Julio. There is no safety in any other way.
You must not stir from hence, until w^e have got
Some farther light what course he means to steer.
Let Fabio be vigilant : I'll get home,
Down that back stairs, and take such order there
Not to be found, in case he come to enquire,
As for this night at least shall break his measures ;
And in the morning we'll resolve together
Whether you ought to quit Valencia or no.

Don Fernando. Farewell then for to-night, I'll be
alert ;

But see y' excuse me fairly to my cousin. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to Blanca's Anti-Chamber.

Enter DONNA BLANCA and FRANCISCA.

Blanca. As well as Silvia pleases me, Francisca,
I'm glad at present that she is not well,
She would constrain me else : she has wit enough
To descant on my humour, and from thence
To make perhaps discoveries, not fit
For such new-comers.

Francisca. If she has wit, she keeps it to herself,
At least from me : of pride and melancholy
I see good store.

Blanca. Still envious and detracting?

Enter DON ZANCHO and CHICHON.

Francisca. See who comes there, madam, to stop
your mouth!

*[Donna Blanca casting an eye that way, and
Chichon clinging up close behind his master,
and making a mouth.]*

Chichon. Sh' has spied us, and it thickens in the clear.
I fear a storm : goes not your heart pit-a-pat?

[To his master, aside.]

Blanca. Ah, the bold traitor!—but I must dis-
semble,

And give his impudence a little line,
The better to confound him.

*[Advancing to him, and as it were embracing
him with an affected cheerfulness.]*

Welcome, as unexpected, my Don Zancho.

Don Zancho. Nay, then we are safe, Chichon.

[Aside to Chichon.]

Incomparable maid ! Heaven bless those eyes,
From which I find a new life springing in me ;
Having so long been banish'd from their rays,
How dark the court appear'd to me without them ;
Could it have kept me from their influence,
As from their light, I had expir'd long since.

Blanca. Y' express your love now in so courtly a
style,

I fear you have acted it in earnest there,
And but rehearse to me, your country mistress.

Don Zancho. Ah, let Chichon but tell you how he
hath seen me

During my absence from you.

Chichon. I vow I have seen him even dead for love.
You might have found it in his very looks,
Before you brought the blood into his cheeks.

Blanca. E'en dead you say for love; but say of whom?

Don Zanchó. Can Blanca ask a question so injurious,

As well to her own perfections as my faith?

Blanca. I can hold no longer. [*Aside to Francisca.*
My faithful lover, then it is not you—

[*To him scornfully.*

Chichon. She changes tone: I like not, faith, the key,
The music will be jarring. [*Aside to his master.*

Blanca. 'Tis not then you, Don Zanchó, who, having
chang'd

His suit at court into a love pretension,
And his concurrents into a gallant rival,
Fell by his hand, a bloody sacrifice
At his fair mistress' feet: who was it then?

[*Don Zanchó stands awhile as amazed, with
folded arms. Chichon behind his master,
holding up his hands, and making a pitiful
face; Francisca steals to him, and holding
up her hand threateningly.*

Francisca. A blab, Chichon, a pick-thank, peaching
varlet!

Ne'er think to look me in the face again.

[*Aside to Chichon.*

Chichon. In what part shall I look thee, hast thou
a worse?

It is the devil has discover'd it—

Some witch dwells here, I've long suspected thee.

[*Aside to Francisca.*

Francisca. I never more shall think thee worth my
charms.

Blanca. What, struck dumb with guilt? perfidious
man!

That happens most to the most impudent,
When once detected. Well, get thee hence,
And see thou ne'er presum'at to come again
Within these walls, or I shall let thee see

'Tis not at court alone where hands are found,
To let such madmen blood.

[She turns as going away, and Don Zancho holds her gently by the gown.]

Don Zancho. Give me but hearing, madam, and then if——

Don Julio. What ho, no lights below stairs?

[Aloud as below.]

Francisca. O heavens! madam, hear you not your brother?

Into the chamber quickly, and let them
Retire behind that hanging; there's a place,
Where usually we throw neglected things.
I'll take the lights and meet him: certainly
His stay will not be long from Violante,
At this time of the night; besides, you know,
He never was suspicious.

[Don Zancho and Chichon go behind the hanging, and Donna Blanca retiring to her chamber, says:]

Capricious fate! must I, who, whilst I lov'd him,
Ne'er met with checking accident, fall now
Into extremest hazards for a man
Whom I begin to hate?

[Exit; and Francisca at another door with the lights.]

Francisca re-enters with Don Julio.

Don Julio. Where's my sister?

Francisca. In her chamber, sir,
Not very well; she's taken with a megrim.

Don Julio. Light me in to her.

[Exit Don Julio, Francisca lighting him with one of the lights. Chichon peeping out from behind the hanging.]

Chichon. If this be Cupid's prison, 'tis no sweet one;
Here are no chains of roses; yet I think
Y' had rather b' in 't than in Elvira's chamber,
As gay and as perfum'd as 'twas.

Don Zancho. Hold your peace, puppy; is this a time for fooling?

Enter FRANCISCA, and Chichon starts back.

Francisca [coming to the Hanging.] *Chichon*, look out; you may, the coast is clear.

[*Chichon looks out.*

Could I my lady's near concerns but sever
From yours in this occasion, both of you
Should dearly pay your falsehood.

Chichon. You are jealous too, I see; but help us out
This once, and if you catch me here again,
Let *Chichon* pay for all, faithful *Chichon*.

Francisca. Y' are both too lucky, in the likelihood
Of getting off so soon. Stay but a moment,
Whilst I go down to see the wicket open,
And see that there be nobody in the way.

[*Exit Francisca.*

Chichon. It is a cunning drab, ond knows her trade.

Re-enter FRANCISCA, and comes to the Hanging.

Francisca. There's now some witch o' th' wing indeed,
Chichon.

Julio, that never till this night forbore
To go to *Violante's* ere he slept,
And pass some hours there! *Julio*, who never
Inquired after the shutting of a door,
Hath lock'd the gate himself, at's coming in,
And bid a servant wait below till midnight,
With charge to say, to any that should knock
And ask for him, that he's gone sick to bed.
What it can mean I know not.

Chichon. I would I did not; but I have too true
An almanack in my bones foretells a beating,
Far surer than foul weather. He has us, faith,
Fast in *Lob's*-pound. Heaven send him a light hand,
To whom my fustigation shall belong:
As for my master, he may have the honour
To be rebuked at sharp.

Francisca. May terror rack this varlet; but for you,
sir,
Be not dismay'd, the hazard's not so great.
Yonder balcony, at farther end o' th' room,

Opens into the street, and the descent is
 Little beyond your height, hung by the arms :
 When Julio is asleep, I shall not fail
 To come and let you out ; I keep the key :
 In the mean while you must have patience.

Chichon. It were a nasty hole to stay in long,
 Did not my fear correct its evil savour. [*Aside.*
 Dame, you say well for him, with whom I think
 Y' have measur'd length, you speak so punctually
 Of his dimensions ; but I see no care
 For me, your pretty, not your proper man,
 Who does abhor feats of activity. [*To her.*

Francisca. I'll help you, with a halter.

[*Exit Francisca, and Chichon retires.*

SCENE changes to Blanca's Bed-chamber.

Enter BLANCA and ELVIRA ; and soon after FRANCISCA, as in Blanca's chamber, she sitting at her toilet undressing.

Blanca. My brother told me I should see him again,
 Before he went to rest.

Francisca. I think I hear him coming.

Blanca. He'll not stay long, I hope ; for I am on
 thorns

Till I know they are out. I' th' mean while
 We must persuade Silvia to go to bed,
 Lest some odd chance should raise suspicion in her,
 Before I know her fitness for such trusts.

Enter DON JULIO. Elvira offers to unpin her gorget.

Blanca. I pr'ythee, Silvia, leave, and get thee gone
 To bed : you ha'n't been well, nor are not yet ;
 Your heavy eyes betray indisposition.

Elvira. Good madam, suffer me ; 'twill make me
 well

To do you service.

Blanca. Brother, I ask your help ; [*To Julio.*
 Take Silvia hence, and see her in her chamber.
 This night she must be treated as a stranger,
 And you must do the honour of your house.

[*Julio goes to Elvira, and taking her by the
 hand, leads her away.*

Elvira. Since you will not let me begin to serve,
I will begin to obey. [*Making a low courtesy.*]

Francisca. Quaint, in good faith. [*Bridling.*]

Don Julio. My sister's kinder than she thinks, to give
me [*To Elvira, as he leads her.*]

This opportunity of telling Silvia,
How absolutely mistress, in this place,
Elvira is. [*Francisca whispers all this while with Blanca.*]
Elvira. Good sir, forget that name.

[*Exeunt Julio and Elvira.*]

Blanca. If that be so, what shall we do, *Francisca*?
What way to get them out?

Francisca. It is a thing so unusual with him,
It raises ominous thoughts, else I make sure
To get them off as well as you can wish;
But if already awaken'd by suspicion,
Nothing can then be sure.

Blanca. O fear not that: what you have seen him do
Of unaccustom'd, I dare say relates
To quite another business.

Francisca. Then set your heart at rest from all dis-
turbance

Arising from this accident.

Blanca. If you are certain
To get them off so clear from observation,
'T will out of doubt be best: I'll tell my brother
Don Zanche is return'd, and had call'd here
This evening to have seen him; for my fears
Sprang only from the hour, and the surprise,
Warm'd as he then had found me, since you know
How little apt he is to jealousy.

Francisca. Madam, y' have reason; that will make
all sure,

In case he should be told of 's being here.
The time of 's stay can hardly have been noted.

Enter DON JULIO.

Don Julio. As an obedient brother I have perform'd
What you commanded me.

Blanca. A hard injunction from a cruel sister,
To wait upon a handsome maid to her chamber.

Don Julio. You see I've not abused your indulgence

By staying long; nor can I stay, indeed,
With you, I must be abroad so early
To-morrow morning: therefore, dear, good night.
Blanca. Stay brother, stay; I had forgot to tell you
[*As he is going.*]

Don Zancho de Monezes is returned,
And call'd this evening here t' have kiss'd your hands.
Francisca spake with him.

Don Julio. I hope he's come successful in his suit.
To-morrow I'll go see him. [Exit *Don Julio.*]

Blanca. You see he's free from umbrage on that
subject.

Francisca. I see all's well, and may he sleep profoundly —

The sooner, madam, you are a-bed the better.

Blanca. Would once my fears were over, that my rage
Might have its course.

Francisca. I shall not stop it;
But after it has had its full career
'Twill pause, I hope, and reason find an ear. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to the Room in the Inn.

Enter *DON FERNANDO* and *FABIO*.

Don Fernando. Is he gone out?

Fabio. No, sir, not as yet;

But seeing the servant he had sent abroad
Newly return'd, I listen'd at his door,
And heard him plainly give him this account—
That he had found *Don Julio Rocca's* house,
And having knock'd a good while at the door,
Answer was made him, without opening it,
Don Julio's not at home; whereat *Don Pedro*,
Impatient, rose, and, calling for his cloak
And sword, he swore he'd rather wait himself
Till midnight at his door, than lose a night
In such a pressing business—This I thought
Fit to acquaint you with, and that he spake
Doubtfully of his returning to lodge here:

Don Fernando. You have done well, but must do
better yet,

In following him, and being sure to lose
No circumstance of what he does.

Fabio. To dog him possibly might be observ'd,
This moon-light, by his servant; but since, sir,
We're certain whither he goes, my best course,
I think, will be to go out the back way,
And place myself beforehand in some porch
Near Julio's house, where I may see and hear
What passes, and then do as I shall see cause.

Don Fernando. 'Tis not ill thought on; but how late
soever

Your return be, I shall expect to see you
Before we go to bed.

Fabio. I shall not fail.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Donna Blanca's Anti-chamber.

*Enter FRANCISCA, and goes to the hanging where
Don Zanchó and Chichon are hid.*

Francisca. Ho—trusty servant with his faithful
master!

Come out; the balcony's open, lose no time,
Julio's a-bed, and fast asleep ere this—
There's nobody in the street, it is so light
One may discover a mile; therefore be quick.

[*Don Zanchó and Chichon come out from behind the
hanging, and follow her, as leading to the balcony:*

[*Exeunt.*]

*And soon after Don Zanchó and Chichon appear as in
the balcony, and Francisca's head as peeping out of
the door into it.*

SCENE changes to the prospect of Valencia.

*Enter FABIO as in the street, and settling himself in a
porch.*

Fabio. Here is a porch as if 'twere built on purpose.

[*Fabio, looking up, perceives them in the balcony.*

Ha! here's a vision that I little dreamt of.
Stand close; Fabio, and mum.

[*Don Zanchó gets over the balcony, and letting him-*

self down at arm's end, leaps gently into the street. Chichon offers at the like, but takes a fall as he lights, and rising, counterfeits lameness. Francisca retires, and locks the balcony, Chichon. Curse on the drab, I think I've broke my leg.

Fabio. The moon has turn'd my brains, or I have seen
That person somewhere, and that very lately—
[*He pauses, scratching his head.*
But sure I'm mad, to think it can be he.

[*Exeunt Don Zancho and Chichon, as turning down the next street.*

Enter DON PEDRO and FULVIO.

Fabio. O, now I see my men. [*Retiring into the porch.*

Don Pedro. This is the street, you say; which is the house?

Fulvio. That fair one, over-against the monastery.
Shall I go knock?

Don Pedro. What else?

[*Fulvio knocks as at Don Julio's door, and nobody answers.*

Don Pedro. Knock harder.

[*He knocks again, and one asks as from within, Who's there?*

Don Pedro. A stranger, who must needs speak with Don Julio,

Although unknown to him: my business presses.

From within. Whoe'er you be, and whatsoe'er your business,

You must have patience till to-morrow, sir.

Don Julio went sick to bed, and I dare not

Wake him.

Don Pedro. Fortune takes pleasure, sure, in disappointing,

When men are press'd with most impatience;

But, since there is no remedy, guide, Fulvio,

Unto the lodging y' have provided for me;

I hope 'tis near at hand.

Fulvio. Not above three doors from Don Julio's,
There, where it makes the corner of the street.

[*Pointing.*

Fabio. Here I must follow till I've harbour'd them.

[*Exeunt ; Fabio stealing after them.*

SCENE changes to a Room in the Inn.

Enter DON FERNANDO alone, as in his Chamber.

Don Fernando. It cannot now be long, ere Fabio
come,

And 'twere in vain to go to bed before,
For rest I'm sure I should not—

[*He walks about the room pensively.*

Ah, my Elvira!—Mine? thou dost infect
My very words with falsehood when I name thee.
Did ever mistress make a lover pay
So dear as I for the short bliss she gave?
What now I suffer in exchange of that,
May make mankind afraid of joys excessive.
But here he comes—

Enter FABIO.

Have you learn'd any thing

That's worth the knowing?

[*To Fabio.*

Fabio. Two things I think considerable, sir:
The one, that Julio hath found means to gain
This night to cast your business in, without
Admitting of Don Pedro, whose pressures
Might have been troublesome, and urged you
To hasty resolutions; whereas, now,
You've time to take your measures. The other, sir,
Is, that Don Pedro lodges here no more,
And consequently hath eas'd you of constraint
Whilst you rest here, and left the way more free
For intercourse betwixt Don Julio and you.
This more I must observe t'ye, that Don Pedro
Took special care to have his lodging near
Don Julio's house, whereby 'tis evident,
That there he makes account his business lies.

Don Fernando. The news you bring me, hath been
worth your pains,
And thanks t'ye for't. I suppose that is all.

Fabio. Perhaps there's something else.

Don Fernando. Say, Fabio, what is't?

Fabio. Pray, sir, allow me
This night, to think whether it be fit or no
To tell it you; since 'tis a thing relates not,
As I conceive, to you, nor to your business;
And, yet in the concernments of another,
May trouble you.

Don Fernando. Be not over wise, I pr'ythee. I will
know
What 'tis, since you have raised curiosity
By such grimaces.

Fabio. You must be obey'd; but pray remember, sir,
If afterwards I am call'd fool for my pains,
Who made me so: but since I do not only
Expect the fool, but ready to be thought
A madman too, ere I have done my story,
In this I will be wilful, not to tell it
Till y' are a-bed, that I may run away—
So if you long to hear it, hasten thither.

[*Exit Fabio, as to the chamber within.*]

Don Fernando. Content i'faith; you ask no great
complaisance. [Exit.]

SCENE changes to the Room in Zancho's House.

Enter DON ZANCHO; and CHICHON, as at home,
halting.

Don Zancho. We're well come off from danger,
would we were
But half as well from Blanca's jealousy.

Chichon. Speak for yourself, I never came off worse.
A pox upon your venery, it has made me
Another Vulcan. [He halts about, grumbling.]

Don Zancho. Go rest to-night, or grumble, as you
please;

But do not think limping will serve your turn
To-morrow: faith, I'll make you stir your stumps.

Think you a lover of my temper likely
To sit down by it so?

Chichon. I'm sure I am only fit to sit down by it,
Since I can hardly stand.

[*He makes as if he would sit down, and Don Zancho
giving him a kick on the breech.*]

Don Zancho. Coxcomb, come away.

Chichon. To-night's to-night, to-morrow's a new day.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

*Enter DON FERNANDO and FABIO, as in the Room in
the Inn.*

Don Fernando. Are all things ready, Fabio, in case
Don Julio, when he comes, conclude with me
That I should be gone presently?

Fabio. Horses stand ready for you at the Post-house.

Don Fernando. 'Tis well; attend without. [*Exit Fabio.*]

Enter DON JULIO.

I see you sleep not in your friend's concerns,
You are so early; and since so, the sooner
We fix a resolution, certainly
'Twill be the better. 'Twas no small point gain'd,
To frustrate for a night Don Pedro's aims,
As Fabio tells me you have done; for he
Ne'er quitted him an inch last night, until
He had harboured him.

Don Julio. What, has he left his lodging?

Don Fernando. That he has,
And, which is more considerable, taken one
Close by your house, which evidences clearly
Where his suspicions lie: that being so,
I'm confident you'll be of my opinion
For my dislodging from Valencia
Immediately; for, Elvira being
Already so well settled, nothing can
So much indanger her discovery,
As my remaining longer in these parts.

Don Julio. Were I but free as yesterday, Fernando, To think of nothing but Elvira and your Concernments, I must confess your absence From hence were to be wish'd : but, cousin, There's fallen out, this very night, a thing, Which shews how little I beholden am To fortune, that having so newly lent me The means of serving handsomely my friend, Calls back the debt already, and makes me As needing of your aid, as you of mine.

Don Fernando. Ho, Fabio, forbid the horses presently.

[*Fabio looks in.*

The least appearance, Julio, of my being [To *Julio.* Useful to you by staying, puts an end To all deliberation for myself; Say, what's the accident? you have me ready.

Don Julio. Such, and of such a nature, my Fernando, That, as to be communicated to none But you, another self, so I am sure It will astonish you with the rehearsal. Ah! could you think it possible, that Blanca Should raise disturbance in the heart of Julio, As to the honour of his family?

Don Fernando. Heavens forbid.

Don Julio. Never was brother so secure as I, Or so unalterable in his persuasion, Of having a sister of unmatch'd discretion; Nor e'er could less than evidence itself Have shaken such a confidence.

Don Fernando. For God's sake, Julio, Hold me no longer in such pain of mind. But sure we shall be better there within, Free from the noise of the street.

Don Julio. You say well. [*Exit Julio.*

Don Fernando, [*as he follows him, aside.*] This is what Fabio told me he saw last night, Discovered by some accident to Julio; It can be nothing else—O women!

[*Exit Fernando.*

Enter DON PEDRO and FULVIO, as in their new lodgings.

Don Pedro. I am glad you have lighted on so fit a place

For all I intend, as this is, Fulvio.

I shall repair the last night's disappointment

By early care this morning : in the mean while,

Fail not of your part in the discovery

Where my enemy dwells, and i' th' observation

Of all his motions; that's the important part.

Fulvio. Rely, sir, on my care and vigilance.

Exeunt Don Pedro and Fulvio.

Enter DON JULIO and DON FERNANDO, as in the outward Room of the Inn.

Don Julio. It is a quarter

Always reserv'd to my own privacy.

There lying unsuspected, if whilst I

Continue late abroad, under pretence

Of being at Violante's, you keep watch

Carefully within, he cannot 'scape us :

So you be sure t'observe punctually

The sign agreed, and bolting of the doors

When he is once within.

Don Fernando. Since you have so resolv'd and laid your business,

Dispose of me, and lead the way, whilst I

Give Fabio his instruction what to do

During my absence. *[Exeunt Fernando and Julio,*

Enter DONNA BLANCA and FRANCISCA, as in

Blanca's Anti-chamber.

Francisca. Since the black cloud that threaten'd you last night

With such a storm, is luckily blown over,

Without a sprinkling, I hope, madam, you

Will imitate the Fates, and grow serene

From all those clouds which so much threaten'd others.

Blanca. Ah! Francisca, can'st thou—

[She stops, seeing Elvira coming.

Enter ELVIRA, with a fine bason of flowers.

But here's Silvia.

[Aside.

O the sharp thorns she brings me at this time,
With flowers in her hand, by the constraint
Her presence gives me!

Elvira. Madam, I wish the 'ranging of these flowers
May be to your mind; but alas, I fear
I am too dull for works of fancy.

Blanca. 'Tis me you find too dull to relish them :
Anon they may be welcomer.

Elvira. I'll wait that happy hour.

— She's in ill humour. [*Aside.* [*Exit Elvira.*

Blanca. But tell me now, didst ever see, Francisca,
So false and bold a creature? The impudence
He had, to clothe his treachery with new courtships,
Provokes me most of all.

Francisca. Last night, indeed, incens'd as you were,
madam,

I fain would know what air so soft and gentle
He could have breath'd, would not have blown the flame
Higher and higher; but methinks your pillow
Should in so many hours have had some power
T'allay and mollify: I then complied
(He present) with your anger; but now, madam,
You must allow me to speak reason t'you
In his behalf, before you go too far,
And put things in your passion past recall,
Which, that once over, you would give your life
To have again.

Blanca. Pray think me not so tame.

Francisca. So tame, say you? I think you wild, I
swear,

To take so much to heart, what at the most
Deserves but some such sparkling brisk resentment,
As, once flash'd out in a few cholerick words,
Ought to expire in a next visit's coyness.

Blanca. Make you so slight of infidelity?

Francisca. Cupid forbid! I'd have men true to love;
But I'd have women too, true to themselves,
And not rebuke their gallants, by requiring
More than the nature of frail flesh will bear.
I'd have men true as steel; but steel, you know,

(The purest and best-polish'd steel) will ply,
Urg'd from its rectitude, forsooth ; but then,
With a smart spring, comes to its place again.

Blanca. Come leave your fooling, and speak soberly.

Francisca. Why, then, in sober sadness, you're in the
wrong ;

I do not say in being angry with him,
And nettled at the thing, that's natural.
We love no partners, even in what we know
We cannot keep all to ourselves : but, madam,
To think the worse of him for it, or resolve
A breach of friendship for a slight excursion,
That were a greater fault than his, who has
For one excuse, long absence ; and in truth
Another, you'd be sorry he wanted—youth.

Blanca. You talk as if—

Francisca. [interrupting her.] Stay, madam, I beseech
you,

And let me make an end : I have not yet
Touch'd the main point in his excuse, a suit
At court, enough I trow for any dog-trick.

Blanca. How like a goose you talk ! a court pretension !
What has that to do, one way or other,
With his faith to me ?

Francisca. So, one displeased to find his crawfishes
Shrivel'd within, and empty, said to his cook,
(Who laid the fault upon the wane o' th' moon)
What has the moon to do with crawfishes ?
Marry she has, 'tis she that governs shell-fish ;
And 'tis as true, in courts, that love rules business
By as preposterous an influence.

Blanca. I pr'ythee make an end, or come to the point.

Francisca. Why then I'll tell you : you may believe me,
(Having been train'd up in my youth, you know,
In the best school to learn court mysteries,
An aunt of mine being mother of the maids)
Love holds the rudder, and steers in all courts.
How oft, when great affairs perplex the brains
Of mighty politicians, to conjecture
From whence sprung such designs, such revolutions,

Such exaltations, madam, such depressions,
Against the rules of their mysterious art;
And when, as in surprizing works of nature,
Reason's confounded, men cry those are secrets
Of the high powers above, that govern all;
Grave lookers on, stroking their beards, would say,
What a transcendent fetch of state is this!
These are the things that wisdom hides and hatches
Under black cap of weighty jobbernoll;
I mean Count Olivarez. All the while,
We female Machiavels would smile to think,
How closely lurking lay the nick of all,
Under our daughter Doll's white petticoat.

Blanca. All this I grant you may be true, and yet
Ne'er make a jot for his excuse, *Francisca.*
His suit had no relation to such matters.

Francisca. Whate'er the thing be, 'tis all one. D'you
think

Suits, be they what they will, can be obtain'd
By such as pass for fops, as all young men
Without a mistress or a confident,
Are sure to do there? A sharp-pointed hat,
(Now that you see the gallants all flat-headed)
Appears not so ridiculous, as a younker,
Without a love-intrigue, to introduce
And sparkify him there. Madam, in short,
Allow me once to be sententious:
It is a thing that always was, and is,
And ever will be true, to the world's end;
That, as in courts of justice, none can carry
On business well without a procurator,
So none in princes' courts their suits make surer,
Than those that work them by the best procurer.

Blanca. [*Smiling a little*] Well, hast done, *Francisca*?

Francisca. Madam, I have.

Blanca. Then letting pass
Thy fine reflections politic, now vented
To shew thy skill in courts, I'll tell thee freely,
I'm not transported in my jealousy
So far beyond the bounds of reason, as

Not to know well the difference betwixt
Such escapades of youth as only spring
From warmth of blood, or gales of vanity,
And such engagements as do carry with them
Dishonour unto those, whose quality
And love leave little to the serious part,
Once embark'd by them in a gallantry.

Francisca. I see the clouds disperse.—There's no
such art

Of compassing one's ends with those above us,
As that of working them into good-humour
By things brought in by the bye.

[*Aside.*

Why, surely, madam, unless anger lend you
Its spectacles, to see things, I cannot think
You judge Don Zanco's fault to be any other
Than of the first kind, so well stated by you.

Blanca. Francisca, were I otherwise persuaded,
I am not of an humour that could suffer
Such parlies for him, much less intercession;
But since upon reflection, I find cause
To think what he has done a sally only
Of youth and vanity, when I shall find him
Sufficiently mortified, I may pardon him.

Francisca. Heavens bless so sweet a temper! but,
madam,

Have a care I beseech you of one thing.

Blanca. What's that?

Francisca. That, whilst your pride of heart
Prolongs his re-admission, his despair
Urge him not to some precipitate attempt,
That may expose your honour, safe as yet.
You see what danger the last night's distemper
Had like t' have brought you into: transported lovers,
Like angels fallen from their bliss, grow devils.

Blanca. What, would you have me appear so flexible?
Is 't not enough

I tell you I may pardon him in due time?

Francisca. Good madam, be advis'd: I do not press you
For his sake, but your own. Trust my experience,
To women nought's so fatal as suspense;

Whose smartest actions ne'er did cast such blot
On honour, as this—Shall I? or shall I not?

Blanca. I'd rather die, than have him think me easy.

Francisca. Your spirit never can be liable
To that suspicion.—Madam, leave to me
The conduct of this matter, I beseech you:
If, ere you sleep, you do not see the gallant
Sufficiently humbled at your feet,
Ne'er trust Francisca more.

Blanca. You are so troublesome; do what you will.

[*Blanca turns away, and exit as into her closet.*]

Francisca. —What, gone away?

I'll do what she would have, but dares not say. [*Exit.*]

*Enter DON JULIO, and ELVIRA, as in Blanca's
chamber.*

Don Julio. Where's my sister, Silvia?

[*Looking about him.*]

Elvira. In her closet, sir,
As yet not ready.

Don Julio. And where's Francisca?

Elvira. She's with her, dressing her.

Don Julio. Why then, Elvira,
Let me not lose this opportunity
Of telling you, how sad a man I am
To see you in this posture, and to assure you
How gladly I would lay down life and fortune
To serve you, in Don Fernando's absence.

Elvira. Your generosity I make no doubt of:
But is Fernando gone?

Don Julio. I cannot say
That he is gone; for he was not himself,
With the thought of leaving you, and yet less
Himself, whene'er he thought of staying near you;
Tortur'd by two such contrary passions,
As love and sharp resentment.

Elvira. He is gone then?— [*She pauses.*]
Ah generous Don Julio,

[*Putting her handkerchief to her eyes.*]
You needs must be indulgent to a weakness,
Which, whilst that he was present, indignation,

And a just sense of what I am, had power
 To keep within myself; but now I find
 That check remov'd, nature will have its tribute,
 And you must pardon my withdrawing, where [*She weeps.*
 Such grief may pay it with unwitness'd tears. [*Ex. Elvira.*

Don Julio. Can a demeanour so compos'd, so noble,
 And yet so tender, want true innocence?
 It cannot be. It grieves my heart, I swear,
 T' have given her new affliction; but the secret
 Of Don Fernando's close concealment here
 Is so important, it necessitated
 My saying what I did, since secrets are
 Ever kept best by those that know them least.

Enter BLANCA and FRANCISCA.

Now, high dissimulation, play thy part.
 Good-morrow, sister, have you rested well?
 And do you rise serene, as does the sun,
 Free from distemper, as the day from clouds?
 Your looks persuade it me, they are so clear
 And fresh this morning.

Blanca. The pleasure of seeing you, puts life into them,
 Else they'd be dull enough, this ugly head-ache
 Having tormented me all night. You might
 Have heard me call Francisca up at midnight.

Francisca. That was well thought on, for 'tis possible
 He may have heard some noise. [*Aside.*

Don Julio. How cunning she is! [*Aside.*
 Faith, now you put me in mind of it, I think,
 'Twixt sleep and waking, I once heard some stirring.

Blanca. The worst of my indisposition is,
 That 't will, I fear, hinder me again to-day
 From visiting Violante, to thank her
 For Silvia.

Don Julio. I charge myself with all your compliments;
 For this whole afternoon, till late at night,
 I needs must pass with her, to make amends
 For yesterday's failings, caus'd as you know,
 By Don Fernando's being in town.

Blanca. I must not hope to see you then again
 To-day, when once gone out?

Don Julio. Hardly ; unless to wait on Violante,
In case she come to see you, as 'tis likely,
When I shall tell her you are indispos'd :
And so farewell. *[Exit Don Julio.]*

Blanca. All 's well I see, Francisca, as to him :
I wish my heart were but as much at rest
In what concerns Don Zanchó.

Francisca. It shall be
Your own fault if it be not quickly so,
As I 'll order the matter.

Blanca. Take heed you make him not grow insolent,
By discovering to him my facility.

Francisca. I 'm too well vers'd to need instructions.

Blanca. I leave all t' you—but how does Silvia
This morning ?

Francisca. I think she has been crying,
She looks so dull and moped.

Blanca. I'll in and see her. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE changes to Don Zanchó's house.

Enter DON ZANCHO and CHICHON limping.

Don Zanchó. What, not yet gone, thou lazy, trifling
rascal ?

Chichon. What juster excuse, sir, for not going,
Than is a broken leg ?

Don Zanchó. If you find not your own leg quickly,
sirrah,
I shall find you a wooden one.

Chichon. Be as angry as you will, sir, I'll not go
Till I have made my conditions : the true time
For servants to stand upon points, is, when
Their masters stand upon thorns.

Don Zanchó. What are they, owl's face ?

Chichon. Assurance, sir, but of free air within,
With fair retreat upon an even floor ;
And that it shall not be in a slut's power,
After having kept me in a nasty place,
To empty me out at window.

Don Zanchó. Pr'ythee, Chichon,
Ha' done, and miss not th' opportunity

By fooling: Unless you take Francisca
Just as she comes from mass, this day is lost,
And I lost with it.

Chichon. Come, I'll hobble to her.
Expect a sorry account, but yet a true one;
Truth always comes by the lame messenger. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to a fine pleasant apartment.

Enter DON JULIO, and knocks, as at the door of his private apartment; FERNANDO opens the door and lets him in.

Don Fernando. Y' have given me here a very pleasant prison:

But what news my Julio? are things disposed
For clearing of your doubts? My own concerns
I cannot think on, during your disquiet.

Don Julio. And I come now so strangely moved with
your's

I scarce have sense or memory of my own.
A heart of adamant could not be hinder'd,
I think, from liquefaction into tears,
To 've seen and heard Elvira, as I have done,
Upon th' occasion of my telling her
That you were gone.

Asense so gallant, and so tender both,
I never saw in woman.

Don Fernando. Can that high heart descend to tenderness?

Don Julio. Not (whilst you present) noble pride upheld it;

But nature once set free from that constraint,
O, how pathetic was her very silence!
And the restraint of tears in her swoln eyes,
More eloquent in grief than other's torrents.
If she be guilty, all her sex are devils.

Don Fernando. O say no more; for were there room
but left

For self-deceit, I might be happy yet.

Ah evidence, too cruel to deny me that! [*A noise without.*]

Don Julio. But what can be the noise I hear without,

In the next room? [*Fernando peeps through the key-hole.*]

Don Fernando. 'Slife, I see Don Pedro,
Elvira's father: there's no avoiding him;
He'd not a come up so, without being sure
You are within.

Don Julio. Farther put off would be of little use,
Since first or last he must be satisfied,
Being come hither upon such an errand.
The sooner now we see what 'tis he drives at,
The sooner we shall take from thence our measures;
I'll therefore go out to him, and be sure
To entertain him still so near the door,
That you may hear what passes.

Don Fernando. I shall be attentive, and expect the
issue
With much impatience. [*Exit Don Julio.*]

SCENE changes to Don Julio's Anti-chamber.

*Enter DON PEDRO and his Servant, and DON JULIO
and a Page.*

Don Pedro. My business, sir, is to Don Julio Rocca:
[*Addressing himself to Don Julio.*]
If you be he, I shall desire the favour
Of some few words with you in private.

Don Julio. Sir, I am he to serve you. Page, set
chairs.

[*He points to the Page, and makes him set the
chairs by the door where Don Fernando is, and
then the Page and Don Pedro's man retire.*]
[*They sit down.*]

Don Pedro. Having not the honour to be known t'
you, sir,
'Tis fit this letter make my introduction:
'Tis from the Duke of Medina.

[*He gives Don Julio the letter, which he receives
with great respect; and going a little aside
reads it.*]

'Don Pedro de Mendoza, my kinsman, and most particular friend, goes to Valencia in pursuit of one who hath highly injur'd his family, whose righting I am so

much concerned in, as, could it have been done without too much publication of the thing, I would have accompanied him myself, but my presence will be needless in a place where you have power: I do therefore conjure you, and expect from your regard and kindness to me, that you employ it thoroughly in his behalf, and what service you shall do him, put it upon my account, whom you shall always find,

‘Your most affectionate cousin to serve you,
‘The Duke of Medina.’

Don Julio. (giving the letter to Don Pedro and he taking it.) Sir, it is fit you see how heartily
The Duke hath recommended your concernments,
Whose will ’s a law to me.

[Don Pedro having read it, and restoring it.]

Don Pedro. He told me indeed how very sure he was
Of your friendship and dependence.
I am proud to find he makes
So obliging use of it to my advantage.

Don Julio. I do avow myself his creature, sir;
Therefore the sooner you shall let me know
In what I may be useful t’ you, the sooner
You’ll see my readiness to serve you.

Don Pedro. Your personal reputation, sir, as well
As your relation to the Duke, assured me
Beforehand of what I find; and therefore
As hard a part as it is for a gentleman
Of my blood and temper to become
Relater of his own shame, unreveng’d
On the author of it, I shall tell you in short:
I live under an affront of th’ highest nature
To the honour of my family; and the person
Who did it, makes Valencia his retreat.
’Tis against him, Don Julio,
That your assistance must support me here:
I have already got some notice of him,
And when I shall be ascertain’d I’ll repair
Again unto you for your friendly aid,
And for the present trouble you no farther.

[Don Pedro offers to rise, as going away.]

Don Julio. A little patience, I beseech you, sir.
I have express'd my readiness, and be sure
I am a man never to fail where once
I have engag'd my word; but, sir, withall,
You must consider with a fair reflection,
That in this place are all my chief relations
Of blood and friendship; and though neither shall
Have power t' exempt me from the serving you
In any just pretension, yet you know
That men of honour ever ought to seek
How to comply with one duty without
Violating another.

Don Pedro. I understand you, sir; and as 'tis that
Which well becomes a person of your worth
To have reflected on, so it becomes me
To satisfy before I engage you farther.
Then give me leave to ask you, whether or no
Don Zanco de Monezes be of the number
Of those, towards whom y' are under obligation,
Either of blood or friendship?

[Don Julio shewing some little surprise, but presently recovering.]

Don Julio. Don Zanco de Monezes, say you?

Don Pedro. Sir, the same—

He startled at his name. *[Aside.]*

Don Julio. He is a person I have always liv'd
In friendly correspondence with, without
Any such tie upon me towards him,
As ought to hinder my frank serving you.

Don Pedro. You have reviv'd me; and since I have
now nam'd

My enemy, I can conceal no longer
The grounds on which he is so. That Don Zanco,
About a fortnight since, was late at night
Found in my house, run newly through the body,
And welt'ring in his blood, ready to expire.
I by the outcry brought upon the place,
Surpriz'd as you may imagine, and enrag'd,
Was yet so far master of my passion,
As to disdain the owing my revenge

To an unknown hand, perhaps as guilty
Towards me, as was the sufferer. I made
Him straight be carried to a surgeon, where
I thought it generous to give him life
Then dead, that living I might give him death :
Recover'd sooner than I thought, he fled,
And with him, as I have reason to believe,
My only daughter, who the very night
Of the accident was missing. O the curse
Of men, to have their honours subjected
To the extravagance of such vile creatures !

Don Julio. [*sighing.*] 'Tis our hard fate indeed.

Don Pedro. I presently employ'd all diligence
To know what way he took, and having learn'd
'Twas towards this place, hither I have pursued him ;
Confirm'd in my pursuit, by information
Along the road, that an unknown gallant
Had, with his servant, guarded all the way
A conceal'd lady in a coach. And thus, sir,
You have the story of my injury ;
Whereof I doubt not but your generous heart
Will wed the just revenge.

Don Julio. You may rely on't, sir, without reserves,
To th' utmost of my power.

Don Pedro. May the gods reward you,
The life that you renew to these grey hairs !
I'll take my leave at present, and return t' ye
As soon as from the diligences used
I shall have clearer lights.

Don Julio. Here you shall find me waiting your commands.

[*Exit Don Pedro, Don Julio waiting on him out.*]

SCENE changes.

*Enter DON JULIO and DON FERNANDO, as in the
private apartment.*

Don Julio. I hope you overheard us.

Don Fernando. All distinctly,
And with surprizing joy at his mistake.
Did ever bloodhound, in a hot pursuit,

Run on so readily upon the change?

Don Julio. I hope it bodes good fortune in the rest.

Don Fernando. Were e'er two friends engag'd in an adventure

So intricate as we, and so capricious?

Don Julio. Sure never in this world: methinks it merits

A special recapitulation.

You, at the height of all your happiness,

Supplanted with your mistress by a rival

You neither knew nor dreamt of; evidence

Anticipating jealousy.

Don Fernando. And when that rival, fallen by my sword

In her own presence, is by miracle

Revived, and fitter to serve her than I,

That faithless mistress, with the same assurance

She could have done had she been true as fair,

And for my sake expos'd to fatal hazards,

Flies to my arms for her protection.

Don Julio. And whilst that you, refining point of honour,

In spite of rage, expose yourself to serve her,

She asks, and takes, with a vowed indignation

To be beholden t' ye, new obligations.

Don Fernando. I have recourse unto my only friend,

To help me in protecting my false mistress,

And he, at the same time, by highest powers

Impos'd upon, to be her persecutor.

Don Julio. Whilst the same friend, and by the self-same powers,

Is urg'd to act, in their revenge, against

The man on whom you most desire to take it:

And then, to heighten all beyond invention,

That very friend is forc'd, even in that instant,

To a dependence on your only aid,

In his honour's nearest and most nice concerns.

Don Fernando. Heaven sure delights t' involve us in a kind

Of labyrinth, will pose itself t' unwind. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE changes to the Room at Don Zanchó's.

Enter DON ZANCHO, and CHICHON at another door halting still, with a staff.

Don Zanchó. What, here again already! have you sped?

Chichon. Lame as I am, you see I have made good speed

In my return, whate'er I have had in my errand.

Don Zanchó. Leave, fool, your quibbling, and deliver me

From the disquiet of uncertainty.

Chichon. That's quickly done. Set, sir, your heart at rest

From the vain hopes of ever seeing Blanca—

Now you are at ease, I trow.

Don Zanchó. You'll be at little, unless you leave your jesting

With such edge-tools—Is banishment from her

Matter of raillery? Say, sirrah, and say

Quickly, what hopes?

—Pr'ythee, if thou lov'st me,

[*Kindly.*]

Hold me no longer in suspense, Chichon.

Chichon. Why then, for fear, the devil a bit for love, I'll tell you, sir, that luckily I met

The drab Francisca at the capuchin's

Lodging behind her lady, I think on purpose;

For I perceiv'd her eager sparrow-hawk's eye,

With her veil down (ne'er stirs a twinkling-while

From its sly peeping hole) had found me straight.

I took my time i' th' nick, but she out-nick'd me;

For trudging on, her face another way,

With such a voice, as some you have seen have had

The trick to draw from caverns of their belly,

And make one think it came from a mile off,

She made me hear these words—About twilight

Fail not to pass by our door, and ask no more

At this time, varlet—And thus, sir, you see,

That neither she nor I have been prolix,

For this is all—You have leave to make your comment
On a brief text.

Don Zanchó. As sweet methinks as short: such
words imply
Little less than a demi-assignation.

Chichón. All puddings have two ends, and most
short sayings
Two handles to their meaning.

Don Zanchó. I'm sure I'll still lay hold upon the
pleasing'st,
Till it be wrested from me: i' th' mean while,
If any visitants come this afternoon,
Be sure to tell them I am gone abroad,
That nothing else embark us at the time.
You shall not go alone.

Chichón. I thank you for it—
I cannot go alone.

[*Holding up his staff.*
Exeunt Chichón halting]

SCENE changes to Don Julio's private Apartment.

Enter DON FERNANDO and JULIO.

Don Julio. All things are rightly laid, for Violante
Will pass the afternoon with Blanca, and then,
I waiting on her home in th' evening, Blanca,
Will be secure from me till late at night.
I shall be where I told you, in full view
Of those two windows. If the gallant come
Up the great stairs, he must pass through that room
And cannot 'scape your knowledge; if up the back one,
You needs must see him passing through the entry
Close by that door. If this latter way,
Be sure to set the candle in that window— [*Pointing.*
If up the other, in that—and in either case,
As soon as he's within, fail not to bolt,
On th' inside, the entry-door, that so he may
Find no retreat that way, I coming up
The other.

Don Fernando. Be assured I shall be punctual,
As you direct. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Don Pedro's Lodging.

Enter DON PEDRO, and his servant FULVIO.

Don Pedro. Are you sure of what you say?

Fulvio. As sure, sir,

As my own eyes can make me of what I saw.
You cannot doubt my knowing him, since 'twas I
(You may remember) fetch'd the surgeon to him,
And saw his wounds dress'd more than once or twice.
The tavern where I was, looks into his garden,
And there I left him walking, to come tell you.

Don Pedro. We are well advanc'd then towards my
just revenge.

I found Don Julio as ready to comply
With all the Duke's desires as I could wish;
And my great fear is over, that Don Zanchó
Might possibly have been some near relation
Of his own: so that now, Fulvio, if you
Keep but a careful eye upon his motions,
And give me notice, he can hardly 'scape us.

Fulvio. Doubt not my diligence. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to the Garden.

*Enter BLANCA and FRANCISCA as in a fine garden
with orange-trees and fountains.*

Blanca. You must have your will; but know, Francisca,

If you expose me to his vanity,
I never shall forgive you.

Francisca. I tell you, madam, I will bring him t'ye
So mortify'd, he shall an object be
For pity, not for anger: you'll need employ
Kindness, to erect the poor dejected knight.

Blanca. It fell out luckily that Violante
Came hither; for, my brother now engag'd
With her, we're safe till ten o'clock at least.

Francisca. But how shall we dispose of Silvia?
It will be hard to 'scape her observation,

For she has wit, and of the dangerous kind,
A melancholy wit.—O the unlucky star,
That leads a lady, engaged in love-intrigues,
To take a new attendant near her person!

Blanca. 'Twas an unluckiness; but Violante
Could not be denied, I having told her
So often that I wanted one; besides,
Who could have thought sh' had one ready at hand?
But we must make the best on't for this night:
'Twill not be hard to busy her till 't be late,
In the perfuming-room. This near occasion
Well o'er, I think it will not be amiss,
Against another, to say somewhat to her,
That may, in case she have perceiv'd any thing,
Persuade her she is not distrusted.

Francisca. Madam, take heed of that: whene'er you
find

It necessary to say any thing,
Be sure to say that, that she may think all.
Take one rule more from my experience:
Nothing so fatal as a confidence
By halves in amorous transactions.
But here she comes—

Enter ELVIRA.

Blanca. Come, Silvia, and take your part of this
sweet place;
This is a day indeed to taste its freshness.

Elvira. Madam, I needs must say, within a town
I never saw so fine a one.

Blanca. In truth
I think not many sweeter—Those fountains,
Playing among the orange-trees and myrtles,
Have a fine mix'd effect on all the senses,
But think not, Silvia, to enjoy the pleasure
Without contributing to make it more.

Elvira. How can I be so happy?

Blanca. Francisca tells me she has over-heard you
Warbling alone such notes unto yourself,
As have not only a good voice betray'd,
But skill to manage it.

Elvira. It is Francisca
That has betray'd a very ill one, madam.

Blanca. Under yon palm-tree's shade there is a seat
That yields to none, in the advantages
It lends to music, let's go sit down there.
For this first time one song shall satisfy.

Elvira. When you have heard that one, I shall not
fear
Your asking me another.

[*They go and sit down under the palm-tree, and
Elvira sings.*]

THE SONG.

See, O see!
How every tree,
Every bower,
Every flower,
A new life gives to others' joys;
Whilst that I,
Grief-stricken, lie,
Nor can meet
With any sweet,
But what faster mine destroys.
What are all the senses' pleasures,
When the mind has lost all measures?
Hear, O hear!
How sweet and clear
The nightingale,
And waters fall,
In concert join for others' ears;
Whilst to me,
For harmony,
Every air
Echoes despair,
And every drop provokes a tear.
What are all the senses' pleasures,
When the mind has lost all measures?

Blanca. I thank you, Silvia; but I'll not allow
One of your youth to nourish melancholy

By tunes and words so flattering to that passion.

Elvira. The happiness of serving you may fit me
In time for gayer things.

Blanca. I will not ask another for the present;
Not for your reason, but because I'll be
More moderate in my pleasures. Now, Silvia,
I have a task to give you.

Elvira. Whate'er it be, 'twill be a pleasing one,
Of your imposing.

Blanca. 'Tis to gather store of
Fresh orange-flowers, and then carefully
To shift the oils in the perfuming-room,
As in the several ranges you shall see
The old begin to wither. To do it well
Will take you up some hours; but 'tis a work
I oft perform myself; and that you may
Be sure not to mistake, I'll go thither
With you, and shew you the manner of it.

Elvira. I hope I shall not fail, so well instructed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Room at Don Zancho's.

Enter DON ZANCHO and CHICHON.

Chichon. Y' are so impatient, sir, you will mar all!
I tell you that 'tis yet too light by half,
The sun is hardly set: pray fetch a turn
Or two more in the garden, ere you go.

Don Zancho. You must be governor, I see, to-
night,
You are so proud o' th' service you have done.
Come away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Garden again.

*ELVIRA appears in the garden, as gathering flowers
from the orange-trees, and then with her apron full,
going away, says:*

Elvira. The task enjoin'd me is a sweet one, truly,
But I smell somewhat more in the imposal.
So far I am happy yet in my misfortune,
That I am lighted into a lady's service

Of an obliging humour; but most of all
 One that, as kind as she is, I see 's as glad
 To leave me alone, as I to be it. Somewhat
 There is mysterious in her looks and conduct :
 Such motions just, such inequalities,
 Such flatteries to those I trusted least,
 Such pretty employments found to busy those
 I would be rid of, and such arts as these
 To single out her confidant, unnoted,
 I well remember would Elvira use,
 Whilst the unquiet joys of love possess'd her,
 How innocent soever. And besides,
 Francisca's sitting up so late last night,
 And going up and down so warily,
 Whilst others slept, is evidence enough
 What god reigns here, as well as at the court.
 But I forget myself—Let descants cease,
 Who serves, though she observes, must hold her peace.
 [Exit Elvira.]

SCENE changes to the prospect of Valencia.

Enter DON ZANCHO, with his cloak over his face, and
 CHICHON.

Don Zanchon. Advance, Chichon, I'll follow at a
 distance.

'Tis the right time, just light enough, you see,
 For warn'd expecters to know one another.
 I hope she will not fail you.

Chichon. She fail us!

No centinel perdu is half so alert
 As she, in these occasions.

Enter FRANCISCA veiled, peeping as out of the portal
 of Don Julio's house.

Francisca. There comes the varlet, and I'm much
 deceiv'd

Or that's his master lagging at a distance—
 I'll give them a go-by, cover'd with my veil.

[She passes by them heedlessly.]

Chichon. By that light, as little as 'tis, 'tis she :
 I'll to her.

Don Zancho. And I'll stand close the while—
When you have broken the ice, I'll take my time.

[*Chichon going to Francisca, lays hold of her veil, and she turns about.*

Chichon. What signifies a veil to hide my doxy,
When every motion of a leg or wing
Darts round perfuming and informing airs?
Thou art the very caulidflower of women.

Francisca. And thou the very cabbage-stalk of men,
That never stunk to me, as does a blab.

Chichon. Curse on thee, hold thy tongue—Dost thou
not see

Who stands against that wall?

Francisca. Away, sauce-box—

[*She thrusting him off, goes on.*

[*Don Zancho sets himself just in her way, and makes as if he would lie down in it.*

Don Zancho. Pass, trample on me, do, trample—
But hear me!

Francisca. These shoes have been my lady's, and
she'd ne'er

Forgive it, should they do you so much honour,

[*Shewing her foot.*

'Tis thou hast caus'd all this. [*Aside, turning to Chichon.*

Chichon. Fire on thy tongue—

Don Zancho. Ah, my Francisca, if there be no hopes
Of pardon, nor of pity—yet at least
Let Blanca, for her own sake, be so just
As not to give me cruel death unheard':
Do you your part at least, and do but give her
This letter from me—

[*He offers her a letter and she starting back.*

Francisca. Guarda—That's a thing
She has forbidden with such menaces,
I dare as well become another Porcia,
And eat red burning coals. I had much rather
Consent, that, now she's all alone at home,
You should transportedly rush in upon her,
As following me: so possibly you might
Attain your end, without exposing me;

Who, in that case, know how to act my part
So smartly against you, as shall keep her clear
From all suspicion. But I am to blame
Thus to forget my duty: I'll stay no longer.

[He stops her, and, pulling out a purse of money, puts it into her hand.]

Don Zanco. Spoke like an angel.

[Francisca offers to restore the purse, but yet holding it fast.]

Francisca. This is, you know, superfluous with me,
And shocks my humour—But any thing from you—
Be sure you follow boisterously.

[She trudges away, and goes in hastily, as at Julio's house, and Don Zanco follows her in. Chichon stops at the door.]

Chichon. I'll bring you no ill-luck a second time.
If for sport's sake you have projected me
Another somerset from the balcony,
Make your account that 'tis already done,
Here you will find me halting in the street.

[Exit Chichon.]

SCENE changes to Donna Blanca's Anti-Chamber.

Enter BLANCA.

Blanca. How true it is that nature cheats mankind,
And makes us think ourselves the only tasters
Of pure delight and bliss; when as indeed,
Oppressing us with pains and griefs, she makes
Deliverance from them pass for solid pleasure!
Witness in me those images of joy
Wherewith she flatters now my expectation:
What will its highest satisfaction be?
At most, but ease from what tormented me.

Enter FRANCISCA hastily.

Francisca. It now imports, you have affected rage
As ready at hand as usually you have
Anger in earnest—But above all, be sure
You discharge it smartly upon me, for here
He presses at my heels.

Enter DON ZANCHO, and goes to, cast himself at Donna Blanca's feet, and she starting back from him.

Blanca. What insolence is this?

—Think not, Francisca,
That I am to be fool'd—This is your work:
You shall not stay an hour within these walls;
By all that's good you shall not.

Francisca. For heaven's sake, madam, be not so unjust *[Whining.]*

To an old servant, 'always full of duty.
But can I govern madmen? would y' have had me
Make all the street take notice? there he attack'd me
With such transportment, the whole town had rung on't,
Had I not run away. Could I imagine
A man so wild as to pursue me hither
Into your presence?

Blanca. It is well, Don Zanchó;

[Severely and scornfully.]

Blanca may be thus used; but he that does it
Shall find——

[She turns away, as going out, he holds her by the sleeve.]

Don Zanchó. Pardon this rudeness, madam; but a man

Made desperate hath nothing more to manage.
Hither I come to give you satisfaction,
And if my reasons can't, my heart blood shall;
But you must hear me, or here see me dead.

Blanca. Since to be rid of him, Francisca, I see

[Turning to Francisca.]

I must the penance undergo of hearing him,
Keep careful watch to prevent accidents.

Francisca. Madam, your closet will be much more proper

For such a conference; for in case your brother
Should come, Don Zanchó has a safe retreat
From thence down the back stairs. I shall be sure
To give you timely notice.

Don Zanchó. And I know perfectly the passage
thorough

Th' entry, I've come up more than once that way,
During my happy days.

Blanca. I think y' have reason: since I must have
patience,
Light us in thither.

*[Francisca takes the lights, and going before
them, exeunt omnes.]*

SCENE changes to the prospect of Valencia.

Enter DON JULIO, as in the portal of his own House.

Don Julio. The light was in the farther window,
therefore

He went up this way: now if Fernando
Have not forgot to bolt the entry-door,
He cannot 'scape us, sure, whoe'er he be.

——'Tis the only comfort,
In such misfortunes, when a man hath means
To right his honour, without other help
Than such a friend, as is another self,
And that the shame's even from domestics hid
Until it be reveng'd.

[Exit Don Julio, as going into his own house.]

*Enter CHICHON, as coming out of the porch before
Don Julio's house.*

Chichon. 'Slight! 'tis Don Julio, that I saw go in—
My master's like to pass his time but ill;
I'll steal in after and observe: although
My courage cannot stead him, my wit may,
As things may possibly fall out.

Exit Chichon, as stealing after Don Julio into his house.

SCENE changes to Donna Blanca's Closet.

*Enter DON ZANCHO and DONNA BLANCA, as in her
closet.*

Blanca. As fine a story as may be—No, Don Zancho,
I Blanca Rocca am not carta blanca,
Fit to receive whate'er impression
Your art——

Enter FRANCISCA hastily.

Francisca. Your brother's in the hall already;

Quick, quick, and let him find you in your chamber
Before your glass, I have set it ready there,
Whilst he retires the way it was resolv'd.

[*Pointing to Don Zancho.*

[*Francisca takes the candle, and exeunt she and
Donna Blanca; Don Zancho another way.*

SCENE changes to Donna Blanca's Bed-chamber.

*Re-enter Donna Blanca and Francisca, as in
Blanca's chamber, she newly seated at her toilet,
and beginning to unpin.*

Enter DON JULIO.

Don Julio. Blanca, I thought you had been a-bed
ere this.

Have you had company to entertain you,
And keep you up beyond your usual hour?

Blanca. What company can I have, you abroad,
At this time of the night?

Don Julio. I fain would find out some such as might
please you. [*Ironically.*

Francisca, take a candle and light me in
To Blanca's closet.

Blanca. Good brother, what's the matter?
You were not wont to be so curious
As thus to pry into my privacies.

Don Julio. That you shall know anon—Do as I bid
you,
Francisca.

[*Francisca takes one of the candles, and going before
him stumbles, and falling puts out the light. Don
Julio taking it up, lights it again at the other on
the table, and going with it himself towards
Donna Blanca's closet.*

Don Julio. These tricks¹ are lost on me. [*Exit.*

Francisca. Let him go, now we have gain'd time
enough.

Blanca. Thanks to thy timely fall.

¹ tricks.] The 4to. reads tropes. The alteration by Mr. Dodsley.

Francisca. Persons employ'd
In such trusts must have their wits about them:
'Tis clear that he suspects, but know he cannot.
When once you see all safe, 'twill then import you
To play the tyrant over him, with reproaches
For this his jealousy.

Blanca. Let me alone for that.
But let us follow him in, that we may mark
His whole demeanour. [Exeunt.]

Enter DON ZANCHO in disorder.

Don Zancho. Curse on't, the entry door's bolted
within,
What shall I do? [He pauses.]

—— I must seek a way
Through the perfuming-room, into the garden. [Exit.]
*Enter DON JULIO, with a candle in his hand, and
passing hastily over the stage.*

Don Julio. He must be gone this way, there is no
other,
The entry door was bolted.

*Enter DONNA BLANCA and FRANCISCA, who pass
over the stage, as stealing after Don Julio.*

Francisca. All's safe, he takes that way: let him a
God's name
Follow his nose to the perfuming-room.

Blanca. He'll fright poor Silvia out of her wits;
But I'll come to her succour, with a peal
I'll ring him. [Exeunt Donna Blanca and Francisca.]

SCENE changes to the Laboratory.

[Here is to open a curious scene of a laboratory in
perspective, with a fountain in it, some stills, many
shelves, with pots of porcelain and glasses, with
pictures above them: the room paved with black
and white marble, with a prospect through pillars
at the end, discovering the full moon, and by its
light a perspective of orange-trees; and towards
that farther end Elvira appears at a table, shift-
ing flowers, her back turned.]

Enter DON ZANCHO hastily : Elvira turning about, they both startle, and stand awhile as it were amazed.

Don Zanch. O heavens! what is't I see? 'Tis mere illusion,

Or 'tis the devil in that angel's form,
Come here to finish, by another hand,
The fatal work that she began upon me
By Don Fernando's.

Elvira. Good gods! Don Zanch here! it cannot be,
Or 'tis his ghost, come to revenge his death
On its occasioner; for were he alive,
He could not but have more humanity
Than (having been my ruin at Madrid,
And robb'd me of my home and honour there)
To envy me an obscure shelter here.

[Whilst they amazed step back from one another, enter DON JULIO, who seeing Don Zanch with his back towards him, drawing his sword, says :

Don Julio. Think not (whoe'er thou art) by flying thus
From room to room, to 'scape my just revenge.
Shouldst thou retire to th' center of the earth,
This sword should find thee there, and pierce thy heart.

[Throwing down the candle, he makes towards Don Zanch; but upon his turning about towards him, he makes a little stop, and says :

Nay then, if it be you, I'm happy yet
In my misfortune, since the gods thus give me
The means at once, and by the self-same stroke,
To right my honour, and revenge my friend;
And, by that action, fully to comply
With what the Duke requires in the behalf
Of wrong'd Don Pedro.

[Don Julio makes at Don Zanch : he draws, and they begin to fight; Elvira, crying out Help! help! runs to part them, and they stop upon her interposing.

Enter DON FERNANDO hastily over the stage, as coming from the private apartment.

Don Fernando. I hear an outcry and clattering of swords.

My friend engag'd, must find me by his side.

[Exit, and re-enters at another door.

[As Fernando comes to the door of the perfuming-room, seeing them at a stand, he stops and stands close.

Don Fernando. They are parlying; let's hear. [Aside.

[Blanca and Francisca passing over the stage.

Blanca. 'Twas Silvia's voice: my heart misgives me somewhat.

Francisca. 'Tis some new accident, or some mistake, Don Zanchó cannot but be safe long since.

Blanca. However let us in and see.

[Exeunt Blanca and Francisca, and re-enter as at another door of the perfuming-room, and make a stand, as surprised with what they see.

Blanca. We are all undone, I fear.

Francisca. A little patience.

[Chichón stealing over the stage.

Chichón. The noise is towards the perfuming-room, I know the back-way to it through the garden.

[Exit Chichón, and re-enters at the farther end of the laboratory, and stands close.

Don Zanchó. Wit must repair the disadvantages I'm under here, and save my Blanca's honour. That once secur'd, there will be time enough To salve Elvira's.

[Aside.

[Whilst this passes, Elvira holds Julio by the arm, he striving to get from her.

Since, by this lady's interposing thus,
You have thought fit our swords should pause awhile,
It may, I think, consist enough with honour,
So far to seek your satisfaction, sir,
As to remove mistakes. Know then, Don Julio,
That, though I have presum'd upon your house,
I have not wrong'd your honour: it is she
With whom you find me, that hath brought me hither;
Her I have long ador'd, and, having got
Intelligence that she was here conceal'd,
My passion, I confess, transported me
Beyond that circumspection and regard

Which men of quality use, and ought t'observe
Towards one another's dwellings.

Don Julio. Good gods, what an adventure's here!
Yet all

Is well, so Blanca's honour be but safe. [*Aside.*
Sir, you surprize me much, can this be true?

[*To Don Zancho.*
Blanca. Francisca, heard thou that? had ever man
So ready a wit, in such an exigent? [*Aside.*

Don Julio. [*to Elvira.*] What say you, madam?

Francisca. We're surer lost than ever, unless she
Have wit and heart to take the thing upon her. [*Aside.*
Madam, make signs to her, and earnestly. [*To Blanca.*

[*Blanca makes earnest signs to Elvira.*

Francisca. [*aside to Blanca.*] She looks this way, as if
she comprehended

Your meaning.

Elvira. I understand her, and I know as well
What mischief I may bring upon myself;
But let Elvira still do generously,
And leave the rest to fate. [*Aside.*

— Sir, since you press me, [*To Don Julio.*
My humour ne'er could disavow a truth—

Don Zancho's passion and transportments for me,
Beyond all rules of temper and discretion,
Have been the cause of all my sad misfortunes,
And still I see must be the cause of more.

Don Julio. Unhappy creature! how thou hast de-
ceiv'd

My prone persuasion of thy innocence!

Don Zancho. If that suffice not, sir, you have this
ready

To give you satisfaction. [*Holding out his sword.*

Don Fernando. Hell and furies!—but I will yet con-
tain

Myself, and see how far my friend will drive it. [*Aside.*

Don Julio. Stay, Don Zancho,
And answer me one question—Is this night
The first of your presuming thus to enter

My house by stealth?

Don Zancho. The quere is malicious;

But I must thorough, as I have begun. [Aside.

Blanca. [aside to *Francisca.*] There was a question makes me tremble still.

Don Zancho. No, sir, it is not : I'll keep nothing from you.

Last night upon the same occasion——

Don Julio. Hold—it suffices.

Francisca [aside hastily to *Blanca.*] All's safe, you see : for God's sake let's away

Ere Julio perceive us.

• Your presence here can serve for nothing, madam,
But to beget new chances and suspicions.

[*Exeunt Blanca and Francisca.*

[*Don Fernando rushes out drawing his sword.*

Don Fernando. Yes, it suffices, Julio, to make
This hand strike surer than it did before.

Elvira. Nothing was wanting to my misery,
But his being here to over-hear—But yet
I must not suffer the same hand to kill him
A second time, upon a greater error

Than was the first.

[Aside.

[*Don Fernando making at Don Zancho ; Elvira steps between, and Julio also offers to stay him.*

Don Fernando [striving to come at *Don Zancho.*] Strive
to protect your gallant from me, do ;

Strive but in vain—The gods themselves cannot——

What you, Don Julio, too ?

[*Chichon running out from the place where he lurk'd, strikes out both the lights with his hat.*

Chichon. I have lov'd to see fighting ; but at present,
I love to hinder seeing how to fight.

Knights, brandish your blades, 't will make fine work
Among the gallipots !

[Aloud.

You have me by your side, sir, let them come ;

They are but two to two.

[As to his master.

Sir, follow me, I'll bring you to the door.

[Aside to his master, and pulling him.

Don Zanchó. There's no dishonour in a wise retreat
From disadvantages to meet again
One's enemy upon a fairer score.

[*Chichon pushing his master before him out of door.*

Chichon. [*aside to his master.*] There 'tis; advance,
sir, I'll make good the rear.

[*Exit Don Zanchó and Chichon.*

Don Julio. Ho, who's without? bring lights.

[*He stamps.*

— They cannot hear us,
The room is so remote from all the rest.—
What a confusion 's this? recall, Fernando, [*To Fernando.*
Your usual temper, and let's leave this place,
And that unhappy maid unto its darkness,
To hide her blushes, since her shame it cannot.

[*Exit Don Julio groping; and drawing Don Fernando with him.*

Elvira, sola. Darkness and horror, welcome, since the
gods

Live in the dark themselves—for had they light
Of what's done here below, they would afford
Some ray to shine on injur'd innocence,
And not, instead thereof, thus multiply
Obscuring clouds upon it, such as the sun,
Should he with all his beams illuminate
Men's understandings, scarce could dissipate.
I now begin to pardon thee, Fernando,
Since what thou hast heard in this enchanted place
Carries conviction in 't against my firmness,
Above the power of nature to suspend
My condemnation: unless wrong'd virtue might
Expect in thee a justice so refin'd,
As ne'er was found in man to womankind.
'Tis now I must confess, the lost Elvira
Fit only for a cloister; where secure
In her own spotless mind, she may defy
All censures, and without impiety
Reproach her fate even to the Deity.

[*Exit, groping her way.*

ACT V.

*Enter DON JULIO talking to himself, and at another door
FERNANDO, who perceiving it, stands close.*

Don Julio. Blest be the gods, that yet my honour's
safe,

Amidst such strange perplexities, from which
Fortune and wit, I think, together join'd
With all their strength, could hardly an issue find.
To temper, comfort, or to serve my friend
What argument? what means? how to assist
Don Pedro in his aims, and to comply
With what I owe the Duke, I see as little;
And less conceive, how to behave myself
As ought a gentleman towards a lady,
With whose protection he hath charg'd himself,
And brought her to his house on that assurance;
Whom to expose, cannot consist with honour,
However she may have expos'd her own;
And least of all, how to repair to Blanca
The injury I have done her, whose high spirit
I fear will be implacable. O heavens!
What a condition's mine?

[He stands pausing, and startles seeing Don Fernando.]

Enter DON FERNANDO.

Don Fernando. Pardon, dear cousin, if to avoid one
rudeness

I have another unawares committed,
Whilst fearing to interrupt, I have overheard;
Yet nothing, cousin, but the self-same things,
My thoughts have been revolving all this night,
Concern'd for you, much more than for myself;
For I, upon reflection, find I am
Much easier than I was; by certainty
Freed from the forest weight—perplexity.
In the first place, you must forgive your friend
The high distemper of last night's transportments:
I hope you'll find me well recovered from them,
And that my morning resolutions are

Such as will make amends.

Don Julio. Make no excuse, dear friend : such provocations

Surprizing are above philosophy;
And 'tis no small experiment of your's,
If after them you can have brought yourself
So soon to fix a judgment what to do.

Don Fernando. I have fix'd on that, which I am sure
will serve

All interests but my own, as heretofore
I understood my happiness; but now
I shall no longer place it in any thing
Dependent on the wild caprice* of others.

— No, Julio,

I will be happy even in spite of fate,
By carrying generosity up to the height.
Elvira shall her dear bliss owe to me,
Not only by desisting, but by making
Her lov'd Don Zanchó marry her : his refusal
Alone, can make me kill him o'er again.

Don Julio. Since that unhappy maid with all her
beauty,

And that high quality, hath made herself
Unworthy of your marriage, certainly
None but Fernando ever could have pitch'd
Upon so noble a thought : but think withal
What difficulties are likely to obstruct it.

Don Fernando. Say what occurs to you.

Don Julio. Don Zanchó is a man of wit and courage;
And though his passion out of doubt be great,
Since it hath made him do so wild an action,
As that of coming twice into my house
After so strange a manner ; yet Fernando,
You cannot but imagine such a one
Likely to have quite different reflections

* Without any sufficient reason and to the evident injury of the metre, of which the author has no where been very careful, he here and elsewhere preferred the Spanish word *capricho*, to the English word *caprice*. C.

Upon Elvira's conduct for a wife,
From what he has upon it for a mistress :
They are two notions very differing.
Besides, should the proposal but appear
In the least kind to spring from your desire,
Whose former commerce with her 's not unknown,
It wêre the only way to drive him off
Past all recall. I think, few have accepted
Wives recommended to them by their rival.

Don Fernando. In that y' have reason, I confess.

But, Julio,

Think of the way, for marry her he must,
Or die, by no other hand but mine.

Don Julio [*pausing*.] I am thinking of it, and I hope
to purpose.*

What interposer can be found so fit
As Blanca in this business, since Don Zanchó
Has long been her particular acquaintance ?
And what can be more natural, than for her
To take to heart Elvira's chief concernment,
Whom he finds here retir'd in her misfortune,
As to her surest friends ?

Don Fernando. Y' have lighted, cousin, on the only
way :

And lose no time, I beg you.

Don Julio. The least that may be ; but you must
consider

In what a predicament I am likely
To be with Blanca at present.

Don Fernando. I understand you (since the jealousy
You express'd of her.) But 'tis to be hoped
The peace will not be long a-making.

Don Julio. You little know her spirit, once inflam'd.
But as I'll lose no time, so I'll omit
No art to bring her to a temper fit
To hear and to advance the proposition.

* Doddsley and Reed very absurdly gave this line to Don Fernando, when it is evidently a reply by Don Julio to the request of his friend. The old copy did not mislead the former editors. C.

Don Fernando. Heaven give you good success!

Don Julio. [turning back to *Fernando.*] I had forgot to tell you, that I think

It will be necessary, that as soon

As I have weather'd Blanca's storm, I make

A visit to Don Pedro, to prevent

His coming hither to disorder us,

Before we have set things right.

Don Fernando. 'T was not ill thought on: and till your return

I shall keep close in your apartment;

For Blanca has not seen me, and Elvira

Has too great cares upon her to be curious. [Exeunt.

Enter BLANCA and FRANCISCA; *Blanca with a gay air, as in her Anti-chamber.*

Blanca. Say, my Francisca, can romances equal

Our last night's adventure? was there ever

Such a come-off! Our sex has used to boast

Presence of mind in exigents of love;

But I believe none of us ever match'd

Don Zancho's readiness in an occasion

So sudden and so critical.

Francisca. Ever give me the man of ready parts.

Blanca. But pr'ythee, whilst we give Don Zancho his dues,

Let us be just too to poor Silvia's merit;

Was ever anything so generous,

Or so obliging to a mistress?

Francisca. So it appears, madam, I must confess;

But the excess of it makes it suspicious.

Blanca. Fie; leave this humour of detracting still,

And call her to me, that I may embrace

And thank her; that done, consider how

To bring her off, who has brought us off so well.

[Offers to go out.

Enter DON JULIO.

Francisca. Stay, I beseech you, and compose yourself

'To act a part quite of another nature;

Here comes Don Julio, towards whom I hope

You'll tune yourself to a far differing key
From that of thanks and kindness.

Blanca. Let me alone for that: I'll play the dragon.

[As Don Julio advances, Blanca turns from him with a furious countenance, and flies out of the room, Don Julio following her.]

Don Julio. Dear sister, stay, and hear me.

Blanca. Detested brother, leave me.

[She makes as if she were going, and he holds her.]

Don Julio. Hear me but, Blanca, and then vent your passion

Against a brother, that condemns himself
As much as you can do: but hear me speak.

Blanca. Your actions, Julio, have spoke loud enough
To echo through the world your shame and mine.
Has all the tenor of my life been such,
With such exactness of unblemish'd conduct,
That malice might have stain'd the noon-day-sun
More easily than tarnish'd Blanca's honour,
And must that honour now be prostitute,
By the caprice of an unworthy brother?
Should any other have invaded it,
Had not you righted her, she has a heart
Would have found ways to right herself; but you
Th' aggressor, what remedy but rage?

[She flings from him and exits.]

Francisca. She acts it rarely.

[Aside.]

Don Julio. Was ever man so unfortunate as I?

[To Francisca.]

I must confess she has reason, and the sense
She thus expresses of my fault becomes her;
But it must be your work, my dear Francisca,
To pacify. When once you shall but know
All that has pass'd these nights, I am certain
You'll say, no human confidence could e'er
Be proof against such circumstances.

Francisca. Alas! my offices can signify
But little. But I'm sure the occasion
Gives me a sad heart—O my dear lady!

[As if she were crying.]

Don Julio. I love good-nature ; but I pr'ythee leave,
And come in with me, that I may tell thee all. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter DON PEDRO and FULVIO, as in his lodging.

Don Pedro. A God's name, Fulvio, what has been
thy meaning,

To make me sit up almost all last night
Expecting thee, when such impatience held me ?
Thou wert not wont to be so negligent
In things of so great weight.

Fulvio. Nor have I been it now : 'tis over-care
Of your commands hath held me so long from you.
You know the orders that you gave me, sir,
To watch Don Zanchó's motions ; accordingly,
I sat all day in my observing place,
Till about twilight I saw him and 's man
Steal as it were abroad : I as warily
Dogg'd them from street to street, till, sir, at length
He made a stand up close against a wall,
Whilst that his servant entertain'd a woman
Close veil'd, who was come out, I think, on purpose,
From an adjacent house ; soon after, he
Accosted her himself. Their conference
Lasted but little ; she made haste away
To th' house from whence she came, and he as much
To follow her in.

Don Pedro. Where was't ? and why cam'st thou not
presently,
To give me notice, as you were directed ?

Fulvio. At that you will not wonder, when you know
Whose house he enter'd ; but at this you'll wonder,
It was Don Julio's.

Don Pedro. [*startling.*] Ha ! Don Julio's, say'st thou ?—
[*He pauses.*]

But, now I think on't, 'tis no marvel, Fulvio,
Since newly come to town ; for I remember
Don Julio told me, that Don Zanchó and he
Had always liv'd in friendly correspondence.

Fulvio. Visits, sir, only of fair civility,
After long absence, are not usually
Begun by twilight, in such cautious manner ;

Nor usher'd in by female veil'd conductors.
But pray, sir, hear the rest.

Don Pedro. [aside.] What can this be?—Say on then
quickly. [To *Fulvio*.]

Fulvio. I presently concluded with myself,
That since Don Julio was the friend on whose
Assistance you relied against Don Zanco,
You ne'er would think, sir, of attacking him
As he came out from thence: I judg'd it therefore
My wisest course to stay and mark the issue.
And stay I did, till it was after midnight;
About which time, walking from side to side,
That I might see both issues of the house,
It being as light almost as day, I saw
The gallant and his man leap from the wall
Of Julio's garden, and from thence in haste
Make home.

Don Pedro. 'Sdeath, man, thou dream'st! Don Zanco
cho from Don Julio's
In that manner?—Awake, fool, and speak sense.

Fulvio. I say but what I saw, as I see you.

Don Pedro. O the devil! what the same villain
Found the affronter of my friend too here
In the same kind? Give me my cloak and sword,
I must know the bottom of this. [Exeunt.]

Enter BLANCA and FRANCISCA, as in her Anti-chamber.

Blanca. I come from seeing and caressing Silvia;
But with most strange surprise at her comportment
Towards me.

Francisca. How, madam!

Blanca. My words and actions both expressing to
her,
Not only highest gratitude and kindness,
But a solicitude in the concerns
Of her honour, equal to what she had shown
In mine, they were receiv'd with such a coldness,
With such an air of melancholy pride,
With half replies, and those not half to th' purpose,
As make me with amazement to conclude,

That either she has lost her understanding,
Or that there's somewhat in't we understand not.

Francisca. She's a maid of an odd composition;
And besides that, I needs must tell you, madam,
That having had my observation freer
Than you, perhaps, during last night's adventure,
I remark'd somewhat both in her demeanour,
And in Don Zancho's, makes me confident
They met not there strangers to one another,
As you imagine—But there's time enough
To think and talk of that: what presses now
Is your right ordering of Don Julio:
You have begun as well as can be wish'd.

Blanca. Say, did I not do my part? [Jollily.

Francisca. —Beyond imagination;
But take heed now of over-doing it,
'Tis time to tack about to reconcilment,
And thought of drawing those advantages
From the embroilment, as may for the future
Secure you from like accidents.

Blanca. You say well, but how?

Francisca. The first step must atonement be between
you,
Of which he hath so earnestly conjur'd me
To be an instrument, that you consenting
To give him a hearing through my mediation,
I am made for ever, and settled in the power
Of serving you, by better cozening him:
Besides, he tells me, he hath that to say,
And to propose unto you, as shall not only
Excuse him with you, but prevent all danger
Of prejudicial rumours which might rise
From last night's accident.

Blanca. Agreed; let's in
And play the second part.

[Exeunt.

*Enter DON ZANCHO and CHICHON, as in his own
House.*

Don Zancho. Were we not born with cauls upon our
heads,³ [Jollily.

³ Were we not born with cauls upon our heads?] Cauls are little mem-

Think'st thou, Chichon, to come off twice a-row
Thus rarely, from such dangerous adventures?

Chichon. Rather I think with combs, so oft to venture.

Don Zancho. Thou cōxcomb, say, had I not my wits
about me?

Chichon. 'Twere too uncomplaisant to deny that.
You know I love not to talk seriously,
But tell me now in earnest, are you satisfied
To have come off so? is there no qualm remaining
Upon your gentle heart, for leaving i'th' suds
A poor distressed virgin? Who she is,
I neither know nor care; but I am sure
Had generous Chichon, to save his life,
Play'd a sweet innocent lady such a trick,
He would have pass'd but for a recreant knight;
And much the more, she having shown herself
So gallant, as, to save her lady's honour,
T' expose her own. Say, true Don Galor,* say,
Were your part found in a romance or play,
Whose character would it not dislustre?

Don Zancho. How soon a fool's bolt's shot, without
distinction

branes, found on some children, encompassing the head, when born. The vulgar opinion has generally been, that every person possessed of one of these *cauls*, whether originally belonging to him, or obtained by purchase, would be fortunate, and escape dangers. "Lampridius tells us, that the midwives sold *cauls* at a good price, to the advocates and pleaders of his time; it being an opinion, that while they had this about them, they should carry with them a force of persuasion which no judge could withstand: the canons forbid the use of it, because some witches and sorcerers, it seems, had abused it."—See *Chambers's Dictionary*.

Sir T. Brown (*Valg. Err. B. v. ch. 21.*) quotes "the life of Antonius delivered by Spartianus" on the subject. The caul, a "silly-how," (as Sir T. Brown terms it,) is still considered a preservative against danger, and especially against drowning. Notices of the sale of them are daily posted on the Royal Exchange, and they are bought by captains of ships and others going to sea, and great prices given for them. The *Times* newspaper of March 17th, 1827, has the following advertisement: "A child's caul, well worth 20*l.*, to be sold for 14*l.* Apply at the Academy," &c. C.

* He calls him Sir Galor in reference to the character this knight sustained in the old romances. He was sometimes known by other names. C.

Of what's the mark ! Thou censur'st without knowing
Who th' exposed lady is. Know then, Chichon,
And wonder, 'tis Elvira ! that Elvira
For whom I sighed, like to have sigh'd my last,
On her score at Madrid—Don Pedro's daughter.

Chichon. You raise enchanted castles in the air ;
But were it as you say, that makes the thing
More inexcusable. You had been to blame
To have us'd a stranger so, but so t' have serv'd
A lady whom you had once profest to love,
Raises the fault above all heightening.

Don Zancho. Nay then, I see I must once play the
fool,

In answering a fool seriously.
The things thou say'st are heightenings indeed,
Not of my fault, but merit in the action,
Towards my Blanca ; since, to save her honour,
I did not only sacrifice Elvira's,
But thus expose mine own. Time may recover
Elvira's fame, and mine this quickly shall.

[*Clapping his hand on his sword.*]

Here, take this letter, and employ your wit
In finding out the means with secrecy
To give it Don Fernando unobserv'd.
I shall not stir from home till I have his answer.

Chichon. You found him, sir, a man of quick dispatch,
In your last business with him at Madrid.

[*Exit Don Zancho.*]

How honourable 'tis to serve a Don !
What petty Basque on t' other side the mountains
Durst have aspir'd to the high dignity
Of carrying a cartel ? A Monsieur
Would sooner have put up a twinge by the nose,
Than sent a challenge by a serving-man. [*Exit.*]

*Enter BLANCA furiously, and running to the cabinet,
takes out thence a stiletto ; and FRANCISCA earnestly
after her, as in Blanca's closet.*

Blanca. Villains shall find, I am not unprovided
Wrongs to revenge, that cannot be forgiven.

Francisca. I thought the strange constraint upon herself,

Wherewith she heard her brother, would serve in the end
But to make rage break out with greater fury;
Yet it is well she kept it in so long
As to get rid of him. [*Aside.*

Good madam, moderate yourself a little. [*To Blanca.*

Blanca. Preach temper to the damned souls in hell,
That they may teach the traitor moderation,
When I have sent him thither with his devil.

Francisca. I do confess the provocation such,
As more than justifies all these transportments;
And therefore I beseech you think not, madam,
In what I say, I can the least aim have
Of saving him from the extremest fury
Of your resentment, or preserving her,
Who has had the impudence to abuse you so,
Under pretence of serving—May they perish;
But let it be in such a way as may not
Draw a more dismal ruin on yourself:
Let swift destruction seize them; yet let not,
Madam, your hand, but head dispense their fate.
What can the issue be of such an action,
As that of which I see that shining steel
And flaming eyes of your's, the threatening comets?
I beg but the reflection of a moment!

*[Blanca walking upon the stage with enraged gestures
pauses, at length sheathing and putting her stiletto
in her sleeve with a sober composed tone:]*

Blanca. Francisca, I thank you for recalling me
Thus to myself: I will be temperate—
But it shall be to make revenge the surer. [*Aside.*

Francisca. Her tone, nor gestures cannot cozen me,
They both seem to disguise a black design;
But I shall watch you: 'tis a half-gain'd cause
In fury's course, to have begot a pause. [*Aside.*

Blanca. Do what I bid you presently, Francisca.
Send to Don Zanchó, and let him know from me,
I earnestly desire to speak with him.

Francisca. Lord, madam, what d'ye mean?

Blanca. To make the pleasing proposition to him,
As I told my brother I would.

—Say, am I not moderate?

But do, without reply, what I command.

Francisca. Madam, I shall obey—

But observe you so withall,

As to prevent the mischief if I can.

[*Aside.*

[*Exit Francisca.*

Blanca. Ye gods, assist me in my just revenge,

Or you will make an atheist—My first work

Must be, before Don Zanchó comes, to speak

With his sweet mistress; and with words and looks

As false as her's have been, so to delude her

With hopes of what she wishes, that they both

May jointly fall my honour's sacrifice.

[*Exit.*

*Enter DON FERNANDO, as in Don Julio's private
apartment.*

Don Fernando. Since generosity hath so far got

The mastery, as to have made me fix

Upon a resolution so unheard of,

I long to see it executed.

—But stay,

I think I hear Elvira's voice without,

And Blanca's too.—Here curiosity

To overhear is pardonable.

[*He makes as if he hearken'd, and then exit, as to go
where he may better hear.*

*Enter ELVIRA and BLANCA, as in the Anti-chamber,
and Fernando peeping as from behind a door.*

Don Fernando. Here not a word can 'scape me.

Elvira. Madam, you wrong my zeal in serving you,
Whilst you attribute to any other motive
My yesterday's behaviour.

Blanca. Such niceties, Elvira, are out of season.

[*In a tone that may shew what she says to be fore'd.*
I seek your satisfaction in a love,

Wherein it seems you have been long engag'd.

[*Elvira looking round, and Fernando starting back.*

Don Fernando. I hope she did not see me. [*Aside.*

Elvira. My satisfaction, say you, in my love?
Of whom, for Heaven's sake? If you mean Don Zancho,
Y'are very far from guessing at my thoughts.

Don Fernando. By heaven sh' has seen me, and
plays the devil still. *[Aside.]*

Elvira. By all that's good, I am far from loving him—
I say not worse, because I know she loves him.

[Aside.]
Don Fernando. Ah, Elvira! this is too much, yet
not enough

To change in me a noble resolution. *[Aside.]*

[A noise is heard, as of people coming up stairs.]

Blanca. I hear some coming up stairs: should it be
Don Zancho, I am not yet ready for him.— *[Aside.]*
I see we are likely to be interrupted here, *[To Elvira.]*
Elvira, we shall be better in my closet. *[Exit Blanca.]*

Elvira. Madam, I'll follow you.
What can she mean? since that she needs must think
I know the passion she herself* has for him.

*[Elvira having staid a while behind, as she is going
to follow Blanca, enter her father DON PEDRO,
and FULVIO: she starts, and stands confounded;
he, seeing her, draws out his dagger and makes
at her.]*

Don Pedro. Vile stainer of my blood, have I here
found thee?

*[Elvira perceiving the door a little open where Don
Fernando is, flies thither, and gets in.]*

Don Fernando. This makes it clear she saw me.

[Aside, as Elvira thrusts in.]
*[Don Pedro seizes the door before it be quite shut,
and they struggle, he to pull it open, and Don
Fernando to shut it: after some contest, Don Fer-
nando gets it close, and bolts it within: Don
Pedro, as an enraged person, pulls and bounces
at the door.]*

Don Pedro. In vain should mountains interpose be-
tween

* *Herself*, omitted by Dodley and Reed. C.

Her and her punishment.

[He bounces still, as to break down the door.]

Enter BLANCA.

Blanca. What Bedlam have we here? and where's Elvira?

Don Pedro. You have one here, will know how to revenge

Conspiracies to affront him: and you, lady,
Whoe'er you are, that seem to take upon you,
Y' had best produce the wicked thing you have named,
Or by this steel— *[Blanca cries out.]*

Blanca. Ho! brother, brother! help against a mad-man!

Enter DON JULIO.

Don Julio. Peace, Blanca, peace, you know not what you say:

Don Pedro is master here.

Blanca. I know not your *Don Pedro*; but I'm sure
One to be tied in chains could do no more
That he has done.

Don Julio. Have patience, sister: 'tis Elvira's father,
With cares enough upon him to justify
Any distemper.

Blanca. Precious! Elvira's father?—

Nay, then I leave you. *[Blanca flings out of the room.]*

Don Julio. O the unluckiness of his coming
So unseasonably!—'Twas to prevent that
I went abroad to seek him. *[Aside.]*

Don Pedro. What's this, *Don Julio*? can a gentleman

Of blood and honour use another thus?
What, after such engagements to the Duke,
And to myself, to be my friend and helper,
To prove the shelter of my shame's chief author?
I do not wonder now, *Don Zanch*o himself
Should have been here at midnight.

Don Julio. I am hard put to't: help, wit, to bring us off. *[Aside.]*

Be as distemper'd as you please, *Don Pedro*, *[To him.]*
It shall not alter me! but yet methinks

It would not ill become your gravity,
To think a while, before you make a judgment,
And rashly frame injurious conclusions,
From things wherein a friend has merited from you.
Do but consider, and then say, what Julio
Could do of more advance to what you wish,
Than, having found your daughter, to have brought her
To his own house, where she might be with honour
Accompanied, and serv'd as such by Blanca,
Until such time as, things maturely weigh'd,
You should a final resolution take.
And, since Don Zancho's being here last night,
I see, 's no secret t' ye, methinks you ought
T' have been so just to me, as to believe
That since I admitted him within these walls,
It was in order to the serving you.

Don Pedro. Noble Don Julio, you must pity have
Of an old man's distemper in affliction.

I see I was in the wrong, pray pardon it.

Don Julio. O this is more than needs. And now,
good sir,

If you 'll be pleas'd to walk a turn or two
I' the garden, I'll there give you a full account
How I have laid things for your satisfaction.

Don Pedro. I'll wait on you.

Don Julio. Go, sir, there lies your way—
And you, boy, fail not, when Don Zancho comes,

[Turning to the page.

To give me notice of it in the garden.

[Exeunt.

Enter Don Zancho, and passes over the stage with Chichon after him; and enter Francisca, and pulling Chichon stays him.

Francisca. Stay, stay, Chichon, a word w' ye: it imports—

[She whispers with him.

Chichon. I hope you are not in earnest.

Francisca. By my soul I am—

There is no other way, but for us both
To get up the back way, and there to watch
The time to interpose.

Chichon. Can she be such a fury? her looks are
All milk and honey.

Francisca. You cannot fancy any thing so tragic,
But she is capable of executing,
When once provok'd in point of love and honour,
Beyond her bounds of temper.

Chichon. Lead the way—
I'll have the pleasure to hold up the fright [Aside.
She's in, since I am sure there is no danger,
Knowing, as I do, my master's mind towards Blanca:
Besides, 'tis to be hop'd, that these disorders
May produce somewhat that may put an end
To my master's quarrel, or afford me means
To give Fernando his letter. [Exeunt.

*Enter DON FERNANDO, Elvira lying upon the couch in
the private apartment.*

Don Fernando. This last dissimulation moves me
more

Than all the rest, but yet it must not alter
What honour hath inspir'd. See how she lies,
And how, scarce brought to life from her dismay,
She resumes scorn, to have been sav'd by me!
But multiply what injuries thou wilt,
Perfidious maid, thou shalt not disappoint
Fernando of the glory that he aims at,
Of making thy proud heart, Elvira, owe
It's happiness to him.

—But I hear again a noise without— [He peeps.

'Tis Don Zanchó,
And I see Blanca coming towards him.
This falls out luckily, that I may hear
What passes; for certainly their meeting
Avowedly thus, can be no other subject,
But what Don Julio has propos'd to Blanca.

[Exit as to hearken.

Enter DON JULIO and DON PEDRO, as in the garden.

Don Julio. That's all the remedy, that in these cases
The wisest can propose unto themselves:
His fortune's strait, 'tis true.

Don Pedro. That's what I least regard in this occasion,

So honour be but safe: the less they have,
The more will be her penance for her folly.
But should Don Zanchó, upon any umbrage
From what has pass'd between them, prove so insolent
As to reject the marriage, then I trust—

Don Julio. O say no more of that, rely upon 't,
Should he be guilty of that horrid outrage,
This sword should pierce his heart, tho' th' only friend
I have i' the world should interpose his own.
And, sir, to let you see my frank proceeding,
Come along with me; I'll bring you to a place
Where, jointly overhearing all that passes
'Twixt him and Blanca, should he play the villain,
His life may pay for 't, ere he stir from thence.

Don Pedro. May heaven repay such generous acts of
friendship. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter DON ZANCHO, and Fernando appears as behind
the door.*

Don Zanchó. For her so suddenly, and so avowedly
To send for me hither, is very strange:
What can it mean?

Enter BLANCA.

Blanca. Now lend me temper, Heaven, but for a
moment,
Till calmly I have drawn him to pronounce
The sentence of his own too noble death
For such a traitor—

[*Aside.*]
I think you come not without some surprize,

[*To him, with an affected cheerfulness.*]

Don Zanchó, at my sending for you so:
But let's sit down, for I have much to say t' ye.

[*She takes him by the hand and seats him in one
chair, and she sits herself in the other close to
him on his right hand, and fumbles in her sleeve.*]

I'm so well plac'd I cannot miss the mark. [*Aside.*]

Don Zanchó. Good madam, what's the matter? for
I see

Disorder in you : put me out of pain.

Blanca. That I shall quickly do—

Know then, Don Zancho,

In the first place you must not interrupt me,

Whatever you shall hear; I'll take it ill else.

When I have done, then speak your mind at leisure.

I come not to argue, but conclude.

Don Záncho. Your will's a law to me—

But whither tends all this?

[*Aside.*

Blanca. I do for once allow you to remember

All that has pass'd between us;

The folly of my love, the falsehood of your's;

That done, and never to be thought on more—

Don Zancho. For Heaven's sake, madam—

Blanca. Break not the rule was set—

Know I instructed am in all your story,

And am so far grown mistress of myself,

That I who th' other day could scarce o'ercome

The sense of a slight failure at Madrid,

Can here at home suffer indignities,

And tell you calmly, and with unconcern'dness,

Be you Elvira's and Elvira your's.

I come to do a part you little look'd for

From Blanca's spirit: I must make the marriage.

All things are ready, and her father here.

Now you may speak, Don Zancho, but the thing

Admits of no delay.

Don Zancho. But can this be in earnest? sure it cannot.

What needs these trials of so firm a faith?

[*Pausing a while.*

Blanca. Leave trifling, 'tis no longer time for tricks.

It is not in the power of fate to alter

The resolution taken.

[*Don Zancho pauses.*

Don Fernando. She has put it home.

[*Aside.*

Don Zancho. Madam, you use me hardly: this demeanour

Passes my skill, to judge from whence it springs.

You say it is not in the power of fate

To change your resolutions; but I'm sure

If they be such, 't will less be in its power
To alter mine : but yet before I die
You must be left without excuse, by knowing
The truth of all.

Don Fernando. Here it imports indeed to be attentive.

[*Aside.*

Don Zanchó. Madam, 'tis true, that absent at Madrid,

The custom of the court, and vanity,
Embark'd me lightly in a gallantry
With the most fam'd of beauties there, Elvira :
Those, and no other, the true motives were,
To all my first addresses, till her scorn,
Which should have stopp'd them, had engag'd me more,
And made a love in jest a point of honour.
I bore all her disdain without transportment,
Till, having gain'd her waiting-woman's kindness,
I learn'd from her, that all Elvira's slightings,
She would have thought had sprung from severe maxims,
And preciousness of humour, were th' effects
Of deep engagement in another love
With a young gallant, Don Fernando Solis,
With whom the cruel dame was so far gone,
As to admit almost* every night
Into their chamber.

Don Fernando. Blest gods, what do I hear? [*Aside.*

Don Zanchó [*continuing*] I, scarce believing the thing possible,

Urged my intelligencer to do for me
That which her lady for another did,
And to admit me to her chamber, where,
By being eye-witness of her lady's actions,
I might transfer my entire love to herself.
She granted my request, and late one night,
Somewhat before the gallant's usual hour,
She brought me a back way up into her chamber,
Within Elvira's : my stay had not been long,
When, having found the truth of what she had told me,

* *Almost*, omitted by Dodsley and Reed. C.

Converting rage into appearing kindness
To my informer, and expressing it
Uncautiously, we made a sudden noise,
With which, Elvira alarm'd, and coming in,
Follow'd by Don Fernando, that fell out
Which you have heard before.

[Don Julio beckoning Don Pedro after him, passing over one corner of the stage.]

Don Julio. By this time, I suppose, she will have made
The proposition to the full, and we
Shall come at the just time to hear his answer.

[Exeunt Don Pedro and Don Julio.]

Don Zancho. *[continuing.]* If since that hour I have
ever seen

Or thought upon her, till last night's surprize,
May I for ever perish: and methinks
The use of that, to your advantage,
Might challenge from you a more just construction.

Blanca. I told you at first, I came not here to argue,
But to conclude—Say, will you marry her?

[Don Julio and Don Pedro peep out as from behind the hanging.]

Don Julio. W' are come you see, just as we could
have wish'd.

Don Pedro. His fate hangs on his lips.

Don Zancho. You are mistress of your words and
actions, madam,

And may use me as you please; but this hand
Shall sooner pierce this heart, than e'er be given
In marriage to Elvira.

[Don Pedro and Don Julio rush in with their swords and daggers drawn, and Don Zancho draws too.]

Don Pedro. Then, villain, die! Heav'n is too weak
to save thee

By any other means.

[Don Fernando draws, and rushing out.]

Don Fernando. But here is one that shall—
Or fall by his side:

Don Pedro. O heavens! what's this?

Don Fernando Solis protecting him!

Nay, then the whole world conspires against my honour.

Blanca. For heaven's sake, gentlemen!

[*Blanca runs in between.*]

Chichon. Now by my grandame's pantable* 'tis pretty!

[*From behind.*]

I'll brush their coats, if once it come to fighting.

Fernando's of our side.

[*Francisca, and Chichon with a long broom, run out also from behind the hanging.*]

Don Julio. What frenzy's this, Fernando? was't not you

Engaged me to effect the marriage? Sure w' are all Bewitch'd.

Don Fernando. Stay, my Don Julio, stay,
And let Don Pedro have patience but to hear me—
'Tis true, but you know well upon what grounds:
Those are quite chang'd, by my having overheard
All that hath pass'd; for my Elvira, Julio,
Proves spotless in her faith, as in her beauty,
And I the only guilty, to have doubted.
What have I then to do, but here to prostrate
Myself at her offended father's feet,
And beg his pardon? that obtain'd, t' implore
His help to gain me her's, as to a person
In whom respect for him hath always held
Proportion with my passion for his daughter.

Don Pedro. You know, Don Julio, when I spake
with you,

The terms of estimation and respect
Wherewith I mention'd t' ye this gentleman;
And therefore, since in his address t' Elvira
There was no other fault, but making it
Unknown to me, and that I see his thoughts
Are truly noble, honour thus engaged,
That ought to be forgot, and I to think
Myself most happy in such a son-in-law.
But where's Elvira?

* Or *pantofle*. In *Damon and Pithias* we have seen it called *pantacle*. See Vol. I. 228. C.

Don Fernando. She's there within, where I dare not
appear

Before her, knowing now such guilt upon me.

If Blanca would employ her interest

And eloquence, perhaps she might prevail

To get her hither, when she shall have told her

What changes a few minutes' time have wrought.

Blanca. I never went on a more pleasing errand.

[*Exeunt Blanca and Francisca.*]

Francisca. I am struck dumb with wonder.

[*As she goes out.*]

Don Fernando. Now Blanca is away, I'll take this
time

To spare her blushes, Julio; and tell you,

Though I have broke one marriage for Don Zancho,

You needs must give me leave to make another;

To which, unless I'm very much deceiv'd,

You'll find on neither part repugnancy.

Don Julio. I understand you; and I thank the gods

They did not make me understand the wrong,

Till they have made it none, since I observe

Don Zancho's looks joining in your desires.

Don Zancho. A heart so full of love as mine for
Blanca,

Does best express itself when it speaks least.

*Enter DONNA BLANCA, DONNA ELVIRA, and
FRANCISCA.*

[*Elvira casts herself at her father's feet.*]

Elvira. Now that the justice of the gods, at length

Hath clear'd me from suspicions derogatory

To th' honour of your blood, I hope a cloister

May expiate my fault as to a father.

Don Pedro. Rise, child. The inclosure I condemn
you to

[*Raising her.*]

Is Don Fernando's arms: give him your hand.

Elvira. 'Tis yours, sir, to dispose of, I confess,

And if it be your will, I must submit;

But let him know, who could suspect Elvira,

She never could be his, but by obedience.

Don Fernando. I am thunder-struck.

[*Elvira giving him her hand.*]

Elvira. Be not dismay'd, Fernando,
Since I profess this a mere act of duty;
Another duty may Elvira move,
To re-inflame on better grounds her love.

Don Juho. [*ironically*] Blanca, I fear you'll hardly
be persuaded

To give your's to Don Zanche; but a brother
For once may play the tyrant—Give it him;
It must be so.

[*They join hands.*]

Don Fernando. I now renounce old maxims: having
you,

Elvira, I am sure the very best proves true.

Chichon. Hold there, I beg you, sir: that will
appear

By that time you have married been a year.

EDITION.

Elvira: or, The Worst not always true. A Comedy,
Written by a Person of Quality. Licenced, May 15th,
1667—Roger L'Estrange. London: Printed by E.
Cotes, for Henry Brome, in Little Britain. 1667. 4to.

THE WIDOW.



THIS comedy, (which belongs to a period of our drama of a date considerably earlier than the year it was printed) was published by Alexander Gough, the actor, in 1652. He states, and probably truly, that it was the joint production of Ben Jonson, Fletcher and Middleton,* but Malone (Shaksp. by Bosw. II. 434.) gives Massinger a hand in it. Mr. Gifford puts in no claim on behalf of that dramatist, and Malone seems to have had no authority whatever for his statement. In his life of Ben Jonson, Mr. Gifford just mentions "The Widow" in a note, but there is internal evidence that Ben Jonson contributed to it, and it is rather surprizing that Mr. Gifford did not trace his pen through the whole of the fourth act. It is not so easy to guess what portions of the play were the work of Fletcher or Middleton, but the opening of the comedy is very much in the manner of the latter.

* The following Address was unaccountably omitted by both Dodsley and Reed. C.

TO THE READER.

"Considering how the curious pay some part of their esteem to excellent persons in the careful preservation but of their defaced statues, instead of decayed medals of the Roman's greatness, I believed it of more value to present you this lively piece drawn by the art of Jonson, Fletcher and Middleton, which is thought to have a near resemblance to the portraiture we have in Terence of those worthy minds, where the great Scipio and Lælius strove to twist the Poet's ivy with the Victor's bays. As the one was deserved by their work in subduing their country's enemies, so the other by their recreation and delight, which was to banish that folly and sadness, that were worse than Hannibal, or all the monsters and venom of Africa. Since our own countrymen are not in any thing inferior, it were to be wished they had but so much encouragement that the past licence and abuses charged on the stage might not ever be thought too unpardonable to pass in oblivion, and so good laws and instructions for manners, incapable of being regulated, which if but according to this pattern, certainly none need think himself the less a good christian for owning the same desire as

Your humble Servant,
ALEXANDER GOUGH.

As to the date when it was written or acted; the title page of 1652, is evidence that it was played "by his late majesty's servants," and "his late majesty" at that time was Charles I. It was doubtless written after 1616, in which year Mrs. Turner was executed, from the mention of the odium in which yellow starch was then held. Malone informs us that it was produced after 1613, and in this statement he was quite safe, though he could not have read the play without seeing that he might have fix'd it at least two years later.

C

PROLOGUE.

A Sport, only for Christmas, is the play
This hour presents t' you : to make you merry
Is all th' ambition 't has ; and fullest aim,
Bent at your smiles, to win itself a name :
And if your edge be not quite taken off,
Wearied with sports, I hope 't will make you laugh.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BRANDINO, *an old justice.*

MARTINO, *his clerk.*

FRANCISCO, } *Two gentlemen.*

ATTILIO

Two old men, suitors to the Widow.

RICARDO, *a decayed young gentleman, and suitor to the Widow.*

LATROCINIO,

OCCULTO,

SILVIO,

STRATIO,

FIDUCIO,

} *Thieves.*

WOMEN.

VALERIA, *the Widow.*

MARTIA, *daughter to one of the old suitors, and supposed a man, under the name of ANSALDO.*

PHILIPPA, *Justice Brandino's wife.*

VIOLETTA, *her waiting-maid.*

Officers, Servants.

THE WIDOW.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter SIGNIOR MARTINO and FRANCISCO.*

Francisco. Martino!

Martino. Signior Francisco! you're the luckiest gentleman to meet

Or see first in a morning: I never saw you yet,
But I was sure of money within less than half an hour.

Francisco. I bring you the same luck still.

Martino. What, you do not?

I hope, sir, you are not come for another warrant?

Francisco. Yes, faith, for another warrant.

Martino. Why there's my dream come out then: I never dreamed of a buttock, but I was sure to have money for a warrant. It is the luckiest part of all the body to me. Let every man speak as he finds: now your usurer is of opinion, that to dream of the devil is your wealthier dream; and I think if a man dream of that part that brings many to the devil, 'tis as good: and has all one smatch indeed; for if one be the flesh, the other's the broth; so 'tis in all his members, and we mark it; if gluttony be the meat, lechery is the porridge! they're both boiled together, and we clerks will have our modicum too, though it conclude in the two-penny chop. Why sir: Signior Francisco.

Francisco. 'Twas her voice sure,

* In the margin of the old copy "Table and Standish" are inserted, at which Martino must be supposed to be sitting. C.

Or my soul takes delight to think it was,
And makes a sound like her's.

Martino. Sir, I beseech you.

Francisco. It is the prettiest contriv'd building, this :
What poesy's that, I pr'ythee?

Martino. Which, sir; that
Under the great brass squirt?

Francisco. Aye, that, sir, that.

Martino. " From fire, from water, and all things
amiss,

Deliver the house of an honest justice."

Francisco. There's like to be a good house kept then,
when fire

And water's forbidden to come into the kitchen.

Not yet a sight of her? This hour's unfortunate.

And what's that yonder, pr'ythee?—O love's famine,
There's no affliction like thee.—Aye, I hear you, sir.

Martino. You're quicker ear'd than I then : you
hear me

Before I heard myself.

Francisco. A gift in friendship ;

Some call it an instinct.

Martino. It may be,

Th' other's the sweeter phrase though. Look you, sir,
Mine own wit this, and 'tis as true as turtle :

" A goose-quill and a clerk, a constable and a lanthorn,
Bring many a bawd from coach to cart, and many a
thief to one turn."

Francisco. That " one turn" help'd you well.

Martino. It has help'd me to money indeed for many
a warrant. I am forty dollars the better for that " one
turn;" and 't would come off quicker 'twere ne'er a
whit the worse for me. But indeed when thieves are
taken, and break away twice or thrice one after
another, there's my gains; then go out more warrants
to fetch 'em again. One fine nimble villain may be
worth a man ten dollars, in and out o' that fashion; I
love such a one with my heart; aye, and will help him
to 'scape too, and I can : hear you me that. I'll have
him in at all times at a month's warning; nay, say I

let him run like a summer nag all the vacation: see you these blanks, I'll send him but one of these bridles, and bring him in at Michaelmas with a vengeance. Nothing kills my heart, but when one of 'em dies, sir, then there's no hope of more money: I had rather lose at all times two of my best kindred than an excellent thief; for he's a gentleman I'm more beholding to.

Francisco. You betray your mystery too much, sir.—

Yet no comfort?

'Tis but her sight that I waste precious time for;

For more I cannot hope for, she's so strict,

Yet that I cannot have.

Martino. I am ready now, signior.

Here are blank warrants of all dispositions: give me but the name and nature of your malefactor, and I'll bestow him according to his merits.

Francisco. This only is th' excuse that bears me out, And keeps off impudence and suspicion

From my too frequent coming. What name now

Shall I think on, and not to wrong the house?

This coxcomb will be prating.—One Attilio,

His offence wilful murder.

Martino. Wilful murder? Oh I love o' life to have such a fellow come under my fingers: like a beggar that's long a taking leave of a fat louse, I'm loth to part with him, I must look upon him over and over first. Are you wilful? i'faith I'll be as wilful as you then.

[*Philippa and Violetta at a window.*]

Philippa. Martino!

Martino. Mistress.

Philippa. Make haste, your master's going.

Martino. I'm but about a wilful murder, forsooth: I'll dispatch that presently.

Philippa. Good-morrow, sir. Oh that I durst say more.

Francisco. 'Tis gone again: since such are all life's pleasures,

No sooner known but lost, he that enjoys 'em

The length of life, has but a longer dream;

He wakes to this i' th' end, and sees all nothing.

Philippa. He cannot see me now; I'll mark him better

Before I be too rash. Sweetly compos'd he is;

Now as he stands, he's worth a woman's love,

That loves only for shape, as most of's do:

But I must have him wise, as well as proper,

He comes not in my books else', and indeed

I have thought upon a course to try his wit. *Violetta!*

Violetta. Mistress.

Philippa. Yonder's the gentleman again.

Violetta. Oh sweet mistress,

Pray give me leave to see him.

Philippa. Nay, take heed,

Open not the window, an' you love me.

Violetta. No, I've the view of his whole body here, mistress,

At this poor little slit: oh enough, enough!

In troth 'tis a fine outside.

Philippa. I see that.

Violetta. H'as curl'd his hair most judiciously well.

Philippa. Aye, there's thy love now, it begins in barbarism: she buys a goose with feathers, that loves a gentleman for's hair; she may be cozen'd to her face, wench. Away; he takes his leave. Reach me that letter hither: quick, quick, wench.

Martino. Nay, look upon't, and spare not: every one cannot get that kind of warrant from me, signior. Do you see this prick i' th' bottom, it betokens power and speed: it is a privy mark, that runs between the constables and my master. Those that cannot read, when they see this, know 'tis for lechery or murder; and this being away, the warrant comes gelded, and insufficient.

Francisco. I thank you, sir.

Martino. Look you, all these are nihils;

They want the punctiō.

Francisco. Yes, I see they do, sir;

¹ *He comes not in my books else.*] See Mr. Steevens's note on *Much Ado about Nothing*, A. 1. S. 1.

There's for thy pains; mine must go unrewarded :
The better love, the worse by fate regarded. [*Exit.*]

Martino. Well, go thy ways for the sweetest customer that ever penman was bless'd withal : now will he come for another to-morrow again. If he hold on this course, he will leave never a knave i' th' town within this twelvemonth : no matter, I shall be rich enough by that time.

Philippa. Martino !

Martino. Say you, forsooth ?

Philippa. What paper's that the gentleman let fall there ?

Martino. Paper ? 'Tis the warrant, I hope : if it be I'll hide it, and make him pay for 't again. No, pox ; 'tis not so happy.

Philippa. What is 't, sirrah ?

Martino. 'Tis nothing but a letter forsooth.

Philippa. Is that nothing ?

Martino. Nothing in respect of a warrant, mistress.

Philippa. A letter ? Why, 't has been many a man's undoing, sir.

Martino. So has a warrant, an' you go to that, mistress.

Philippa. Read but the superscription, and away with 't.

Alas it may concern the gentleman nearly.

Martino. Why, mistress, this letter is at home already.

Philippa. At home, how mean you sir ?

Martino. You shall hear, mistress. "To the deservingest of all her sex, and most worthy of his best respect and love, Mrs. Philippa Brandino."

Philippa. How, sir, to me ?

Martino. To you, mistress.

Philippa. Run, as thou lov'st my honour, and thy life, Call him again, I'll not endure this injury.

But stay, stay, now I think on 't, 'tis my credit ;
I'll have your master's counsel. Ah, base fellow,
To leave his loose lines thus ; 'tis even as much
As a poor honest gentlewoman's undoing,

Had I not a grave wise man to my husband.
And thou a vigilant varlet to admit
Thou car'st not whom.

Martino. Alas, 'tis my office, mistress.
You know you have a kirtle every year,
And 'tis within two months of the time now,
The velvet's coming over: pray be milder. A man that
has a place must take money of any body: please you
to throw me down but half a dollar, and I'll make you
a warrant for him now, that's all I care for him.

Philippa. Well, look you be clear now from this foul
conspiracy
Against mine honour, or your master's love to you,
That makes you stout, shall not maintain you here;
It shall not: trust to 't.— [Exit.

Martino. This is strange to me now:
Dare she do this, and but eight weeks to new-year's tide?
A man that had his blood as hot as her's now, would fit
her with French velvet: I'll go near it.

Enter BRANDINO and PHILIPPA.

Philippa. If this be a wrong to modest reputation,
Be you the censurer, sir, that are the master
Both of your fame and mine.

Brandino. Signior Francisco?
I'll make him fly the land.

Martino. That will be hard, sir;
I think he be not so well feather'd, master.
H' as spent the best part of his patrimony.

Philippa. Hark of his bold confederate.

Brandino. There thou'rt bitter,
And I must chide thee now.

Philippa. What should I think, sir?
He comes to your man for warrants.

Brandino. There it goes then.
Come hither knave: Comes he to you for warrants?

Martino. Why, what of that, sir?
You know I give no warrants to make cuckolds.
That comes by fortune, and by nature, sir.

Brandino. True, that comes by fortune, and by nature.

Wife, why dost thou wrong this man?

Martino. He needs no warrant, master, that goes about such business: a cuckold-maker carries always his warrant about him.

Brandino. La, has he answer'd well now, to the full? What cause hast thou to abuse him?

Philippa. Hear me out, I pray:
Through his admittance, he has had an opportunity
To come into the house, and court me boldly.

Brandino. Sirrah, you're foul again, methinks.

Martino. Who I, sir?

Brandino. You gave this man admittance into th' house.

Martino. That's true, sir: you never gave me any order yet,
To write my warrants i' th' street.

Brandino. Why sure thou tak'st delight to wrong this fellow, wife; ha, cause I love him.

Philippa. Pray, see the fruits; see what he has left behind here:

Be angry where you should be: there's few wives
Would do as I do.

Brandino. Nay, I'll say that for thee,
I ne'er found thee but honest.

Philippa. She's a beast
That ever was found otherwise.

Brandino. Read, Martino:
Mine eyes are sore already, and such a business
Would put 'em out quite.

Martino. "Fair, dear, and incomparable mistress,"—

Brandino. Oh! every letter draws a tooth, methinks.

Martino. And it leads mine to watering.

Philippa. Here's no villany?¹

Martino. "My love being so violent, and the opportunity so precious in your husband's absence to-night, who, as I understand, takes a journey this morning ——"

Brandino. Oh plot of villany!

¹ Here's no villany?] See note 11 to *The Mayor of Quinborough*, Vol. XI.

Philippa. Am I honest, think you, sir?

Brandino. Exactly honest, perfectly improved. On, on, Martino.

Martino. "I will make bold, dear mistress, though your chastity has given me many a repulse, to wait the sweet blessings of this long desired opportunity, at the back gate, between nine and ten this night —"

Brandino. I feel this inns-a-court man in my temples.

Martino. "Where if your affection be pleas'd to receive me, you receive the faithfullest that ever vow'd service to woman,——Francisco."

Brandino. I will make Francisco smart for 't.

Philippa. Shew him the letter; let him know you know him;

That will torment him: all your other courses
Are nothing sir, to that; that breaks his heart.

Brandino. The strings shall not hold long then. Come Martino.

Philippa. Now if Francisco have any wit at all,
He comes at night; if not he never shall. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter FRANCISCO, RICARDO, and ATTILIO.

Ricardo. Nay, mark, mark it, Francisco: it was the naturallest courtesy that ever was ordained; a young gentleman being spent, to have a rich widow set him up again; to see how fortune has provided for all mortality's ruins; your college for your old-standing scholar; your hospital for your lame creeping soldier; your bawd for your mangled roarer; your open house for your beggar; and your widow for your gentleman: Ha, Francisco!

Francisco. I, sir, you may be merry, you're in hope of a rich widow.

Ricardo. And why should'st not thou be in hope of another, if there were any spirit in thee; thou art as likely a fellow as any in the company. I'll be hang'd now if I do not hit the true cause of thy sadness; and confess truly, i'faith: thou hast some land unsold yet, I hold my life.

Francisco. Marry, I hope so, sir.

Ricardo. A pox on 't, have I found it? 'Slight, away with it with all speed man. I was never merry at heart while I had a foot. Why, man, fortune never minds us, till we are left alone to ourselves; for what need she take care for them that do nothing but take care for themselves? Why, dost think if I had kept my lands still, I should ever have look'd after a rich widow? Alas, I should have married some poor young maid, got five-and-twenty children, and undone myself.

Francisco. I protest, sir, I should not have the face though to come to a rich widow with nothing.

Ricardo. Why, art thou so simple as thou mak'st thyself? Dost think i' faith I come to a rich widow with nothing?

Francisco. I mean with state not answerable to her's.

Ricardo. Why there's the fortune, man, that I talk'd on:

She knows all this, and yet I am welcome to her.

Francisco. I? that's strange, sir.

Ricardo. Nay more, to pierce thy hard heart,
And make thee sell thy land, if thou'st any grace,
She has, 'mongst others, two substantial suitors:
One, in good time be't spoke, I owe much money to,
She knows this too; and yet I'm welcome to her,
Nor dares this unconscionable rascal trouble me.
Sh' as told him thus; those that profess love to her
Shall have the liberty to come and go,
Or else get him gone first: she knows not yet
Where fortune may bestow her, she's her gift,
Therefore to all will shew a kind respect.

Francisco. Why this is like a woman. I ha' no luck in 't.

Ricardo. And as at the sheriff's table, O blest custom!

A poor indebted gentleman may dine,
Feed well, and without fear, and depart so;
So to her lips fearless I come and go.

Francisco. You may well boast, y' are much the happier man, sir.

Ricardo. So you would be, and you would sell your land, sir.

Francisco. I have heard the circumstance of your sweet fortune:

Pr'ythee give ear to my unlucky tale now.

Ricardo. That's an ill hearing; but come, for once, sir.

Francisco. I never yet lov'd but one woman.

Ricardo. Right, I begun so too; but I have lov'd a thousand since.

Francisco. Pray hear me, sir: but this is a man's wife.

Ricardo. So has five hundred of my thousand been.

Francisco. Nay see, and you'll regard me.

Ricardo. No! you see I do,

I bring you an example in for every thing.

Francisco. This man's wife—

Ricardo. So you said.

Francisco. Seems very strict.

Ricardo. Ha, humph!

Francisco. Do you laugh at that?

Ricardo. Seems very strict you said:

I hear you, man; aye faith, you are so jealous still.

Francisco. But why should that make you laugh?

Ricardo. Because she seems so; you're such another—

Francisco. Nay, sir, I think she is.

Ricardo. You cannot tell then.

Francisco. I dare not ask the question, I protest,
For fear of a repulse, which yet not having,
My mind's the quieter, and I live in hope still.

Ricardo. Ha, hum! This 'tis to be a landed man.
Come, I perceive I must shew you a little of my fortune, and instruct you: Not ask the question?

Francisco. Methought still she frown'd, sir.

Ricardo. Why that's the cause, fool, that she look'd so scurvily. Come, come, make me your woman, you'll ne'er do't else: I'll shew you her condition presently. I perceive you must begin like a young vaulter, and get up at horse-tail, before you can get

into the saddle. Have you the boldness to utter your mind to me now, being but in hose and doublet? I think, if I should put on a farthingale, thou would'st never have the heart to do't.

Francisco. Perhaps I should not then for laughing at you, sir.

Ricardo. In the mean time I fear I shall laugh at thee without one.

Francisco. Nay, you must think, friend, I dare speak to a woman.

Ricardo. You shall pardon me for that, friend: I will not think it, till I see 't.

Francisco. Why you shall then: I shall be glad to learn too,

Of one so deep as you are.

Ricardo. So you may, sir. Now 'tis my best course to look mildly,

I shall put him out at first else.

Francisco. A word, sweet lady.

Ricardo. With me, sir? say your pleasure.

Francisco. O Ricardo,

Thou art too good to be a woman long.

Ricardo. Do not find fault with this, for fear I prove Too scornful. Be content when you 're well us'd.

Francisco. You say well, sir.—Lady I have lov'd you long.

Ricardo. 'Tis a good hearing, sir.—If he be not out now, I'll be hang'd.

Francisco. You play a scornful woman! I perceive, Ricardo, you have not been us'd to 'em: why, I'll come in at my pleasure with you. Alas, 'tis nothing for a man to talk, when a woman gives way to 't: one shall seldom meet with a lady so kind, as thou play'dst her.

Ricardo. Not altogether, perhaps: he that draws their pictures must flatter 'em a little; they'll look he that plays 'em should do 't a great deal then.

Francisco. Come, come, I'll play the woman, that I'm us'd to: I see you ne'er wore shoe that pinch'd you yet; all your things come on easy.

Ricardo. Say you so, sir?
I'll try your ladyship 'faith.—Lady, well met.

Francisco. I do not think so, sir.

Ricardo. A scornful gom!² And at the first dash too: my widow never gave me such an answer. I'll to you again, sir. Fairest of creatures, I do love thee infinitely.

Francisco. There's nobody bids you, sir.

Ricardo. Pox on thee, thou art the beastliest cross-est baggage that ever man met withal; but I'll see thee hang'd, sweet lady, ere I be daunted with this. Why, thou'rt too awkward, sirrah.

Francisco. Hang thee, base fellow.

Ricardo. Now, by this light, he thinks he does 't indeed. Nay, then, have at your plumb-tree: faith; I'll not be foil'd.—Though you seem to be careless, madam, as you have enough wherewithal to be, yet I do, must, and will love you.

Francisco. Sir, if you begin to be rude, I'll call my woman.

Ricardo. What a pestilent quean's this! I shall have much ado with her, I see that. Tell me, as you're a woman, lady, what serve kisses for, but to stop all your mouths?

Francisco. Hold, hold, Ricardo.

Ricardo. Disgrace me, widow.

Francisco. Art mad? I'm Francisco.

Attilio. Signior Ricardo, up, up.

Ricardo. Who is 't, Francisco?

Francisco. Francisco, quotha? What, are you mad, sir?

Ricardo. A bots on thee, thou dost not know what injury thou hast done me: I was i' th' fairest dream. This is your way now, and you can follow it.

Francisco. 'Tis a strange way, methinks.

² gom [J] Junius, in his Etymologicon, says, that *gom* or *gome*, signifies a man.—Ricardo therefore means, that Francisco, in his assumed character of a woman, acts not with the softness and delicacy of a female, but with the scorn and haughtiness of a male.

Ricardo. Learn you to play a woman not so scornfully then;

For I am like the actor that you spoke on :
I must have the part that overcomes the lady,
I never like the play else.—Now your friendship,
But to assist a subtle trick I ha' thought on,
And the rich widow's mine within these three hours.

Attilio and Francisco. We should be proud of that, sir.

Ricardo. List to me then.
I'll place you two—I can do't handsomely,
I know the house so well—to hear the conference
'Twixt her and I. She's a most affable one;
Her words will give advantage, and I'll urge 'em
To the kind proof, to catch her in a contract,
Then shall you both step in 'as witnesses,
And take her in the snare.

Francisco. But do you love her?
And then 'twill prosper.

Ricardo. By this hand I do,
Not for her wealth, but for her person too.

Francisco. It shall be done, then.

Ricardo. But stay, stay, Francisco;
Where shall we meet with thee some two hours hence,
now?

Francisco. Why, hark you, sir.

Ricardo. Enough, command my life,
Get me the widow, I'll get thee the wife.

[*Exeunt Ricardo and Attilio.*]

Francisco. Oh that's now with me past hope; yet I
must love her.
I would I could not do't.

Enter BRANDINO and MARTINO.

Martino. Yonder's the villain, master.

Brandino. Francisco? I am happy.

Martino. Let's both draw, master, for there's nobody
with him.

Stay, stay, master,
Do not you draw till I be ready too,
Let's draw just both together, and keep ev'n.

Brandino. What and we kill'd him now, before he saw us?

Martino. No, then he will hardly see to read the letter.

Brandino. That's true: good counsel, marry.

Martino. Marry thus much, sir: you may kill him lawfully, all the while he's a reading on 't, as an ana-baptist may lie with a brother's wife, all the while he's asleep.

Brandino. He turns; he looks. Come on, sir, you, Francisco;

I lov'd your father well, but you're a villain:
He lov'd me well too; but you love my wife, sir:
After whom take you that? I will not say
Your mother play'd false.

Francisco. No, sir, you were not best.

Brandino. But I will say, in spite of thee, my wife's honest.

Martino. And I, my mistress.

Francisco. You may, I'll give you leave.

Brandino. Leave, or leave not, there she defies you, sir.

Keep your adulterous sheet to wind you in,
Or cover your forbidden parts at least,
For fear you want one: many a letcher may,
That sins in cambrick now.

Martino. And in lawn too, master.

Brandino. Nay, read, and tremble, sir.

Martino. Now shall I do 't, master? I see a piece of an open seam in his shirt, shall I run him in there, for my sword has ne'er a point?

Brandino. No, let him foam a while.

Martino. If your sword be no better than mine, we shall not kill him by day-light; we had need have a lanthorn.

Brandino. Talk not of lanthorns, he's a sturdy letcher:

He would make the horns fly about my ears.

Francisco. I apprehend thee: Admirable woman!
Which to love best I know not, thy wit or beauty.

Brandino. Now, sir, have you well view'd your bas-
tard there,
Got of your lustful brain? 'Give you joy on't.

Francisco. I thank you, sir; altho' you speak in
jest,

I must confess, I sent your wife this letter,
And often courted, tempted, and urg'd her.

Brandino. Did you so, sir?
Then first, before I kill thee, I forewarn thee my
house.

Martino. And I, before I kill thee, forewarn thee
my office: die to-morrow; next thou never get'st
warrant of me more, for love or money.

Francisco. Remember but again from whence I
came, sir,
And then I know you cannot think amiss of me.

Brandino. How's this?

Martino. Pray hear him: it may grow to a peace;
For, master, though we have carried the business
nobly, we are not altogether so valiant as we should
be.

Brandino. Peace, thou say'st true in that. What
is't you'd say, sir?

Francisco. Was not my father (quietness be with
him)

And you sworn brothers?

Brandino. Why, right; that's it urges me.

Francisco. And could you have a thought that I
could wrong you,
As far as the deed goes?

Brandino. You took the course, sir.

Francisco. To make you happy, if you rightly
weigh'd it.

Martino. Troth I'll put up at all adventures,
master:

It comes off very fair yet.

Francisco. You in years

Married a young maid. What does the world judge,
think you?

Martino. By'r lady, master, knavishly enough, I warrant you:
I should do so myself.

Francisco. Now to damp slander,
And all her envious and suspicious brood,
I made this friendly trial of her constancy,
Being son to him you lov'd: that now confirm'd,
I might advance my sword against the world
In her most fair defence, which joys my spirit.

Martino. Oh, master, let me weep, while you embrace him.

Brandino. Francisco, is thy father's soul in thee?
Lives he here still? What, will he show himself
In his male seed to me? Give me thy hand;
Methinks it feels now like thy father's to me.
Pr'ythee forgive me.

Martino. And me too, pr'ythee.

Brandino. Come to my house, thy father never miss'd it.

Martino. Fetch now as many warrants as you please, sir,
And welcome too.

Francisco. To see how soon man's goodness
May be abused.

Brandino. But now I know thy intent,
Welcome to all that I have.

Francisco. Sir, I take it:
A gift so given, hang him that would forsake it. [*Exit.*]

Brandino. Martino, I applaud my fortune, and thy counsel.

Martino. You never have ill fortune when you follow it.
Here were things carried now in the true nature of a
quiet duello;
A great strife ended, without the rough soldier, or
the—

And now you may take your journey.

Brandino. Thou art my glee, Martino. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter VALERIA and a SERVANT.

Valeria. Servellio.

Servant. Mistress.

Valeria. If that fellow come again,
Answer him without me: I'll not speak with him.

Servant. He in the nutmeg-colour'd band, forsooth?

Valeria. Aye, that spic'd coxcomb, sir. Never
may I marry again

If his right worshipful idolatrous face
Be not most fearfully painted; so hope comfort me,
I might perceive it peel in many places,
And under 's eye lay a betraying foulness,
As maids sweep dust o' th' house all to one corner:
It shew'd me enough there, prodigious pride,
That cannot but fall scornfully. I'm a woman,
Yet, I praise Heaven, I never had the ambition
To go about to mend a better workman:
She ever shames herself i' th' end that does it.
He that likes me not now, as Heaven made me,
I will never hazard hell to do him a pleasure;
Nor lie ev'ry night like a woodcock in paste
To please some gaudy goose i' th' morning.
A wise man likes that best, that is itself,
Not that which only seems, tho' it look fairer.
Heaven send me one that loves me, and I'm happy,
Of whom I'll make great trial ere I have him.
Though I speak all men fair, and promise sweetly,
I learn that of my suitors 'tis their own,
Therefore injustice 't were to keep it from 'em.

Enter RICARDO.

Ricardo. And so as I said, sweet widow.

Valeria. Do you begin where you left, sir?

Ricardo. I always desire, when I come to a widow,
to begin i' th' middle of a sentence? for I presume she
has a bad memory of a woman, that cannot remember
what goes before.

Valeria. Stay, stay, sir; let me look upon you well: Are not you painted too?

Ricardo. How, painted, widow?

Valeria. Not painted widow, I do not use it, trust me, sir.

Ricardo. That makes me love thee.

Valeria. I mean painted gentleman,
Or if you please to give him a greater stile, sir.
Blame me not, sir, it's a dangerous age I tell you,
Poor simple-dealing women had need look about 'em.

Ricardo. But is there such a fellow in the world,
widow,

As you are pleas'd to talk on?

Valeria. Nay, here lately; sir.

Ricardo. Here? a pox, I think I smell him, 'tis vermillion sure: ha; oil of ben.³ Do but shew him me, widow, and let me never hope for comfort, if I do not immediately geld him, and grind his face upon one o'th' stones.

Valeria. Suffices you have express'd me your love and valour, and manly hate against that unmanly pride; but, sir, I'll save you that labour; he never comes within my door again.

Ricardo. I'll love your door the better while I know't, widow: a pair of such brothers were fitter for posts⁴ without door, indeed, to make a shew at a new-chosen magistrate's gate, than to be used in a woman's chamber. No, sweet widow, having me, you've the truth of a man; all that you see of me is full of mine own, and what you see, or not see, shall be yours: I ever hated to be beholden to art, or to borrow any thing but money.

[*Francisco and Attilio stand unseen.*]

Valeria. True; and that you never use to pay again.

³ oil of ben.] "*Been* or *Behen*, in pharmacy, denotes a medicinal root, celebrated, especially among the Arabs, for its aromatic, cardiac, and alexiterial virtues." *Chambers's Dictionary*. The same writer says, there are two kinds of *Been*, white and red, and that they are both brought from the Levant, and have the same virtues, being substituted for each other.

⁴ fitter for posts, &c.] See note 44 to *The Honest Whore*, Vol. III.

Ricardo. What matter is't? If you be pleas'd to do't
For me, I hold it as good.

Valeria. Oh, soft you, sir, I pray.

Ricardo. Why, 'faith, you may an' you will.

Valeria. I know that, sir.

Ricardo. Troth, and I would have my will then, if I
were as you:

There's few women else but have.

Valeria. But since I cannot have it in all, signior, I
care not to have it in any thing.

Ricardo. Why you may have it in all, an' you will,
widow.

Valeria. Pish; I would have one that loves me for
myself, sir, not for my wealth; and that I cannot have.

Ricardo. What say you to him that does the thing
you wish for?

Valeria. Why, here's my hand, I'll marry none but
him then.

Ricardo. Your hand and faith.

Valeria. My hand and faith.

Ricardo. 'Tis I, then.

Valeria. I shall be glad on't, trust me; 'shrew my
heart else.

Ricardo. A match.

Enter FRANCISCO and ATTILIO.

Francisco. Give you joy, sweet widow.

Attilio. Joy to you both.

Valeria. How?

Ricardo. Nay, there's no starting now; I have you
fast, widow. You're witness, gentlemen.

Francisco and Attilio. We'll be depos'd on it.

Valeria. Am I betray'd to this, then? Then I see
'Tis for my wealth: a woman's wealth's her traitor.

Ricardo. 'Tis for love chiefly, I protest, sweet widow;
I count wealth but a fiddle to make us merry.

Valeria. Hence!

Ricardo. Why, thou'rt mine.

Valeria. I do renounce it utterly.

Ricardo. Have I not hand and faith?

Valeria. Sir, take your course.

Ricardo. With all my heart; ten courses an' you will, widow.

Valeria. Sir, sir, I'm not so gamesome as you think me: I'll stand you out by law.

Ricardo. By law! O cruel, merciless woman, To talk of law, and know I have no money.

Valeria. I will consume myself to the last stamp,* Before thou gett'st me.

Ricardo. 'Life, I'll be as wilful, then, too: I'll rob all the carriers in Christendom; but I'll have thee, and find my lawyers money:

I scorn to get thee under *forma pauperis*;

I have too proud a heart, and love thee better.

Valeria. As for you, gentlemen, I'll take course against you:

You came into my house without my leave;

Your practices are cunning and deceitful;

I know you not, and I hope law will right me.

Ricardo. It is sufficient that your husband knows 'em:

'Tis not your business to know every man,

An honest wife contents herself with one.

Valeria. You know what you shall trust to, pray depart, sir,

And take your rude confederates along with you,

Or I will send for those shall force your absence:

I'm glad I found your purpose out so soon.

How quickly may poor women be undone!

Ricardo. Lose thee! by this hand I'll see fifteen counsellors first, though I undo a hundred poor men for 'em; and I'll make 'em yaul one another deaf, but I'll have thee.

Valeria. Me!

Ricardo. Thee.

Valeria. Aye, fret thy heart out. [Exit Ricardo.

Francisco. Were I he now,

I'd see thee starve for man before I had thee.

Valeria. Pray counsel him to that, sir, and I'll pay you well.

* stamp.] i. e. halfpenny.

Francisco. Pay me! pay your next husband.

Valeria. Do not scorn't, gallant: a worse woman than I

Has paid a better man than you.

[*Exeunt Attilio and Francisco.*

Enter two old SUITORS.

First Suitor. Why, how now, sweet widow?

Valeria. Oh, kind gentlemen,
I'm so abused here.

Ambo. Abus'd!

Valeria. What will you do, sirs? Put up your weapons.

Second Suitor. Nay, they're not so easily drawn, that I must tell you; mine has not been out these three years. Marry, in your cause, widow, 'twould not be long a drawing. Abus'd! by whom, widow?

Valeria. Nay, by a beggar.

Second Suitor. A beggar! I'll have him whipt then, and sent to the house of correction.

Valeria. Ricardo, sir.

Second Suitor. Ricardo! Nay, by the mass he's a gentleman beggar; he'll be hang'd before he be whipt. Why, you'll give me leave to clap him up, I hope?

Valeria. 'Tis good for him; that's the thing he would have:

He would be clapt up whether I would or no methinks.
Plac'd two of his companions privately,
Unknown to me, on purpose to entrap me
In my kind answers; and at last stole from me,
That which I fear will put me to some trouble,
A kind of verbal courtesy, which his witnesses
And he, forsooth, call by the name of contract.

First Suitor. O politic villain!

Valeria. But I'm resolv'd, gentlemen,
If the whole power of my estate can cast him,
He never shall obtain me.

Second Suitor. Hold you there, widow:
Well fare your heart for that, i' faith.

First Suitor. Stay, stay, stay;
You broke no gold between you?

Valeria. We broke nothing, sir.

First Suitor. Nor drunk to one another?

Valeria. Not a drop, sir.

First Suitor. You're sure of this you speak?

Valeria. Most certain, sir.

First Suitor. Be of good comfort, wench. I'll undertake, then,

At mine own charge to overthrow him for thee.

Valeria. O do but that, sir, and you bind me to you; Here shall I try your goodness. I'm but a woman, And, alas, ignorant in law businesses: I'll bear the charge most willingly.

First Suitor. Not a penny;

Thy love will reward me.

Valeria. And where love must be,
It is all but one purse, now I think on't.

First Suitor. All comes to one, sweet widow.

Second Suitor. Are you so forward?

First Suitor. I know his mates, Attilio and Francisco;
I'll get out process, and attach 'em all:
We'll begin first with them.

Valeria. I like that strangely.

First Suitor. I have a daughter run away, I shank her:
I'll be a scourge to all youth for her sake.
Some of 'em has got her up.

Valeria. Your daughter! What, sir, Martin?

First Suitor. Aye, a shake wed her!

I would have married her to a wealthy gentleman,
No older than myself, she was like to be shrewdly hurt,
widow.

Valeria. It was too happy for her.

First Suitor. I'm of thy mind.

Farewell, sweet widow, I'll about this straight.
I'll have 'em all three put into one writ,
And so save charges.

Valeria. How I love your providence!

[*Exit First Suitor.*]

Second Suitor. Is my nose bor'd? I'll cross you both
for this,

Although it cost me as much o' th' other side:
I have enough, and I will have my humour.

I may get out of her what may undo her too.

Hark you, sweet widow, you must now take heed

You be of a sure ground, he'll overthrow you else.

Valeria. Marry, fair hope forbid.

Second Suitor. That will he: marry let me see, let me see: pray how far past it between you and Ricardo?

Valeria. Farther, sir,
Than I would now it had; but I hope well yet.

Second Suitor. Pray let me hear't: I've a shrewd guess o'th' law.

Valeria. Faith, sir, I rashly gave my hand and faith
To marry none but him.

Second Suitor. Indeed!

Valeria. Aye, trust me, sir.

Second Suitor. I'm very glad on't: I'm another witness,
And he shall have you now.

Valeria. What said you, sir?

Second Suitor. He shall not want money in an honest cause, widow,
I know I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Valeria. Are all the world betrayers?

Second Suitor. Pish, pish, widow,
Y' have borne me in hand⁶ this three months, and now fobb'd me:

I've known the time when I could please a woman,
I'll not be laugh'd at now: when I'm crost, I'm a tiger;

I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Valeria. This only shews your malice to me, sir.
The world knows you ha' small reason to help him,
So much is your debt already.

Second Suitor. Therefore I do't,
I have no way but that to help myself.
Though I lose you, I will not lose all, widow:
He marrying you, as I will follow 't for him,
I'll make you pay his debts, or lie without him.

Valeria. I look'd for this from you. [Exit.

⁶ Y' have borne me in hand, &c.] See note 20 to *Ram Alley*, Vol. V.

Second Suitor. I ha' not deceiv'd you then :
Fret, vex, and chafe, I'm obstinate where I take.
I'll seek him out, and cheer him up against her ;
I ha' no charge at all, no child of mine own,
But two I got once of a scowering woman,
And they're both well provided for ; they're i' th' hos-
pital :

I have ten thousand pound to bury me, and I will have
my humour. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter FRANCISCO.

Francisco. A man must have a time to serve his
pleasure,
As well as his dear friend, I'm forc'd to steal from
'em,
To get this night of sport for mine own use.
What says her amiable witty letter here ?
'Twixt nine and ten—now 'tis 'twixt six and seven,
As fit as can be: he that follows letchery
Leaves all at six and seven, and so do I methinks.
Sun sets at eight, it's above an hour high yet ;
Some fifteen mile have I before I reach her ;
But I've an excellent horse, and a good gallop.
Helps a man as much as a provoking banquet.

Enter FIRST SUITOR, with OFFICERS.

First Suitor. Here's one of 'em, begin with him first,
officers.

Officer. By virtue of this writ we attach your body,
sir.

Francisco. My body? 'life, for what?

First Suitor. Hold him fast, officers.

Officer. The least of us can do't, now his sword's
off, sir ;

We have a trick of hanging upon gentlemen,
We never lose a man.

Francisco. O treacherous fortune!

Why what's the cause?

First Suitor. The widow's business, sir :
I hope you know me?

Francisco. For a busy coxcomb,
This fifteen year, I take it.

First Suitor. Oh y're mad, sir:
Simple though you make me, I stand for the widow.

Francisco. She's simply stood for then. What's this
to me, sir,

Or she, or you, or any of these flesh-hooks?

First Suitor. Y' are like to find good bail before you
leave us,

Or lie till the suit's tried.

Francisco. O my love's misery.

First Suitor. I'm put in trust to follow't, and I'll do't
with all severity: build upon that, sir.

Enter RICARDO and ATTILIO.

Francisco. How I could curse myself!

Ricardo. Look, here's Francisco;
Will you believe me, now you see his qualities?

Attilio. 'Tis strange to me.

Ricardo. I tell you 'tis his fashion,
He never stole away in's life from me,
But still I found him in such scurvy company.
A pox on thee, Francisco, wilt never leave thy old
Tricks? are these lousy companions for thee?

Francisco. Pish, pish, pish.

First Suitor. Here they be all three now: 'prehend
'em, officers.

Ricardo. What's this?

Francisco. I gave you warning enough to make
away.

I'm in for the widow's business, so are you now.

Ricardo. What, all three in a noose! this is like a
widow's business indeed.

First Suitor. Sh' has catch'd you, gentlemen, as you
catch'd her;

The widow means now to begin with you, sir.

Ricardo. I thank her heartily, sh' has taught me wit:
for had I been any but an ass, I should ha' begun with
her indeed. By this light, the widow's a notable house-
wife, she bestirs herself. I have a greater mind to her
now than e'er I had: I cannot go to prison for one I

love better, I protest, that's one good comfort. And what are you, I pray, sir, for a coxcomb?

First Suitor. It seems you know me, by your anger, sir.

Ricardo. I've a near guess at you, sir.

First Suitor. Guess what you please, sir, I'm he ordained to trounce you; and indeed I am the man must carry her.

Ricardo. Aye, to me;
But I'll swear she's a beast, and she carry thee.

First Suitor. Come, where's your bail, sir? quickly, or away.

Ricardo. Sir, I'm held wrongfully, my bail's taken already.

First Suitor. Where is it, sir, where?

Enter SECOND SUITOR.

Ricardo. Here they be both: pox on you, they were taken before I'd need of them. And you be honest officers, let's bail one another; for by this hand, I do not know who will else—'Od's light, is he come too? I'm in for midnight then, I shall never find the way out again. My debts, my debts! I'm like to die i' th' hole now.

First Suitor. We have him fast, old signior, and his consorts;

Now you may lay action on action on him.

Second Suitor. That may I, sir, i' faith.

First Suitor. And I'll not spare him, sir.

Second Suitor. Know you me, officers?

Officer. Your bounteous worship, sir.

Ricardo. I know the rascal so well, I dare not look upon him.

Second Suitor. Upon my worth, deliver me that gentleman.

Francisco. Which gentleman?

Second Suitor. Not you, sir, y're too hasty;
No, nor you neither, sir; pray stay your time.

Ricardo. There's all but I now, and I dare not think He means me.

Second Suitor. Deliver me Ricardo.

Ricardo. O sure he lies,
Or else I do not hear well.

Officer. Signior Ricardo.

Ricardo. Well, what's the matter?

Officer. You may go, who lets you? It is his worship's pleasure, sir, to bail you.

Ricardo. Bail me?

Second Suitor. Aye will I, sir. Look in my face, man:

Thou'st a good cause, thou'lt pay me when thou'rt able?

Ricardo. Aye, every penny, as I am a gentleman.

Second Suitor. No matter if thou dost not, then I'll make thee,

And that's as good at all times.

First Suitor. But I pray, sir,
You go against the hair there?

Second Suitor. Against the widow, you mean, sir:
Why 'tis my purpose truly, and against you too.
I saw your politic combination,
I was thrust out between you. Here stands one
Shall do as much for you; and he stands rightest;
His cause is strong and fair, nor shall he want
Money, or means, or friends, but he shall have her:
I've enough, and I will have my humour.

First Suitor. Hang thee; I have a purse as good as thine.

Ricardo. I think they're much alike, they're rich knaves both.

'Heart, an' I take you railing at my patron, sir,
I'll cramp your joints.

Second Suitor. Let him alone, sweet honey,
I thank thee for thy love, though.

Ricardo. This is wonderful.

Francisco. Oh Ricardo,

'Tis seven struck in my pocket: I lose time now.

Ricardo. What say'st, Francisco?

⁷ You go against the hair there.] See note 42 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, Vol. II.

Francisco. I ha' mighty business,
That I ne'er thought on: get me bail'd, I'm spoil'd
else.

Ricardo. Why you know 'tis such a strange miracu-
lous courtesy,
I dare not be too forward to ask more of him,
For fear he repent this, and turn me in again.

Francisco. Do somewhat, and you love me.

Ricardo. I'll make trial, i'faith.
May't please you, sir:—'life, if I should spoil all now?

Second Suitor. What say'st, Ricardo?

Ricardo. Only a thing by th' way, sir;
Use your own pleasure.

Second Suitor. That I like well from thee.

Ricardo. 'Twere good, and those two gentlemen
were bail'd too,
They're both my witnesses.

Second Suitor. They're well, they're well:
And they were bail'd, we know not where to find 'em.
Let 'em go to prison, they'll be forthcoming the better:
I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Ricardo. I knew there was no more good to be done
upon him:

'Tis well I've this, heaven knows I never look'd for't.

Francisco. What plaguy luck had I to be ensnar'd
thus?

Officer. O, patience.

Enter BRANDINO and MARTINO.

Francisco. Pox on your comfortable ignorance.

Brandino. Martino, we ride slow:

Martino. But we ride sure, sir:

Your hasty riders often come short home, master.

Brandino. 'Bless this fair company.

Francisco. Here he's again too,
I am both asham'd and cross'd.

Brandino. See'st thou who's yonder, Martino?

Martino. We ride slow, I'll be sworn now, master.

Brandino. How now, Francisco, art thou got before
me?

Francisco. Yes, thank my fortune, I am got before you.

Brandino. What now? in hold?

Ricardo. Aye, o' my troth, poor gentleman;
Your wershship, sir, may do a good deed to bail him.

Brandino. Why do not you do't then?

Martino. La you sir now, my master has that honesty,
He's loth to take a good deed from you, sir.

Ricardo. I'll tell you why I cannot, else I would,
sir.

Francisco. Luck, I beseech thee!

If he should be wrought to bail me now, to go to
His wife, 'twere happiness beyond expression.

Brandino. A matter but of controversy?

Ricardo. That's all, trust me, sir.

Brandino. Francisco shall ne'er lie for't: he's my
friend,

And I will bail him.

Martino. He's your secret friend, master;

Think upon that.

Brandino. Give him his liberty, officers.

Upon my peril he shall be forthcoming.

Francisco. How I am bound to you!

First Suitor. Know you whom you cross, sir?

'Tis at your sister's suit: be well advis'd, sir.

Brandino. How, at my sister's suit? take him again
then.

Francisco. Why, sir, do you refuse me?

Brandino. I'll not hear thee.

Ricardo. This is unkindly done, sir.

First Suitor. 'Tis wisely done, sir.

Second Suitor. Well shot, foul malice.

First Suitor. Flattery stinks worse, sir.

Ricardo. You'll never leave till I make you stink as
bad, sir.

Francisco. Oh Martino, have I this for my late
kindness?

Martino. Alas, poor gentleman, do'st complain to
me?

Thou shalt not fare the worse for't. Hark you, master,

Your sister's suit, said you?

Brandino. Aye, sir, my wife's sister.

Martino. And shall that daunt you master? think again.

Why, wer't your mother's suit; your mother's suit,
Mark what I say, the dearest suit of all suits,
You're bound in conscience, sir, to bail this gentleman.

Brandino. Yea, am I so? how provest thou that,
Martino?

Martino. Have you forgot so soon, what he did lately?
Has he not tried your wife to your hand, master,
To cut the throat of slander and suspicion?
And can you do too much for such a man?
Shall it be said, I serve an ungrateful master?

Brandino. Never, Martino; I will bail him now,
An'twere at my wife's suit.

Francisco. 'Tis like to be so. [Aside.]

Martino. And I his friend, to follow your example,
master.

Francisco. Precious Martino!

First Suitor. Y'ave done wondrous well, sir:
Your sister shall give you thanks.

Ricardo. This makes him mad, sir.

Second Suitor. We'll follow't now to th' proof.

First Suitor. Follow your humour out,
The widow shall find friends.

Second Suitor. And so shall he, sir,
Money and means.

Ricardo. Hear you me that, old huddle?

Second Suitor. Mind him not, follow me, and I'll
supply thee.

Thou shalt give all thy lawyers double fees:

I've buried money enough to bury me,

And I will have my humour.

[Exit.]

Brandino. Fare thee well once again, my dear Fran-
cisco:

I pr'ythee use my house.

Francisco. It is my purpose, sir.

Brandino. Nay, you must do't then; tho' I'm old,
I'm free.

[Exit.]

Martino. And, when you want a warrant, come to me. [*Erit.*]

Francisco. That will be shortly now, within these few hours.

This fell out strangely happy. Now to horse,
I shall be nighted; but an hour or two
Never breaks square in love: he comes in time
That comes at all; absence is all love's crime. [*Erit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter OCCULTO, SILVIO, and two or three other thieves.

Occulto. Come, come, let's watch th' event on yonder hill;

If he need help, we can relieve him suddenly.

Silvio. Aye, and with safety too, the hill being watch'd, sir.

Occulto. Have you the blue-coats and the beards?

Silvio. They're here, sir.

Occulto. Come, come away then: a fine cock shoot* evening. [*Ereunt.*]

*Enter LATROCINIO the chief thief, and ANSALDO.**

Latrocinio sings.

Kuck before, and kuck behind, &c.

Ansaldo. Troth you're the merriest, and delight-fullest company, sir,

That ever traveller was blest withal;

I praise my fortune that I overtook you, sir.

Latrocinio. Pish, I've hundred of 'em.

Ansaldo. And, believe me, sir,

I'm infinitely taken with such things.

Latrocinio. I see there's music in you: you kept time, methought,

Pretty handsomely with your little hand there.

Ansaldo. It only shews desire, but troth no skill, sir.

* cock shoot.] Cock shoot is twilight. See the notes of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Tollet to *King Richard the Third*, A. 5. S. 3.

* i. e. Martia, daughter of the old Suitor, disguised and passing under the name of Ansaldo. C.

Latrocinio. Well, while our horses walk down yonder hill,

I'll have another for you.

Ansaldo. It rids way pleasantly.

Latrocinio. Let me see now:—one confounds another, sir;

You've heard this certainly, *Come my dainty doxies—*

Ansaldo. Oh, that's all the country over, sir:

There's scarce a gentlewoman but has that prick'd.

Latrocinio. Well, here comes one I'm sure you never heard, then.

SONG.

I keep my horse, I keep my whore,
I take no rents, yet am not poor;
I traverse all the land about,
And yet was born to never a foot:
With partridge plump, with woodcock fine,
I do at midnight often dine;
And if my whore be not in case,
My hostess' daughter has her place.
The maids sit up, and watch their turns,
If I stay long, the tapster mourns;
The cookmaid has no mind to sin,
Tho' tempted by the chamberlain:
But when I knock, oh how they bustle,
The hostler yawns, the geldings jostle;
If maid but sleep, oh how they curse her,
And all this comes of, Deliver your purse, sir.

Ansaldo. How, sir?

Latrocinio. Few words. Quickly, come, deliver your purse, sir.

Ansaldo. You're not that kind of gentleman, I hope, sir,

To sing me out of my money?

Latrocinio. 'Tis most fit

Art should be rewarded: you must pay your music, sir,

Where'er you come.

Ansaldo. But not at your own carving.

Latrocinio. Nor am I common in it. Come, come, your purse, sir.

Ansaldo. Say it should prove the undoing of a gentleman?

Latrocinio. Why, sir, do you look for more conscience in usurers?

Young gentleman, you've small reason for that, i'faith.

Ansaldo. There 'tis, and all I have; and, so truth comfort me,

All I know where to have.

Latrocinio. Sir, that's not written

In my belief yet; search, 'tis a fine evening,

Your horse can take no harm: I must have more, sir.

Ansaldo. May my hopes perish, if you have not all, sir,

And more I know than your compassionate charity Would keep from me, if you but felt my wants.

Latrocinio. Search, and that speedily: if I take you in hand,

You'll find me rough. Methinks men should be rul'd, When they're so kindly spoke to; fie upon 't.

Ansaldo. Good fortune and my wit assist me then!

A thing I took in haste, and never thought on't.

Look, sir, I've search'd; here's all that I can find,

And you're so covetous, you will have all you say,

And I'm content you shall, being kindly spoke to.

Latrocinio. A pox o' that young devil of a handful long;

That has fraid many a tall thief⁹ from a rich purchase.¹⁰

Ansaldo. This, and my money, sir, keep company;

Where one goes, the other must: assure your soul

They vow'd never to part.

Latrocinio. Hold, I beseech you, sir.

Ansaldo. You rob a prisoner's box, if you rob me, sir.

⁹ tall thief.] See note 28 to *The Pinner of Wakefield*, Vol. III.

¹⁰ purchase.] See note 33 to *The Second Part of The Honest Whore*, Vol. III.

Latrocinio. There 'tis again.

Ansaldo. I knew't would never prosper with you.
Fie, rob a younger brother! oh, take heed, sir;
'Tis against nature that: perhaps your father
Was one, sir, or your uncle, it should seem so
By the small means was left you, and less manners.
Go, keep you still before me; and, do you hear me,
To pass away the time to the next town,
I charge you, sir, sing all your songs for nothing.

Latrocinio. Oh horrible punishment.—(A Song.)

Enter STRATIO.

Stratio. Honest gentleman.

Ansaldo. How now, what art thou?

Stratio. Stand you in need of help?

I made all haste I could, my master charg'd me,
A knight of worship: he saw you first assaulted
From top of yonder hill.

Ansaldo. Thanks, honest friend.

Latrocinio. I taste this trick already.

[Exit.

Stratio. Look, he's gone, sir;

Shall he be stopp'd? What is he?

Ansaldo. Let him go, sir;

He can rejoice in nothing; that's the comfort.

Stratio. You have your purse still then?

Ansaldo. Aye, thanks fair fortune,
And this grim handful.

Stratio. We were all so 'fraid of you:

How my good lady cried, O help the gentleman!
'Tis a good woman that. But you're too mild, sir,
You should ha' mark'd him for a villain, 'faith,
Before h'ad gone, having so sound a means too.

Ansaldo. Why, there's the jest, man; he had once
my purse.

Stratio. Oh villain, would you let him 'scape un-
massacred?

Ansaldo. Nay, hear me, sir, I made him yield it
straight again,

And, so hope bless me, with an uncharg'd pistol.

Stratio. Troth I should laugh at that.

Ansaldo. It was discharg'd, sir,

Before I meddled with it.

Stratio. I'm glad to hear it.

Ansaldo. Why how now, what's your will?

Stratio. Ho, *Latrocinio*, *Occulto*, *Silvio*!

*Enter LATROCINIO, and the rest; Occulto, Silvio,
Fiducio.*

Latrocinio. What, are you caught, sir?

Stratio. The pistol cannot speak.

Latrocinio. He was too young:

I ever thought he could not; yet I fear'd him.

Ansaldo. You've found out ways too merciless to
betray,

Under the veil of friendship, and of charity.

Latrocinio. Away, sirs, bear him in to the next copse,
and strip him.

Stratio. Brandino's copse, the justice?

Latrocinio. Best of all, sir, a man of law; a spider
lies unsuspected in the corner of a buckram-bag, man.

Ansaldo. What seek you, sirs? Take all, and use no
cruelty.

Latrocinio. You shall have songs enough.

SONG.

How round the world goes, and every thing that's in it,
The tides of gold and silver ebb and flow in a minute:
From the usurer to his sons, there a current swiftly
runs;

From the sons to queans in chief, from the gallant to
the thief;

From the thief unto his host, from the host to husband-
men;

From the country to the court, and so it comes to us
again.

How round the world goes, and every thing that's in it,
The tides of gold and silver ebb and flow in a minute.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter PHILIPPA and VIOLETTA above at the window.

Philippa. What time of night is 't?

Violetta. Time of night, do you call 't?

It's so late, 'tis almost early, mistress.

Philippa. Fie on him, there's no looking for him then :

Why sure this gentleman apprehends me not.

Violetta. 'Tis happy then you're rid of such a fool, mistress.

Philippa. Nay, sure, wench, if he find me not in this, Which were a beaten path to any wise man, I'll never trust him with my reputation ; Therefore I made this trial of his wit. If he cannot conceive what's good for himself, He will worse understand what's good for me.

Violetta. But suppose, mistress, as it may be likely, He never saw your letter ?

Philippa. How thou plyest me With suppositions ! Why, I tell thee, wench, 'Tis equally as impossible for my husband To keep it from him, as to be young again ; Or as his first wife knew him, which he brags on, For bearing children by him.

Violetta. There's no remedy then ; I must conclude Francisco is an ass.

Philippa. I would my letter, wench, were here again, I'd know him wiser ere I sent him one, And travel some five year first.

Violetta. So he had need, methinks, To understand the words ; methinks the words Themselves should make him do 't, had he but the perseverance

Of a cock-sparrow, that will come at Philip¹¹, And cannot write nor read, poor fool : this Coxcomb He can do both, and your name's but Philippa, And yet to see, if he can come when 's call'd.

Philippa. He never shall be call'd again for me, sirrah.

Well, as hard as the world goes, we'll have a song, wench : We'll not sit up for nothing.

¹¹ Philip.] A sparrow is called Philip. See the notes of Dr Johnson, Mr. Steevens, and Sir John Hawkins, to *King John*, A. 1. S. 1.

Violetta. That's poor comfort though.

Philippa. Better than any's brought, for aught I see,
yet.

So set to your lute.

SONG.

1. If in this question I propound to thee,
Be any, any choice,
Let me have thy voice.
2. You shall most free.
1. Which hadst thou rather be,
If thou might choose thy life,
A fool's, a fool's mistress,
Or an old man's wife?
2. The choice is hard, I know not which is best,
One ill you're bound to, and I think that's least.
1. But being not bound, my dearest sweet,
I could shake off the other.
2. Then as you lose your sport by one,
You lose your name by t' other.
1. You counsel well, but love refuses
What good counsel often chooses. [Exeunt.

Enter ANSALDO in his shirt.

Ansaldo. I ha' got myself unbound yet: merciless
villains!

I never felt such hardness since life dwelt in me;
'Tis for my sins. That light in yonder window,
That was my only comfort in the woods,
Which oft' the trembling of a leaf would lose me,
Has brought me thus far; yet I cannot hope
For succour in this plight, the world's so pitiless,
And every one will fear or doubt me now:
To knock will be too bold; I'll to the gate,
And listen if I can hear any stirring.

Enter FRANCISCO.

Francisco. Was ever man so cross'd? No, 'tis but
sweat, sure,
Or the dew dropping from the leaves above me;

I thought 't had bled again. These wenching businesses

Are strange unlucky things, and fatal fooleries ;

No mar'l so many gallants die ere thirty ;

'Tis able to vex out a man's heart in five year,

The crosses that belong to 't. First arrested ;

That set me back two maney hours at least ;

Yet that 's a thing my heat could have forgotten,

Because arresting in what kind soever,

Is a most gentleman-like affliction :

But here, within a mile o' th' town, forsooth,

And two mile off this place, when a man's oath

Might ha' been taken for his own security,

And his thoughts brisk, and set upon the business,

To light upon a roguy flight of thieves !

Pox on 'em, here 's the length of one of their whistles.

But one of my dear rascals I pursued so,

The gaol has him, and he shall bring out 's fellows.

Had ever young man's love such crooked fortune !

I'm glad I'm so near yet: the surgeon bade me to

Have a great care ; I shall never think of that now.

Ansaldo. One of the thieves come back again? I'll stand close:

He dares not wrong me now, so near the house,

And eall in vain 'tis, till I see him offer 't.

Francisco. 'Life, what should that be? a prodigious thing

Stands just as I should enter, in that shape too

Which always appears terrible.

Whate'er it be, it is made strong against me

By my ill purpose; for 'tis man's own sins

That put on armour upon all his evils,

And give them strength to strike him. Were it less

Than what it is, my guilt would make it serve :

A wicked man's own shadow has distracted him.

Were this a business now to save an honour,

As 'tis to spoil one, I would pass this then

Stuck all hell's horrors i' thee : now I dare not.

Why may't not be the spirit of my father,

That lov'd this man so well, whom I make haste

Now to abuse? and I have been cross'd about it
Most fearfully hitherto, if I think well on't;
Scap'd death but lately too, nay most miraculously.
And what does fond man venture all these ills for,
That may so sweetly rest in honest peace?
For that which being obtain'd, is as he was
To his own sense, but remov'd nearer still
To death eternal. What delight has man
Now at this present, for his pleasant sin
Of yesterday's committing? Alas, 'tis vanish'd,
And nothing but the sting remains within him.
The kind man bail'd me too; I will not do't now
And 'twere but only that. How blest were man,
Might he but have his end appear still to him,
That he might read his actions i' th' event!
'Twould make him write true, though he never meant.
Whose check soe'er thou art, father's, or friend's,
Or enemy's, I thank thee: peace requite thee.
Light, and the lighter mistress, both farewell;
He keeps his promise best that breaks with hell. [*Exit.*]

Ansaldo. He's gone to call the rest, and makes all
speed;

I'll knock, whate'er befalls, to please my fears,
For no compassion can be less than theirs.

Philippa. [*above*] He's come, he's come: Oh, are you
come at last, sir?

Make little noise, away, he'll knock again else.

Ansaldo. I should have been at Istria by day-break
too,

Near to Valeria's house, the wealthy widow's,
There waits one purposely to do me good.

What will become of me?

Enter VIOLETTA.

Violetta. Oh, you're a sweet gallant! this your hour?
give me your hand; come, come, sir, follow me, I'll bring
you to light presently: softly, softly, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter PHILIPPA below.

Philippa. I should ha' given him up to all my thoughts
The dullest young man, if he had not found it:
So short of apprehension, and so worthless,

He were not fit for woman's fellowship.
I've been at cost too for a banquet for him ;
Why, 't would ha' kill'd my heart, and most especially
To think that man should ha' no more conceit ;
I should ha' thought the worse on 's wit for ever,
And blam'd mine own for too much forwardness.

Enter VIOLETTA.

Violetta. Oh mistress, mistress.

Philippa. How now, what's the news ?

Violetta. Oh, I was out of my wits for a minute and
a half.

Philippa. Hah ?

Violetta. They are scarce settled yet, mistress.

Philippa. What's the matter ?

Violetta. Do you ask me that question seriously ?
Did you not hear me squeak ?

Philippa. How ? sure thou 'rt out of thy wits indeed.

Violetta. Oh, I'm well now,
To what I was, mistress.

Philippa. Why, where 's the gentleman ?

Violetta. The gentleman's forth-coming, and a lovely
one,
But not Francisco.

Philippa. What say'st ! not Francisco ?

Violetta. Pish, he's a coxcomb : think not on him,
mistress.

Philippa. What's all this ?

Violetta. I've often heard you say, you'd rather have
a wise man in his shirt, than a fool feather'd ; and now
fortune has sent you one, a sweet young gentleman,
robb'd even to nothing, but what first he brought with
him. The slaves had stript him to the very shirt, mis-
tress, I think it was a shirt, I know not well, for gallants
wear both now-a-days.

Philippa. This is strange.

Violetta. But for a face, a hand, and as much skin
As I durst look upon, he 's a most sweet one :
Francisco is a child of Egypt to him.
I could not but in pity to the poor gentleman,
Fetch him down one of my old master's suits.

Philippa. 'Twas charitably done.

Violetta. You'd say, mistress, if you had seen him as I did. Sweet youth, I'll be sworn, mistress, he's the loveliest proper'st young gentleman, and so you'll say yourself, if my master's clothes do not spoil him, that's all the fear now; I would it had been your luck to have seen him without 'em, but for scaring of you.

Philippa. Go pr'ythee fetch him in, whom thou commend'st so. *[Exit Violetta.]*

Since fortune sends him, surely we'll make much of him;
And better he deserves our love and welcome,
Than the respectless fellow 't was prepar'd for.
Yet if he please mine eye never so happily,
I will have trial of his wit, and faith,
Before I make him partner with my honour.
'Twas just Francisco's case, and he deceiv'd me.
I'll take more heed o' th' next for 't; perhaps now,
To furnish his distress, he will appear
Full of fair promising courtship; but I'll prove him then
For a next meeting, when he needs me not,
And see what he performs then when the storm
Of his so rude misfortune is blown over,
And he himself again. A distrest man's flatteries
Are like vows made in drink, or bonds in prison;
There's poor assurance in 'em: when he's from me,
And in 's own pow'r, then I shall see his love.

Enter ANSALDO and VIOLETTA.

'Mass, here he comes.

Ansaldo. Never was star-cross'd gentleman
More happy in a courteous virgin's love,
Than I in your's.

Violetta. I am sorry they 're no better for you,
I wish'd them handsomer, and more in fashion,
But truly, sir, our house affords it not:
There is a suit of our clerk's hangs i' th' garret;
But that 's far worse than this, if I may judge
With modesty of men's matters.

Ansaldo. I deserve not
This, dear, kind gentlewoman. Is yond' your mistress?

Philippa. Why, trust me, here's my husband young
again:

It is no sin to welcome you, sweet gentleman.

Ansaldo. I am so much indebted, courteous lady,
To the unmatch'd charity of your house,
My thanks are such poor things, they would but shame
me.

Philippa. Beshrew thy heart for bringing o' him: I
fear me

I have found wit enough already in him.

If I could truly but resolve myself,

My husband was thus handsome at nineteen,

Troth I should think the better of him at fourscore now.

Violetta. Nay, mistress, what would he be were he
in fashion?

A hempen curse on those that put him out on't,
That now appears so handsome and so comely in
clothes

Able to make a man an unbeliever,

And good for nothing but for shift, or so,

If a man chance to fall i' th' ditch with better?

This is the best that I ever mark'd in 'em:

A man may make him ready in such clothes

Without a candle.

Philippa. Aye, for shame of himself, wench.

Violetta. My master does it oft in winter mornings,
And never sees himself till he be ready.

Philippa. No, nor then neither, as he should do,
wench.

I am sorry, gentle sir, we cannot shew you

A courtesy, in all points answerable

To your undoubted worth. Your name, I crave, sir.

Ansaldo. Ansaldo, lady.

Philippa. 'Tis a noble name, sir.

Ansaldo. The most unfortunate now.

Violetta. So do I think, truly,

As long as that suit 's on.

Philippa. The most unfitting,

And unprovided'st, sir, of all our courtesies,

I do presume, is that you 've past already:

Your pardon but for that, and we're encourag'd.

Ansaldo. My faithful service, lady.

Philippa. Please you, sir,

To taste the next, a poor slight banquet; for sure I
think you were

Unluckily prevented of your supper, sir.

Ansaldo. My fortune makes me more than amends, lady,
In your sweet kindness, which so nobly shewn me,
It makes me bold to speak my occasions to you.

I am this morning, that with clearness now
So cheerfully hastens me, to meet a friend
Upon my state's establishing, and the place
Ten miles from hence. Oh, I'm forc'd unwillingly
To crave your leave for 't; which done, I return
In service plentiful.

Philippa. Is 't so important?

Ansaldo. If I should fail, as much as my undoing.

Philippa. I think too well of you, to undo you, sir,
Upon this small acquaintance.

Ansaldo. My great happiness.

Philippa. But when should I be sure of you here
again, sir?

Ansaldo. As fast as speed can possible return me.

Philippa. You will not fail?

Ansaldo. May never wish go well with me then.

Philippa. There's to bear charges, sir.

Ansaldo. Courtesy dwells in you.

I brought my horse up with me from the woods,
That's all the good they left me, 'gainst their wills
too.

May your kind breast never want comfort, lady,
But still supply'd, as liberally as you give!

Philippa. Farewel, sir, and be faithful.

Ansaldo. Time shall prove me. [*Exit Ansaldo.*]

Philippa. In my opinion now, this young man's
likeliest

To keep his word: he's modest, wise, and courteous;
He has the language of an honest soul in him.
A woman's reputation may lie safe there,
I'm much deceiv'd else; h' as a faithful eye,
If it be well observ'd.

Violetta. Good speed be with thee, sir.
He puts him to 't i' faith.

Philippa. Violetta!

Violetta. Mistress.

Philippa. Alas, what have we done wench?

Violetta. What's the matter, mistress?

Philippa. Run, run, call him again; he must stay, tell him,

Though it be upon's undoing, we're undone else:

Your master's clothes, they're known the country over.

Violetta. Now by this light that's true, and well remember'd,

But there's no calling of him; he's out of sight now.

Philippa. Oh, what will people think?

Violetta. What can they think, mistress?

The gentleman has the worst on't: were I he now

I'd make this ten mile forty mile about,

Before I'd ride through any market town with 'em.

Philippa. Will he be careful, think'st?

Violetta. My life for your's, mistress.

Philippa. I shall long mightily to see him again.

Violetta. And so shall I, I shall never laugh till then.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter RICARDO and SECOND SUITOR at one door, and

VALERIA and FIRST SUITOR at another door.

Ricardo. It goes well hitherto, my sweet protector.

Second Sutor. Aye, and shall still to th' end, my honey:

Wherefore have I enough, but to have't go well, sir?

First Sutor. My whole 'state on 't, thou over-throw'st him, widow.

Valeria. I hope well still, sir.

First Sutor. Hope? be certain, wench:

I make no question now, but thou art mine,

As sure as if I had thee in thy night-geer.

Valeria. By'r lady, that I doubt, sir.

First Sutor. Oh 'tis clear, wench,

By one thing that I mark'd.

Valeria. What's that, good sweet sir?

First Suitor. A thing that never fail'd me.

Valeria. Good sir, what ?

First Suitor. I heard our counsellor speak a word of comfort,

Invita voluntate, ha, that's he, wench,
The word of words, the precious chief, i' faith.

Valeria. Invita voluntate, what's the meaning, sir ?

First Suitor. Nay there I leave you ; but assure you
thus much,

I never heard him speak that word i' my life,
But the cause went on 's side, that I mark'd ever.

Second Suitor. Do, do, and spare not : thou
would'st talk with her.

Ricardo. Yes, with your leave and liking.

Second Suitor. Do, my adoption.

My chosen child, and thou hold'st so obedient,
Sure thou wilt live, and cozen all my kindred.

Ricardo. A child's part in your love ; that's my ambition, sir.

Second Suitor. Go, and deserve it then : please me
well now.

I love a wrangling life, boy ; there's my delight ;

I have no other venery but vexation,

That's all my honey now : smartly now to her.

I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Ricardo. This need not ha' been, widow.

Valeria. You say right, sir.

No, not your treachery, your close conspiracy
Against me for my wealth, need not ha' been neither.

Ricardo. I had you fairly ; I scorn treachery
To your woman that I never meant to marry,
Much more to you whom I reserv'd for wife.

Valeria. How ! wife ?

Ricardo. Aye, wife, wife, widow ; be not asham'd
on 't,

It's the best calling ever woman came to,
And all your grace, indeed, brag as you list.

Second Suitor. Ha, ha.

Valeria. I grant you, sir ; but not to be your wife.

First Suitor. Oh, oh.

Ricardo. Not mine? I think 'tis the best bargain
That e'er thou mad'st i' thy life, or ever shall again,
When my head's laid; but that's not yet this three-
score year.

Let's talk of nearer matters.

Valeria. You're as near, sir,
As e'er you're like to be, if law can right me.

Ricardo. Now, before conscience, you're a wilful
housewife.

Valeria. How?

Ricardo. Aye, and I fear you spend my goods la-
wishly.

Valeria. Your goods?

Ricardo. I shall miss much, I doubt me,
When I come to look over the inventory.

Valeria. I'll give you my word you shall, sir.

Ricardo. Look to't, widow,
A night may come will call you to account for 't.

Valeria. Oh if you had me now, sir, in this heat,
I do but think how you'll be reveng'd on me.

Ricardo. Aye, may I perish else; if I would not get
Three children at a birth, an' I could, of thee.

First Suitor. Take off your youngster there.

Second Suitor. Take off your widow first;
He shall have the last word, I pay for 't dearly.
To her again, sweet boy, that side's the weaker.
I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Enter BRANDINO and MARTINO.

Valeria. Oh, brother! see I'm up to th' ears in law
here:

Look, copy upon copy.*

Brandino. 'Twere grief enough, if a man did but
hear on 't;
But I'm in pain to see 't.

* i. e. *plenty* upon *plenty*, a sense in which Ben Jonson frequently used *copy*, from *copia*. Hence, we may infer, that he wrote this portion of the play. The next scene is in his best manner. C.

Valeria. What, sore eyes still, brother?

Brandino. Worse and worse, sister: the old woman's water does me no good.

Valeria. Why, it has help'd many, sir.

Brandino. It helps not me, I'm sure.

Martino. Oh, oh.

Valeria. What ails Martino too?

Martino. Oh, oh, the tooth-ach, the tooth-ach!

Brandino. Ah poor worm, this he endures for me now.

There beats not a more mutual pulse of passion
In a kind husband, when his wife breeds child,
Than in Martino; I have mark'd it ever:
He breeds all my pains in 's teeth still; and to quit me,
It is his eye-tooth too.

Martino. Aye, aye, aye, aye.

Valeria. Where did I hear late of a skilful fellow,
Good for all kind of maladies? True, true, sir;
His flag hangs out in town here, i' th' Cross inn,
With admirable cures of all conditions;
It shews him a great travelling and learned empiric.

Brandino. We'll both to him, Martino.

Valeria. Hark you, brother,

Perhaps you may prevail, as one indifferent.

First Suitor. Aye, about that, sweet widow.

Valeria. True: speak low, sir.

Brandino. Well, what's the business? say, say.

Valeria. Marry this brother.

Call the young man aside, from the old wolf there,
And whisper in his ear a thousand dollars,
If he will vanish and let fall the suit,
And never put's to no more cost and trouble.

First Suitor. Say me those words, good sir, I'll make
'em worth

A chain of gold to you at your sister's wedding.

Enter VIOLETTA.

Brandino. I shall do much for that.

Valeria. Welcome, sweetheart,

Thou com'st most happily. I'm bold to send for thee
To make a purpose good.

Violetta. I take delight, forsooth,
In any such employment.

First Suitor. Good wench trust me.

Ricardo. How, sir, let fall the suit? 'Life, I'll go
naked first.

Brandino. A thousand dollars, sir, think upon them.

Ricardo. Why, they're but a thousand dollars, when
they're thought on.

Brandino. A good round sum.

Ricardo. A good round widow's better;
There's meat and money too. I have been bought
Out of my lands, and yielded, but, sir, scorn
To be bought out of my affection.

Brandino. Why, here's even just my university spirit:
I priz'd a piece of red deer above gold then.

Ricardo. My patron would be mad, and he should
hear on't.

Martino. I pray what's good, sir, for a wicked tooth?

Ricardo. Hang'd, drawn, and quartering. Is't a
hollow one?

Martino. Aye, 'tis a hollow one.

Ricardo. Then take the powder
Of a burnt warrant, mix'd with oil of felon.

Martino. Why sure you mock me.

Ricardo. 'Troth I think I do, sir.

Second Suitor. Come hither, honey; what's the news
in whispers?

Brandino. He will not be bought out.

Valeria. No? That's strange, brother.
Pray take a little pains about this project then,
And try what that effects.

Brandino. I like this better.

Look you, sweet gentles, see what I produce here,
For amity's sake, and peace, to end all controversy.
This gentlewoman, my charge, left by her friends,
Whom for her person and her portion
I could bestow most richly, but in pity
To her affection, which lies bent at you, sir,
I am content to yield to her desire.

Ricardo. At me?

Brandino. But for this jar, 't had ne'er been offer'd.
I bring you flesh and money, a rich heir,
And a maid too, and that's a thing worth thanks, sir :
Nay, one that has rid fifteen miles this morning
For your love only.

Second Suitor. Honey, hearken after her.
Being rich, I can have all my money there :
Ease my purse well, and never wage law further.
I have enough, yet I will have my humour.

Ricardo. Do you love me, forsooth?

Violetta. Oh, infinitely.

Ricardo. I do not ask thee, that I meant to have
thee,
But only to know what came in thy head to love me.

Violetta. My time was come, sir, that's all I can
say.

Ricardo. Alas, poor soul, where didst thou love me,
pr'ythee?

Violetta. In happy hour be't spoke, out at a window,
sir.

Ricardo. A window! pr'ythee clap it to, and call it
in again.

What was I doing then, should make thee love me?

Violetta. Twirling your band-string, which, me-
thought, became you so generously well.

Ricardo. 'Twas a good quality to choose a husband
for: that love was likely to be tied in matrimony, that
began in a band-string: yet I ha' known as much
come to pass ere now upon a tassel. Fare you well,
sister; I may be cozen'd in a maid, I cannot in a
widow.

Second Suitor. Art thou come home again? stick'st
thou there still?
I will defend thee still then.

First Suitor. Sir, your malice
Will have enough on't.

Second Suitor. I will have my humour.

First Suitor. Beggary will prove the sponge.

Second Suitor. Spunge i' thy gascoyns,
Thy gally-gascoyns¹² there.

Ricardo. Ha! brave protector.

Brandino. I thought 'twould come to open wars
again.

Let 'em agree as they will, two testy fops;
I'll have a care of mine eyes.

Martino. I of my chops.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*Enter LATROCINIO and OCCULTO, (a banner of cures
and diseases hung out.)*

Latrocinio. Away: out with the banner; send's good
luck to-day.

Occulto. I warrant you; your name's spread, sir, for
an empiric.

There's an old mason troubled with the stone,
Has sent to you this morning for your counsel,
He would have ease fain.

Latrocinio. Marry, I cannot blame him, sir.
But how he will come by't, there lies the question.

Occulto. You must do somewhat, sir, for he's swol'n
most piteously;

H' as urine in him now was brew'd last March.

Latrocinio. 'Twill be rich geer for dyers.

Occulto. I would 'twere come to that, sir.

Latrocinio. Let me see, I'll send him a whole mus-
ket-charge of gunpowder.

Occulto. Gunpowder! What, sir, to break the stone?

Latrocinio. Aye, by my faith, sir,
It is the likeliest thing I know to do it.
I'm sure it breaks stone-walls and castles down,
I see no reason but 't should break the stone.

¹² *gally-gascoyns*] "or wide hose or slops, q. d. Caligæ Gallæ-vasconicæ, sic dictæ quia Vascones istiusmodi caligis utuntur."

Skinner's Etymologicon.

So in *Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Diuell*, 1592. p. 8.

"— of the vesture of salvation make some of us babies and apes coates, others straight trusses and divells breeches: some *gally gascoynes* or a shipmans hose, like the Anabaptists," &c.

Occulto. Nay, use your pleasure, sir.

Latrocinio. Troth if that do not,
I ha' nothing else that will.

Occulto. I know that too.

Latrocinio. Why then thou'rt a coxcomb to make
question on't.

Go call in all the rest, I have employment for them.

[*Exit Occulto.*]

When the highways grow thin with travellers,
And few portmanteaus stirring, (as all trades
Have their dead time we see, thievery poor takings,
And letchery cold doings, and so forwards still;)
Then do I take my inn, and those curmudgeons,
Whose purses I can never get abroad,
I take 'em at more ease here i' my chamber,
And make 'em come to me; it's more state-like too.
Hang him that has but one way to his trade;
He's like the mouth that eats but on one side,
And half cozens his belly, 'specially if he
Dine among shavers, and both-handed feeders.
Stratio, Silvio, Fiducio!

Enter SILVIO, STRATIO, FIDUCIO.

I will have none left out: there's parts for you.

Silvio. For us? Pray let us have 'em.

Latrocinio. Change yourselves
With all speed possible into several shapes,
Far from your own: as you a farmer, sir;
A grazier you; and you may be a miller.

Fiducio. Oh no, a miller comes too near a thief:
That may spoil all again.

Latrocinio. Some country tailor then.

Fiducio. That's near enough, by'r lady, yet I'll venture that.

The miller's a white devil, he wears his theft
Like innocence in badges most apparently
Upon his nose, sometimes between his lips;
The tailor modestly between his legs.

Latrocinio. Why, pray, do you present that modest
thief, then?

And, hark you, for the purpose.

Silvio. 'Twill improve you, sir.

Latrocinio. 'Twill get believers; believe that, my masters;

Repute and confidence, and make all things clearer :
When you see any come, repair you to me,
As samples of my skill. There are few arts
But have their shadows, sirs, to set 'em off;
Then, where the art itself is but a shadow,
What need is there, my friends. Make haste, away,
sirs.

Enter OCCULTO.

Occulto. Where are you, sir?

Latrocinio. Not far, man. What's the news?

Occulto. The old justice, sir, whom we robb'd once
by moonlight,

And bound his man and he, in haycock time,
With a rope made of horse-meat, and in pity
Left their mares by 'em; which I think, ere midnight,
Did eat their hay-bound masters both at liberty——

Latrocinio. 'Life, what of him, man?

Occulto. He's enquiring earnestly

For the great man of art; indeed for you, sir:
Therefore withdraw, sweet sir; make yourself dainty
now,

And that's three parts of any profession.

Latrocinio. I have enough on't.

[*Exit.*]

Enter ANSALDO.

Occulto. How now, what thing's this?

Now, by this light, the second part o' th' justice
Newly reviv'd, with ne'er a hair on's face.

It should be the first rather by his smoothness,

But I ha' known the first part written last*;

'Tis he, or let me perish, the young gentleman

We robb'd and stript; but I am far from knowledge
now.

Ansaldo. One word, I pray, sir.

* This alludes to the first and second parts of historical plays and tragedies, which had been so much in fashion. It has been ascertained in more than one instance, that the first part of a successful play was written after the second had met with applause. C.

Occulto. With me, gentle sir?

Ansaldo. Was there not lately seen about these parts,
sir,

A knot of fellows, whose conditions
Are privily suspected?

Occulto. Why do you ask, sir?

Ansaldo. There was a poor young gentleman robb'd
last night.

Occulto. Robb'd?

Ansaldo. Strip of all, i'faith.

Occulto. Oh beastly rascals!

Alas, what was he?

Ansaldo. Look o'me, and know him, sir.

Occulto. Hard-hearted villains, strip? 'Troth, when
I saw you,

Methought those clothes were never made for you, sir.

Ansaldo. Want made me glad of 'em.

Occulto. 'Send you better fortune, sir—

That we may have a bout with you once again. [*Aside.*

Ansaldo. I thank you for your wish of love, kind sir.

Occulto. 'Tis with my heart, i'faith: now store of
coin

And better clothes be with you.

Ansaldo. There's some honest yet,

And charitably minded. How, what's here to do?

Here within this place is cur'd [*Reads.*

All the griefs that were ev'r endur'd.

Nay there thou liest: I endur'd one last night

Thou canst not cure this morning. A strange promiser.

Palsy, gout, hydropic humour,

Breath that stinks beyond perfumer,

Fistula in ano, ulcer, megrim,

Or what disease soe'er beleaguer 'em,

Stone, rupture, squinancy, imposthume,

Yet too dear it shall not cost 'em.

That's conscionably said, i'faith.

In brief, you cannot, I assure you,

Be unsound so fast as I can cure you.

By'r lady, you shall pardon me, I'll not try't, sir.

Enter BRANDINO and MARTINO.

Brandino. Martino, is not yond' my hinder parts ?

Martino. Yes, and your fore-parts too, sir.

Brandino. I trow so ;

I never saw my hind-parts in my life else,

No, nor my fore-ones neither. What are you, sir ?

Are you a justice, pray ?

Ansaldo. A justice ? No, truly.

Brandino. How came this suit to you, then ?

Ansaldo. How this suit ?

Why, must he needs be a justice, sir, that wears it ?

Brandino. You'll find it so : 'twas made for nobody else :

I paid for't.

Ansaldo. Oh strange fortune, I have undone
The charitable woman.

Brandino. He'll be gone.

Martino, hold him fast : I'll call for aid.

Ansaldo. Hold me ? Oh curse of fate !

Martino. Oh, master, master.

Brandino. What ails Martino ?

Martino. In my conscience

H'as beat out the wrong tooth : I feel it now,
Three degrees off.

Brandino. Oh slave ! spoil'd a fine penman.

Ansaldo. He lack'd good manners though. Lay
hands o'me !

I scorn all the deserts that belong to't.

Enter LATROCINIO.

Latrocinio. Why, how now ? What's the broil ?

Brandino. The man of art,

I take you, sir, to be.

Latrocinio. I'm the professor

Of those slight cures you read of in the banner.

Brandino. Our business was to you, most skilful sir ;
But in the way to you, right worshipful,
I met a thief.

Latrocinio. A thief ?

Brandino. With my clothes on, sir.

Let but the coat be search'd, I'll pawn my life
There's yet the tailor's bill in one o' th' pockets;
And a white thimble, that I found i' th' moonlight:
Thou saw'st me when I put it in, Martino.

Martino. Aye, aye.

Brandino. Oh, he has spoil'd the worthiest clerk that
e'er

Drew warrant here.

Latrocinio. Sir, you're a stranger, but I must deal
plain with you,

That suit of clothes must needs come oddly to you.

Ansaldo. I dare not say which way, that's my affliction. *[Aside.*

Latrocinio. Is not your worship's name Signior Brandino, sir?

Brandino. It has been so these threescore years and upwards.

Latrocinio. I heard there was a robbery done last night,

Near to your house.

Ansaldo. You heard a truth then, sir,

And I the man was robb'd.

Latrocinio. Ah, that's too gross.

Send him away for fear of farther mischief:

I do not like him, he's a cunning knave.

Brandino. I want but aid.

Latrocinio. Within there!

Enter two or three SERVANTS.

Brandino. Seize upon that impudent thief.

Ansaldo. Then hear me speak.

Brandino. Away!

I'll neither hear thee speak, nor wear those clothes again.

To prison with the varlet.

Ansaldo. How am I punish'd!

Brandino. I'll make thee bring out all, before I leave thee. *[Exeunt servants with Ansaldo.*

Latrocinio. You've took an excellent course with this bold villain, sir.

Brandino. I am sworn for service to the common-wealth, sir.

What are these, learned sir?

Enter STRATIO, SILVIO, and FIDUCIO.

Latrocinio. Oh, they're my patients.

Good morrow, gout, rupture, and palsy.

Stratio. 'Tis farewell gout, almost, I thank your worship.

Latrocinio. What now, you cannot part so soon, I hope?

You came but lately to me.

Stratio. But most happily;

I can go near to leap, sir.

Latrocinio. What! you cannot.

Away, I say: take heed, be not too vent'rous though: I've had you but three days, remember that.

Stratio. Those three are better than three hundred, sir.

Latrocinio. Yet again!

Stratio. Ease takes pleasure to be known, sir.

Latrocinio. You with the rupture there, *hernia in scrotum*,

Pray let me see your pace this morning; walk, sir, I'll take your distance straight; 'twas *F. O.* yesterday.

Ah, sirrah, here's a simple alteration,

Secundo gradu; you're *F. U.* already:

Here's a most happy change. Be of good comfort, sir,

Your knees are come within three inches now

Of one another: by to-morrow noon

I'll make 'em kiss and jostle.

Silvio. Bless your worship.

Brandino. You've a hundred prayers in a morning, sir.

Latrocinio. 'Faith we have a few to pass away the day with.

Tailor, you had a stitch.

Fiducio. Oh good your worship,

I have had none since Easter: were I rid

But of this whoreson palsy, I were happy;

I cannot thread my needle.

Latrocinio. No! that's hard,
I never mark'd so much.

Fiducio. It comes by fits, sir.

Latrocinio. Alas, poor man! What would your worship say now

To see me help this fellow at an instant?

Brandino. And make him firm from shaking?

Latrocinio. As a steeple
From the disease on't.

Brandino. 'Tis to me miraculous.

Latrocinio. You, with your whoremaster disease,
come hither.

Here, take me this round glass, and hold it steadfast,
Yet more, sir, yet, I say; so.

Brandino. Admirable!

Latrocinio. Go, live, and thread thy needle.

Brandino. Here, Martino:

'Las, poor fool, his mouth is full of praises,
And cannot utter 'em.

Latrocinio. No, what's the malady?

Brandino. The fury of a tooth.

Latrocinio. A tooth? ha, ha;

I thought 't had been some gangrene, fistula,
Canker, or rames.

Brandino. No, it's enough as 'tis, sir.

Latrocinio. My man shall ease that straight: sit you
down there, sir.

Take the tooth, sirrah, daintily, insensibly.

But what's your worship's malady, that's for me, sir?

Brandino. Marry, pray look you sir, your worship's
counsel

About mine eyes.

Latrocinio. Sore eyes? that's nothing too, sir.

Brandino. By 'r lady, I that feel it think it somewhat.

Latrocinio. Have you no convulsions? pricking aches,
sir, ruptures, or apostemates?

Brandino. No, by my faith, sir.

Nor do I desire to have 'em.

Latrocinio. Those are cures;

There do I win my fame, sir. Quickly, sirrah,
Reach me the eye-cup hither. Do you make water
well, sir?

Brandino. I'm all well there.

Latrocinio. You feel no grief i' th' kidney?

Brandino. Sound, sound, sound, sir.

Latrocinio. Oh, here's a breath, sir, I must talk
withal,

One of these mornings.

Brandino. There I think, i' faith,
I am to blame indeed; and my wife's words
Are come to pass, sir.

Martino. Oh, oh, 'tis not that, 'tis not that :
It is the next beyond it; there, there.

Occulto. The best have their mistakings: now I'll fit
you, sir.

Brandino. What's that, sweet sir, that comforts with
his coolness?

Latrocinio. Oh sovereign geer: wink hard, and keep
it in, sir.

Martino. Oh, oh, oh.

Occulto. Nay, here he goes: one twitch more, and
he comes, sir.

Martino. Auh; ho.

Occulto. Spit out: I told you he was gone, sir.

Brandino. How chears Martino?

Martino. Oh, I can answer you now, master;
I feel great ease, sir.

Brandino. So do I, Martino.

Martino. I'm rid of a sore burden, for my part,
master,

Of a scal'd little one.

Latrocinio. Please your worship, now,
To take three drops of the rich water with you,
I'll undertake your man shall cure you, sir,
At twice i' your own chamber.

Brandino. Shall he so, sir?

Latrocinio. I will uphold him in't.

Martino. Then will I do't, sir.

Latrocinio. How lively your man's now!

Martino. Oh, I'm so light, methinks,
Over I was.

Brandino. What is it contents your worship?

Latrocinio. Ev'n what your worship please; I am
not mercenary.

Brandino. My purse is gone, Martino!

Latrocinio. How, your purse, sir?

Brandino. 'Tis gone, i' faith: I've been among some
rascals.

Martino. And that's a thing
I ever gave you warning of, master: you care not
What company you run into.

Brandino. Lend me some money; chide me anon, I
pr'ythee.

A pox on 'em for vipers, they ha' suck'd blood o' me.

Martino. Oh, master!

Brandino. How now, man?

Martino. My purse is gone too.

Brandino. How? I'll never take warning more of
thee while I live then; thou art an hypocrite, and art
not fit to give good counsel to thy master, that can'st
not keep from ill company thyself.

Latrocinio. This is most strange, sir: both your
purses gone!

Martino. Sir, I'd my hand on mine, when I came in.

Latrocinio. Are you but sure of that? Oh would you
were!

Martino. As I'm of ease.

Latrocinio. Then, they're both gone one way; be
that your comfort.

Brandino. Aye, but what way? that sir?

Latrocinio. That close knave in your clothes has got
'em both:

'Tis well you've clapt him fast.

Brandino. Why that's impossible.

Latrocinio. Oh tell me, sir: I ha' known purses gone,
And the thief stand, and look one full i' th' face,
As I may do your worship, and your man now.

Martino. Nay, that's most certain, master.

Brandino. I will make

That rascal in my clothes answer all this then,
And all the robberies that have been done
Since the moon chang'd. Get you home first, Martino,
And know if any of my wife's things are missing,
Or any more of mine: tell her he's taken,
And by that token he has took both our purses.

Martino. That's an ill token, master.

Brandino. That's all one, sir,

She must have that or nothing; for I'm sure
The rascal has left nothing else for a token.
Begone, make haste again; and meet me part o' th'
way.

Martino. I'll hang the villain,
And 'twere for nothing but the sowse he gave me. [Exit.]

Brandino. Sir, I depart asham'd of my requital,
And leave this seal-ring with you as a pledge
Of further thankfulness.

Latrocinio. No, I beseech you, sir.

Brandino. Indeed you shall, sir.

Latrocinio. Oh, your worship's word, sir.

Brandino. You shall have my word too, for a rare
gentleman

As e'er I met withal. [Exit.]

Latrocinio. Clear sight be with you, sir;
If conduit-water, and my hostess' milk,
That comes with the ninth child now, may afford it.
'Life, I fear'd none but thee, my villainous toothdrawer.

Occulto. There was no fear of me: I've often told
you

I was bound 'prentice to a barber once,
But ran away i' th' second year.

Latrocinio. Aye, marry,
That made thee give a pull at the wrong tooth,
And me afraid of thee. What have we there, sirs?

Occulto. Some threescore dollars i' th' master's purse,
And sixteen in the clerk's; a silver seal,
Two or three amber beads, and four blank warrants.

Latrocinio. Warrants! where be they? The best news came yet.

'Mass, here's his hand, and here's his seal. I thank him;
This comes most luckily: one of our fellows
Was took last night, we'll set him first at liberty,
And other good boys after him: and if he
In th'old justice's suit, whom he robb'd lately,
Will come off¹³ roundly, we'll set him free too.

Occulto. That were a good deed, 'faith we may in pity.

Latrocinio. There's nothing done merely for pity
now-a-days:
Money or ware must help too.

SONG, in parts, by the Thieves.

Give me fortune, give me health,
Give me freedom, I'll get wealth:
Who complains his fate's amiss,
When he has the wide world his?
He that has the devil in fee,
Can have but all, and so have we.
Give us fortune, give us health,
Give us freedom, we'll get wealth.
In every hamlet, town, and city,
He has lands that was born witty. [*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter PHILIPPA and VIOLETTA.

Philippa. How well this gentleman keeps his promise too?

Sure there's no trust in man.

Violetta. They're all Franciscos;
That's my opinion, mistress: fools, or false ones.
He might have had the honesty yet, i' faith,
To send my master's clothes home.

Philippa. Aye, those clothes.

¹³ come off] See note 65 to *The Witt*, Vol. VIII.

Violetta. Colliers come by the door every day, mistress;

Nay, this is market-day too, poulterers, butchers :
They would have lain most daintily in a pannier,
And kept veal from the wind.

Philippa. Those clothes much trouble me.

Violetta. 'Faith, and he were a gentleman, as he seem'd to be,

They would trouble him too, I think.

Methinks he should have small desire to keep 'em.

Philippa. 'Faith, and less pride to wear 'em, I should think, wench,

Unless he kept 'em as a testimony

For after-times, to shew what misery

He past in his young days, and then weep over 'em.

Enter MARTINO.

Violetta. Weep, mistress? nay sure, methinks, he should not weep for laughing.

Philippa. Martino? Oh, we're spoil'd, wench! Are they come then?

Martino. Mistress, be of good cheer, I have excellent news for you; comfort your heart, what have you to breakfast, mistress? you shall have all again, I warrant you.

Philippa. What says he, wench?

Violetta. I'm loth to understand him.

Martino. Give me a note of all your things, sweet mistress;

You shall not lose a hair, take 't of my word.

We have him safe enough.

Philippa. Alas, sweet wench,

This man talks fearfully.

Violetta. And I know not what yet;

That's the worst, mistress.

Martino. Can you tell me, pray,

Whether the rascal has broke ope my desk or no.

There's a fine little barrel of pome-citrons

Would have serv'd me this seven year: oh, and my fig-cheese!

The fig of everlasting obloquy

Go with him, if he have eat it; I'll make haste,
He cannot eat it all yet. He was taken, mistress,
Grossly and beastly: how do you think, i'faith?

Philippa. I know not, sir.

Martino. Troth, in my master's clothes:
Would any thief but a beast been taken so?

Philippa. Wench, wench.

Violetta. I have grief enough of mine own to tend,
mistress.

Philippa. Did he confess the robbery?

Martino. O no, no, mistress;
He's a young cunning rascal, he confess'd nothing.
While we were examining on him, he took away
My master's purse and mine, but confess'd nothing still.

Philippa. That's but some slanderous injury rais'd
against him.

Came not your master with you?

Martino. No, sweet mistress;
I must make haste and meet him. Pray dispatch me
then.

Philippa. I have look'd over all with special heedful-
ness;

There's nothing miss'd, I can assure you, sir,
But that suit of your master's.

Martino. I'm right glad on't,
That suit would hang him, yet I would not have him
hanged in that suit though; it will disgrace my master's
fashion for ever, and make it as hateful as yellow bands.¹⁴

[Exit.

Philippa. O what shall's do wench?

Violetta. 'Tis no marvel, mistress,
The poor young gentleman could not keep his promise.

Philippa. Alas, sweet man, he's confess'd nothing yet,
wench.

Violetta. That shews his constancy and love to you,
mistress:

But you must do't of force, there's no help for't.
The truth can neither shame nor hurt you much;

¹⁴ yellow bands.] See note 25 to *Albumazar*, Vol. VII.

Let 'em make what they can on't. 'Twere sin and pity,
i' faith,

To cast away so sweet a gentleman,
For such a pair of infidel hose and doublet.

Enter ANSALDO.

I would not hang a Jew for a whole wardrobe on 'em.

Philippa. Thou say'st true, wench.

Violetta. Oh, oh! they're come again, mistress.

Philippa. Signior Ansaldo?

Ansaldo. The same: mightily cross'd, lady,
But, past hope, free'd again by a doctor's means,
A man of art. I know not justly what indeed,
But pity, and the fortunate gold you gave me,
Wrought my release between 'em.

Philippa. Met you not
My husband's man?

Ansaldo. I took such strange ways, lady,
I hardly met a creature.

Philippa. Oh, most welcome.

Violetta. But how shall we bestow him now we have
him, mistress?

Philippa. Alas, that's true.

Violetta. Martino may come back again.

Philippa. Step you into that little chamber speedily,
sir,

And dress him up in one of my gowns and head-tires;
His youth will well endure it.

Violetta. That will be admirable.

Philippa. Nay do't, do't quickly then; and cut that
suit
Into an hundred pieces, that it may never be known
again.

Violetta. A hundred? nay, ten thousand at the least,
mistress;

For if there be a piece of that suit left as big as my nail,
The deed will come out: 'tis worse than a murder,
I fear't will never be hid.

Philippa. Away, do your endeavour, and dispatch,
wench.

[*Exeunt Violetta and Ansaldo.*]

I've thought upon a way of certain safety,
And I may keep him while I have him, too,
Without suspicion now: I've heard o'th' like:
A gentleman, that for a lady's love
Was thought six months her woman, tended on her
In her own garments, and, she being a widow,
Lay night by night with her in way of comfort;
Marry, in conclusion, match they did together.

Enter BRANDINO with a writing.

Would I'd a copy of the same conclusion!
He's come himself now; if thou be'st a happy wench,
Be fortunate in thy speed, I'll delay time
With all the means I can.—Oh, welcome, sir.

Brandino. I'll speak to you anon, wife, and kiss you
shortly,

I'm very busy yet: *Cocksey-down, Membery,*
Her manor-house at *Well-dun.*

Philippa. What's that, good sir?

Brandino. The widow's, your sweet sister's deed of
gift;

She's made all her estate over to me, wench:
She'll be too hard for 'em all. And now come buss me;
Good luck after thieves' handsel.

Philippa. Oh 'tis happy, sir,
You have him fast.

Brandino. I ha' laid him safe enough, wench.

Philippa. I was so lost in joy at the report on 't,
I quite forgot one thing to tell Martino.

Brandino. What's that, sweet blood?

Philippa. He, and his villians, sir,
Robb'd a sweet gentlewoman last night.

Brandino. A gentlewoman?

Philippa. Nay, most uncivilly, and basely stript
her, sir.

Brandino. Oh, barbarous slaves!

Philippa. I was ev'n fain for woman-hood's sake,
(Alas) and charity's, to receive her in,
And clothe her poor wants in a suit of mine.

Brandino. 'T was most religiously done: I long for
her.

Who have I brought to see thee, think'st thou, woman?

Philippa. Nay, sir, I know not.

Brandino. Guess, I pr'ythee, heartily:
An enemy of thine.

Philippa. That I hope you have not, sir.

Brandino. But all was done in jest: he cries thee
mercy.

Francisco, sirrah.

Philippa. Oh, I think not on him.

Brandino. That letter was but writ to try thy constancy:

He confess'd all to me.

Philippa. Joy on him, sir,

Enter FRANCISCO.

So far am I from malice: look you, sir.

Welcome, sweet signior; but I'll never trust you, sir.

Brandino. Faith, I'm beholden to thee, wife, for this.

Francisco. Methinks, I enter now this house with
joy,

Sweet peace, and quietness of conscience;

I wear no guilty blush upon my cheek,

For a sin stamp't last midnight. I can talk now

With that kind man, and not abuse him inwardly,

With any scornful thought made of his shame.

Enter MARTINO.

What a sweet being is an honest mind!

It speaks peace to itself, and all mankind.

Brandino. Martino!

Martino. Master!

Brandino. There's another robbery done, sirrah,
By the same party.

Martino. What? your worship's mocks,
Under correction.

Philippa. I forgot to tell thee,

He robb'd a lovely gentlewoman.

Martino. O pagan!

This fellow will be ston'd to death with pipkins.

Your women in the suburbs will so maul him.

With broken cruses, and pitchers without ears,

He will never die alive, that's my opinion.

Enter ANSALDO (as Martia) and VIOLETTA.

Philippa. Look you, your judgments, gentlemen;
your's especially,

Signior Francisco, whose mere object now
Is woman at these years : that's the eye-saint, I know,
Amongst young gallants : husband, you have a glimpse
too ;

You offer half an eye, as old as you are.

Brandino. By'r lady, better, wench : an eye and a
half, I trow,

I should be sorry else.

Philippa. What think you now, sirs,
Is't not a goodly manly gentlewoman ?

Brandino. Beshrew my heart else, wife.

Pray soft a little, signior, you're but my guest : re-
member

I'm master of the house, I'll have the first buss.

Philippa. But, husband, 'tis the courtesy of all places
To give a stranger ever the first bit.

Brandino. In woodcock or so ; but there's no heed
to be taken in mutton* ;

We commonly fall so roundly to that, we forget our-
selves.

I'm sorry for thy fortune, but thou'rt welcome, lady.

Martino. My master kisses, as I've heard a hackney-
coachman

Chear up his mare ; chap, chap.

Brandino. I have him fast, lady, and he shall lye by't
close.

Ansaldo. You cannot do me a greater pleasure, sir.

Brandino. I'm happily glad on't.

Francisco. Methinks, there's somewhat whispers in
my soul,

This is the hour I must begin my acquaintance
With honest love, and banish all loose thoughts.

My fate speaks to me from the modest eye
Of yon sweet gentlewoman.

Philippa. Wench, wench !

* See note to the first part of *The Honest Whore*, Vol. III. p. 305.

Violetta. Pish, hold in your breath, mistress ;
If you be seen to laugh, you'll spoil all presently :
I keep it in with all the might I have——puh.

Ansaldo. Pray what young gentleman's that, sir ?

Brandino. An honest boy, i'faith,
And came of a good kind : do'st like him, lady ?
I would thou hadst him, and thou beest not promis'd.
He's worth ten thousand dollars.

Violetta. By this light, mistress, my master will go
near to make a match anon : methinks I dream of ad-
mirable sport, mistress.

Philippa. Peace ; thou art a drab.

Brandino. Come hither now, Francisco :
I've known the time I've had a better stomach ;
Now I can dine with looking upon meat.

Francisco. That face deserv'd a better fortune, lady,
Than last night's rudeness shew'd.

Ansaldo. We cannot be
Our choosers, sir, in our own destiny.

Francisco. I return better pleas'd than when I went.

Martino. And could that beastly imp rob you, for-
sooth ?

Ansaldo. Most true, forsooth.

I will not altogether, sir, disgrace you,
Because you look half like a gentleman*.

Martino. And that's the mother's half.

Ansaldo. There's my hand for you.

Martino. I swear you could not give me any thing
I love better, a hand gets me my living.
Oh, sweet lemon-peel.

Francisco. May I request a modest word or two,
lady,
In private with you ?

Ansaldo. With me, sir ?

Francisco. To make it sure from all suspect of injury,
Or unbecoming privacy, which, heaven knows,

* Meaning, that although she would not let him kiss her lips, as
Brandino and Francisco had done, he was at liberty to kiss her
hand. C.

Is not my aim now, I'll entreat this gentleman
For an ear-witness unto all our conference.

Ansaldo. Why so; I am content, sir.

[*Exeunt Francisco and Ansaldo.*]

Brandino. So am I, lady.

Martino. Oh, master, here's a rare bedfellow for my
mistress to-night;

For you know we must both out of town again.

Brandino. That's true, Martino.

Martino. I do but think how they'll lye telling of
tales together;

The prettiest!

Brandino. The prettiest, indeed.

Martino. Their tongues will never lin¹⁵ wagging,
master.

Brandino. Never, Martino, never.

[*Exeunt.*]

Philippa. Take heed you be not heard.

Violetta. I fear you most, mistress.

Philippa. Me, fool? ha, ha.

Violetta. Why look you, mistress: faith you're faulty,
ha, ha.

Philippa. Well said, i'faith; where lies the fault
now, gossip?

Violetta. Oh, for a husband; I shall burst with
laughing else.

This house is able to spoil any maid.

Philippa. I'll be reveng'd now soundly of Francisco,
For failing me when time was.

Violetta. Are you there, mistress? I thought you
would not forget that; however, a good turn disap-
pointed is ever the last thing that a woman forgives;
she'll scarce do't when she's speechless: nay, though
she'll hold up her whole hand for all other injuries,
she'll forgive that but with one finger.

Philippa. I'll vex his heart as much as he mock'd
mine.

Violetta. But that may mar your hopes too, if our
gentlewoman be known to be a man.

¹⁵ lin.] See note 27 to *Grim the Collier of Croydon*, Vol. XI.

Philippa. Not as I'll work it ;
I would not lose this sweet revenge, methinks,
For a whole fortnight of the old man's absence,
Which is the sweetest benefit next to this.

Enter ANSALDO.

Why how now, sir, what course take you for laughing?
We are undone for one.

Ansaldo. Faith with great pain
Stifle it, and keep it in ; I ha' no receipt for it.
But, pray, in sadness, say, what is the gentleman ?
I never knew his like for tedious urgings ;
He will receive no answer.

Philippa. Would he would not, sir ?

Ansaldo. Says I'm ordain'd for him, merely for him,
And that his wiving fate speaks in me to him :
Will force on me a jointure speedily
Of some seven thousand dollars.

Philippa. Would thou had'st 'em, sir ; I know he
can if he will.

Ansaldo. For wond'rous pity, what is this gentleman ?

Philippa. 'Faith, shall I tell you, sir ?

One that would make an excellent honest husband
For her that's a just maid at one-and-twenty ;
For, on my conscience, he has his maidenhead yet.

Ansaldo. Fie, out upon him, beast.

Philippa. Sir, if you love me,
Give way but to one thing I shall request of you.

Ansaldo. Your courtesies, you know, may lay com-
mands on me.

Philippa. Then, at his next solicitings, let a consent
Seem to come from you ; 'twill make a noble sport,
sir :

We'll get jointure and all : but you must bear
Your self most affable to all his purposes.

Ansaldo. I can do that.

Philippa. Aye, and take heed of laughing.

Enter FRANCISCO.

Ansaldo. I've 'bide the worst of that already, lady.

Philippa. Peace ; set your countenance then, for
here he comes.

Francisco. There is no middle continent in this passion ;

I feel it here, it must be love or death :

It was ordain'd for one.

Philippa. Signior Francisco,

I'm sorry 'twas your fortune, in my house, sir,

To have so violent a stroke come to you.

The gentlewoman's a stranger ; pray be counsel'd, sir,
'Till you hear further of her friends and portion.

Francisco. 'Tis only but her love that I desire ;
She comes most rich in that.

Philippa. But be advis'd though :

I think she's a a rich heir, but see the proof, sir,
Before you make her such a generous jointure.

Francisco. 'Tis mine, and I will do it.

Philippa. She shall be your's too,
If I may rule her then.

Francisco. You speak all sweetness.

Philippa. She likes your person well, I tell you so
much,

But take no note I said so.

Francisco. Not a word.

Philippa. Come, lady, come, the gentleman's desertful,

And, o' my conscience, honest.

Ansaldo. Blame me not ; I am a maid, and fearful.

Francisco. Never truth came perfecter from man.

Philippa. Give her a lip-taste,

Enter BRANDINO and MARTINO.

That she herself may praise it.

Brandino. Yeá, a match, i'faith : my house is lucky
for 'em.

Now, Martino.

Martino. Master, the widow has the day.

Brandino. The day !

Martino. She's overthrown my youngster.

Brandino. Precious tidings !

Clap down four woodcocks more.

Martino. They're all at hand, sir.

Brandino. What both her adversaries too ?

Enter VALERIA, RICARDO, and TWO SUITORS.

Martino. They're come, sir.

Brandino. Go, bid the cook serve in two geese in a dish.

Martino. I like your conceit, master, beyond utterance.

Brandino. Welcome, sweet sister. Which is the man must have you?

I'd welcome nobody else.

First Suitor. Come to me then, sir.

Brandino. Are you he, i'faith, my chain of gold?
I'm glad on't.

Valeria. I wonder you can have the face to follow me,

That have so prosecuted things against me.

But I ha' resolv'd myself, 'tis done to spite me.

Ricardo. O dearth of truth!

Second Suitor. Nay, do not spoil thy hair;

Hold, hold I say, I'll get thee a widow somewhere.

Ricardo. If hand and faith be nothing for a contract,
What shall man hope?

Second Suitor. 'Twas wont to be enough, honey,
When there was honest meaning amongst widows;
But since your bribes came in, 'tis not allow'd

A contract without gifts to bind it fast:

Every thing now must have a felling first.

Do I come near you, widow?

Valeria. No, indeed, sir,

Nor ever shall, I hope: and, for your comfort, sir,

That sought all means t' entrap me for my wealth,

Had law unfortunately put you upon me,

You had lost your labour, all your aim and hopes, sir:

Here stands the honest gentleman, my brother,

To whom I've made a deed of gift of all.

Brandino. Aye, that she has, i'faith, I thank her,
gentlemen:

Look you here, sirs.

Valeria. I must not look for pleasures,

That give more grief if they prove false, or fail us,
Than ever they gave joy.

First Suitor. Have you serv'd me so, widow?

Second Suitor. I'm glad thou hast her not: laugh at him, honey; ha, ha.

Valeria. I must take one that loves me for myself:
Here's an old gentleman looks not after wealth,
But virtue, manners, and conditions.

First Suitor. Yes, by my faith, I must have lordships too, widow.

Valeria. How, sir.

First Suitor. Your manners, virtue, and conditions, widow,

Are pretty things within doors; I like well on 'em;
But I must have somewhat without, lying, or being
In the tenure or occupation of Mr. such-a-one: ha!
Those are fine things indeed.

Valeria. Why, sir, you swore to me it was for love.

First Suitor. True; but there's two words to a bargain, ever,

All the world over; and if love be one,
I'm sure money's the other; 'tis no bargain else.
Pardon me, I must dine as well as sup, widow.

Valeria. Cry mercy, I mistook you all this while, sir.
It was this antient gentleman indeed,
Whom I crave pardon on.

Second Suitor. What of me, widow?

Valeria. Alas, I have wronged you, sir; 'twas you that swore

You lov'd me for myself!

Second Suitor. By my troth, but I did not.

Come, father not your lies upon me, widow:
I love you for yourself! spit at me, gentlemen,
If ever I'd such a thought: fetch me in, widow,
You'll find your reach too short.

Valeria. Why, you have enough, you say.

Second Suitor. Aye, but I will have my humour too;
you never think of that: they're coach-horses, they go together still.

Valeria. Whom should a widow trust? I'll swear 'twas one of you
That made me believe so. 'Mass, think 'twas you, sir,

Now I remember me.

Ricardo. I swore too much,
To be believ'd so little.

Valeria. Was it you then?
Beshrew my heart for wronging of you.

Ricardo. Welcome blessing!
Are you mine faithfully now?

Valeria. As love can make me.

First Suitor. Why, this fills the commonwealth so
full of beggars,

Marrying for love, which none of mine shall do.

Valeria. But, now I think on 't, we must part again,
sir.

Ricardo. Again?

Valeria. Your 're in debt, and I, in doubt of all,
Left myself nothing too; we must not hold:
Want on both sides makes all affection cold:
I shall not keep you from that gentleman;
You'll be his more than mine; and, when he list,
He'll make you lie from me in some sour prison:
Then let him take you now for altogether, sir,
For he that's mine, shall be all mine, or nothing.

Ricardo. I never felt the evil of my debts,
'Till this afflicting minute.

Second Suitor. I'll be mad once in my days: I have
enough to cure me; and I will have my humour; they're
now but desperate debts again, I never look for
'em.

And ever since I knew what malice was,
I always held it sweeter to sow mischief,
Than to receive money; 'tis the finer pleasure.
I'll give him in his bonds as 't were in pity
To make the match, and bring 'em both to beggary:
Then will they never agree; that's a sure point.
He'll give her a black eye within these three days,
Beat half her teeth out by Alhallontide,
And break the little household stuff they have,
With throwing at one another: O, sweet sport!
Come, widow, come, I'll try your honesty,
Here to my honey y' have made many proffers,

I fear they're all but tricks. Here are his debts, gentlemen :

How I came by 'em I know best myself.
Take him before us faithfully for your husband,
And he shall tear 'em all before your face, widow.

Valeria. Else may all faith refuse me.

Second Suitor. Tear 'em, honey,
'Tis firm in law, a consideration given.
What with thy teeth ? thou'lt shortly tear her so,
That's all my hope, thou'd'st never have 'em else.
I've enough, and I will have my humour.

Ricardo. I'm now at liberty, widow.

Valeria. I'll be so too,
And then I come to thee. Give me this from you,
brother.

Brandino. Hold sister : sister.

Valeria. Look you, the deed of gift, sir. I'm as free :
He that has me, has all, and thou art he.

Both Suitors. How's that ?

Valeria. You're bob'd ; 'twas but a deed in trust,
And all to prove thee, whom I have found most just.

Brandino. I'm bob'd among the rest too : I'd have
sworn

T' had been a thing for me and my heirs for ever.
If I'd but got it up to the black box above,
I had been past redemption.

First Suitor. How am I cheated ?

Second Suitor. I hope you'll have the conscience now
to pay me, sir.

Ricardo. Oh, wicked man, sower of strife and envy,
Open not thy lips.

Second Suitor. How, how's this ?

Ricardo. Thou hast no charge at all, no child of
thine own

But two thou got'st once of a scouring-woman,
And they are both well provided for ; they're i' th' hos-
pital :

Thou hast ten thousand pound to bury thee,
Hang thyself when thou wilt, a slave go with thee.

Second Suitor. I'm gone, my goodness comes all out
together.

I have enough, but I have not my humour.

Enter VIOLETTA.

Violetta. O master, gentlemen: and you sweet widow,
I think you are no forwarder yet, I know not.
If ever you be sure to laugh again,
Now is the time.

Valeria. Why, what's the matter, wench?

Violetta. Ha, ha, ha.

Brandino. Speak, speak.

Violetta. Ha, a marriage, a marriage! I cannot tell
it for laughing: ha, he.

Brandino. A marriage! do you make that a laughing
matter?

Enter FRANCISCO and ANSALDO.

Violetta. Ha: aye, and you'll make it so when you
know all. Here they come, here they come, one man
married to another.

Valeria. How! man to man?

Violetta. Aye, man to man, i' faith:
There 'll be good sport at night to bring 'em both to bed.
Do you see 'em now, ha, ha, ha!

First Suitor. My daughter Martia!

Ansaldo. Oh, my father: your love and pardon, sir.

Valeria. 'Tis she indeed, gentlemen.

Ansaldo. I have been disobedient, I confess,
Unto your mind, and heaven has punish'd me
With much affliction since I fled your sight;
But finding reconciliation from above
In peace of heart, the next I hope 's your love.

First Suitor. I cannot but forgive thee, now I see
thee.

Thou fled'st a happy fortune of an old man;
But Francisco's of a noble family,
Though he be somewhat spent.

Francisco. I lov'd her not, sir,
As she was your's, for I protest I knew 't not;
But for herself, sir, and her own deservings,
Which had you been as foul, as you've been spiteful,
I should have lov'd in her.

First Suitor. Well, hold your prating, sir,
You're not like to lose by 't.

Philippa. Oh, Violetta, who shall laugh at us now?

Violetta. The child unborn, mistress.

Ansaldo. Be good.

Francisco. Be honest.

Ansaldo. Heaven will not let you sin, and you'd be careful.

Francisco. What means it sends to help you! think and mend,

Your'e as much bound as we to praise that friend.

Philippa. I am so, and I will so.

Ansaldo. Marry you speedily

Children tame you, you'll die like a wild beast else.

Violetta. Aye, by my troth should I. I've much ado to forbear

Laughing now, more's my hard fortune.

Enter MARTINO.

Martino. O, master, mistress, and you gentles all!

To horse, to horse presently, if you mean

To do your country any service.

Brandino. Art not ashamed, Martino, to talk of horsing So openly, before young married couples, thus.

Martino. It does concern the common-wealth and me, And you, master, and all: the thieves are taken.

Ansaldo. What say'st, Martino?

Martino. Law! here's common-wealth's-men,
The man of art, master, that cupt your eyes,
Is prov'd an arrant rascal; and his man
That drew my tooth, an excellent purse-drawer:
I felt no pain in that, it went insensibly.
Such notable villanies are confest!

Brandino. Stop there, sir:

We'll have time for them. Come, gentle-folks,
Take a slight meal with us: but the best cheer
Is perfect joy, and that we wish all here.— [*Exeunt.*

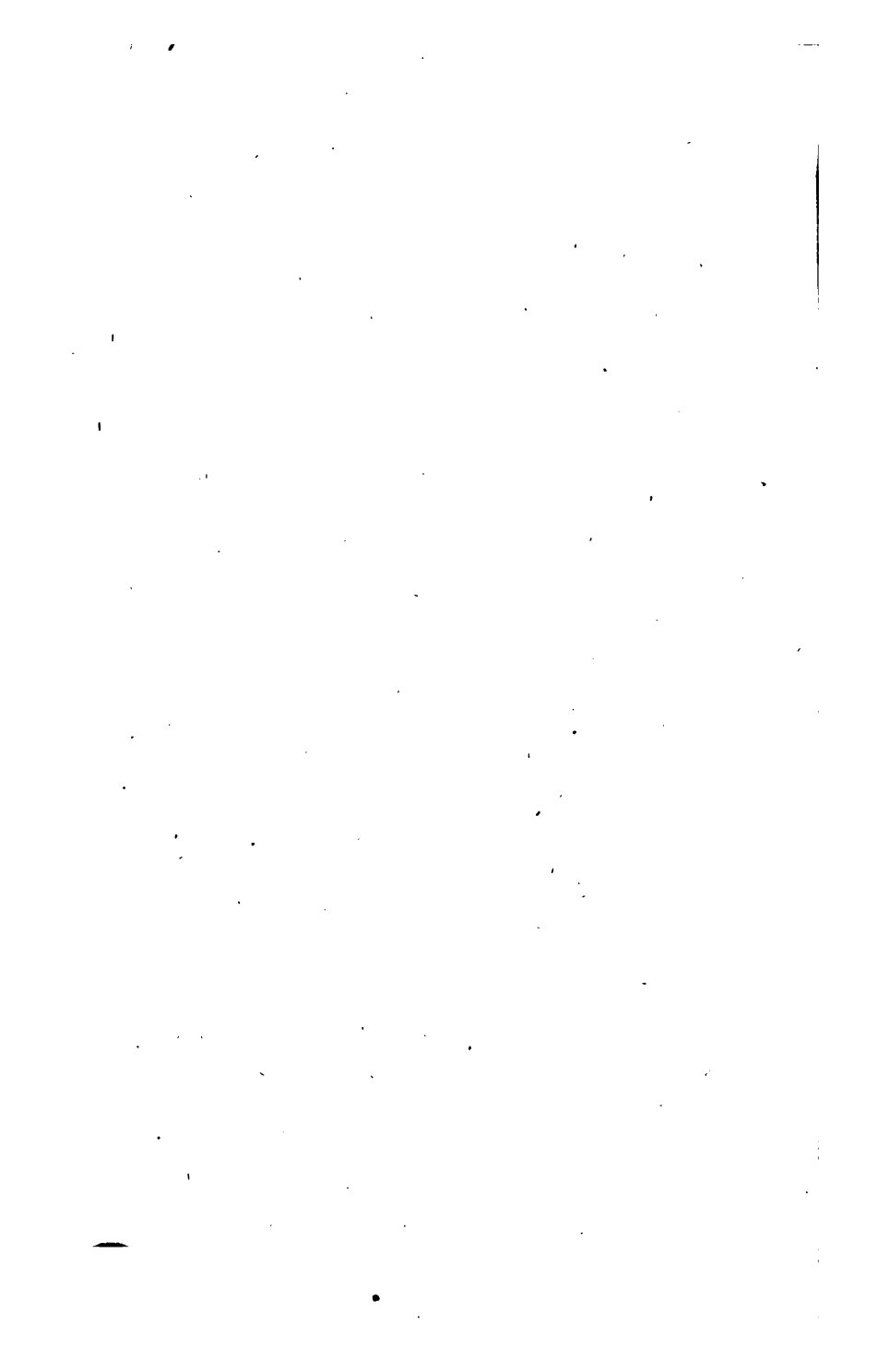
EPILOGUE.

Stay, stay, sir; I'm as hungry of my widow,
As you can be upon your maid, believe it;
But we must come to our desires in order:
There's duties to be paid, ere we go further.
He that without your likings leaves this place,
Is like one falls to meat, and forgets grace.
And that's not handsome; trust me, no:
Our rights being paid, and your loves understood,
My widow, and my meat, then does me good.
I ha' no money, wench, I told thee true;
For my report, pray let her hear 't from you.

EDITION.

The Widdow, a Comedie. As it was acted at the private House in Black Fryers, with great applause, by his late Majesties Servants. Written by Ben Johnson, John Fletcher, Tho. Middleton, Gent. Printed by the Originall Copy.—London: Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Sign of the *Prince's Arms*, in *St. Paul's Church Yard*. 1652. 4to.

CHICHEVACHE AND BYCORNE.

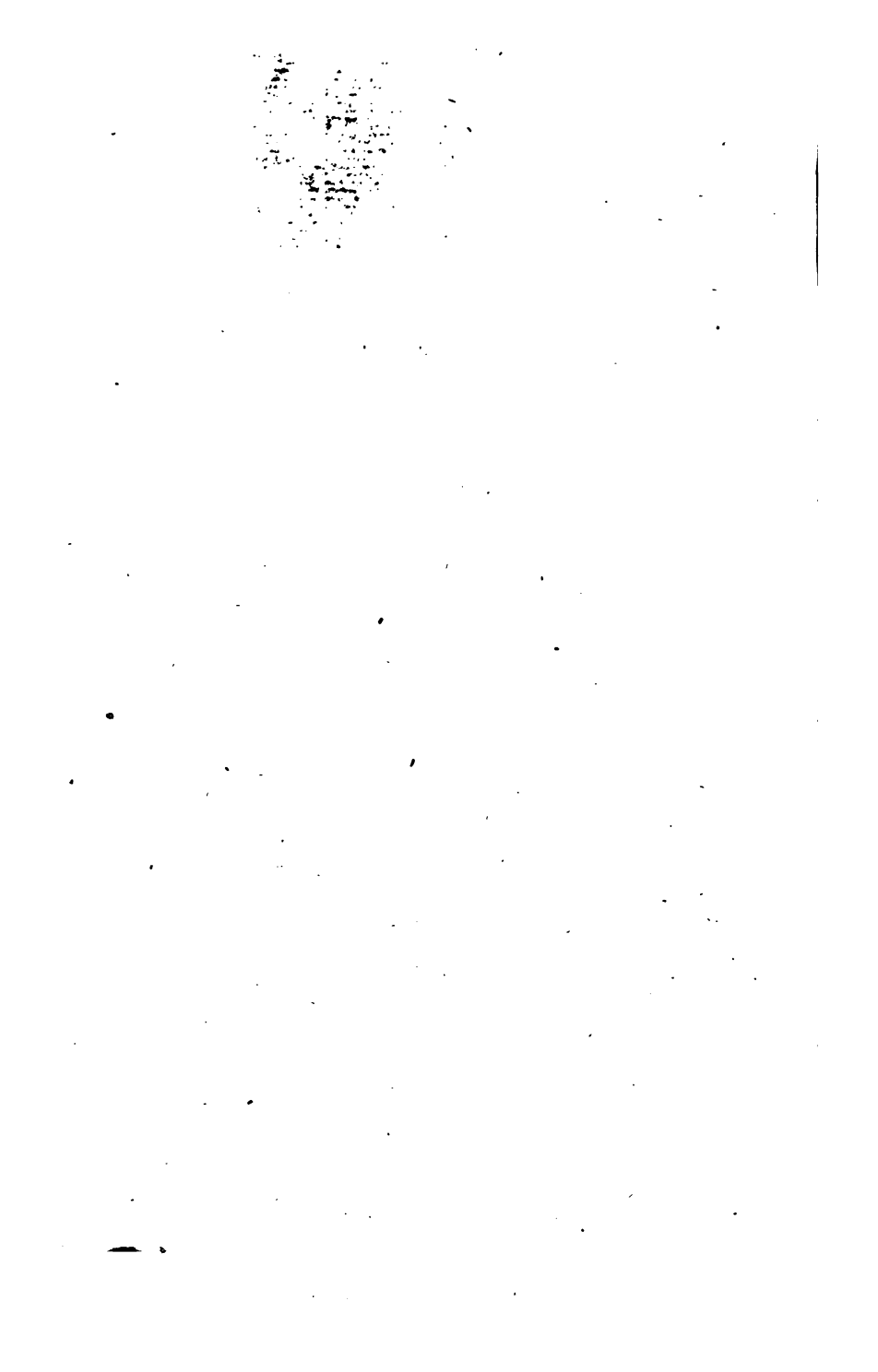


THIS ancient piece by Lydgate*, though rude, appears to be of a dramatic cast†, having a kind of scenery annexed to its dialogue. In this scenery there is somewhat pantomimical; and the performance itself appears to have been represented by a speaker, with assistants, in the manner described by Lydgate himself in his *Troie Boke*, B. 2. Ch. 12. There is no apparent reason why such stage directions should have been set down by the poet, unless they could be followed on the stage. S.

Mr. Tyrwhitt, in his Notes on Chaucer, vol. 4. p. 281, says, "In Stowe's Catalogue of Lydgate's works, at the end of Speght's Edition of Chaucer, there is one entitled, *Of two monstrous beasts, Bicorné and Chichefache*. It is not improbable that Lydgate translated the Ballad now extant from some older French Poem, to which Chaucer alludes. The name of *Chichevache* is French; *vacca parca*."

* MS. Harl. 2251. fol. 170. b.

† Ritson very truly asserts that there is nothing dramatic about this production; but it has been retained in the present edition of this work, on account of its curiosity and its brevity. C.



CHICHEVACHE AND BYCORNE.

First ther shal stonde an ymage in poete wise seyeng
these iij balades.

O Prudent folkes takith heede,
And remembrith in youre lyves,
How this story doth procede,
Of the husbandes and theyr wyfes:
Of theyr accorde, and theyr stryves,
With lyf, or deth, whiche to derayne,
Is graunted to these bestes twayne,

For this BYCORNE of his nature
Wil non other maner feede*,
But pacient husbandis in his pasture;
And CHICHEVACHE etith wymmen goode:
And both these bestis, by the roode,
Be fatte, or leene, it may nat faile,
Like lak, or plente, of theyr vitaille.

Than shal be
portreyed two
bestis oon fatte
anothyr leene.

Of Chichevache, and of Bycorne,
Tretith holy this matere;
Whos story hath taught us beforne,
Howe these bestes, bothe in feere,
Have ther pasture, as ye shal here,
Of men, and wymmen, in sentence,
Thurgh suffrance, or thurgh impatience.

Of Bycornoyes I am Bycorne,
Ful fatte and rounde here as I stonde;
And in mariage bounde and sworne
To Chichevache as hir husbonde:
Whiche wil nat eete, on see, nor londe,
But pacient wyfes debonayre,
Whiche to her husbondes be nat con-
trayre.

Than shal be
portrayed a fatte
beste called By-
corne, of the
cuntrey of By-
cornes, and
seyn these thre
balades follow-
ing:

Ful scarce God wote is her vitale,
 Humble wyfes she fynds so fewe;
 For alweys atte the countre taile,
 Theyr tunge clappith and doth hewe.
 Such meke wyfes I beshrewe,
 That neyther can at bedde, ne boord,
 Theyr hushondes nat forbere oon woord.

But my foode, and my cherisshyng,
 To telle plainly, and nat to varye,
 Is of suche folke whiche theyr livyng
 Dare to theyr wyfes be nat contrarye;
 Ne from theyr lustis dare not varye:
 Nor with hem holde no champartye,
 Al such my stomach wil defye.

Felawes, taketh heede, and ye may see
 How Bycorne castith hym to devoure
 Alle humble men, both yow and me,
 There is no gayne may us secoure.
 Woo be therfor in halle and bourre
 To al these husbandes, whiche theyr
 wyfes,
 Maken maystresses of theyr lives.

Than shal be
 portrayd a com-
 pany of men
 comyng to-
 wardis this
 beste Bycorne,
 and, sey these
 foure balades.

Who that so doth, this is the lawe,
 That this Bycorne wil hym oppresse
 And devouren in his mawe,
 That of his wife makith his maystresse;
 This wil us bryng in grete distresse:
 For we, for oure humylite,
 Of Bycorne shall devoured be.

We stonden plainly in suche case
 That they to us maystressis be:
 We may wele syng and seyn, allas,
 That we gaf hem the sovrante;
 For we ben thralle and they be free:
 Werfor Bycorn this cruel beste,
 Wil us devouren at the lest.

But who that can be souveraine,
 And his wif teach and chastise,
 That she dare nat a worde gayn seyn,
 Nor disobeye in no maner wise;
 Of suche a man I can devise
 He stant under protectionns
 Fram Bycornes jurisdictionns.

O noble wyves beth wele ware,
 Takith ensample now by me,
 Or ellys afferme wele I dare
 Ye shal be ded, ye shal nat flee:
 Beth crabbed voydith humylite;
 Or Chichevache ne will nat faile
 Yow for to swolow in his entraile.

Chichevache this is my name;
 Hungry, megre, sklendre, and leene,
 To shew my body I have grete shame,
 For hunger I feele so grete teene:
 On me no fatnesse wil be seene;
 By cause that pasture I fynde none
 Therfor I am but skyn and boon.

For my feding in existence,
 Is of wymmen that ben meke,
 And liche. Gresield in pacience,
 Or more theyr bounte for to eeke:
 But I ful longe may gon and seeke
 Or I can fynde a good repast,
 A morwe to breke with my fast.

I trow ther be a deere yeere
 Of pacient wymmen now these dayes,
 Who grevith hem with words or chere
 Lete hym be ware of such assayes:
 For it is more than thirty mayes
 That I have sought from lond to lond,
 But yit oon Gresield nev' I fond.

Than shal ther
 be a womman
 devoured in the
 mowth of Chi-
 chevache, cry-
 ing to alle
 wyfes and sey
 these balades.

Then shal there
 be portrayed a
 long horned
 beste, sklendre
 and leene, with
 sharp teth, and
 on his body no-
 thyng sauf skyn
 and boon.

I fond but oon in al my lyve,
 And she was ded ago ful yooore ;
 For more pasture I wil nat stryve
 Nor seche for my foode ne more,
 Ne for vitaile me to enstore :
 Wymmen been woxen so prudent
 They wil no more be.pacient.

My wif, alas, devoured is
 Most pacient and most pesible ;
 She nev' sayde to me amyse,
 Whom hath nowe slayn this best,horrible.
 And for it is an impossible,
 To fynde ev' such a wyf,
 I wil live sowle duryng my lyf.

Then shal be
 portrayed after
 Chichevache,
 an old man,
 with a baston
 on his bak, ma-
 nasyng the best
 for devouring of
 his wyf.

For now of newe, for theyr prow,
 The wifes of ful high prudence
 Have of assent made ther avow
 For to exile for ev' pacience;
 And cryed wolves,hede obedience;
 To make Chichevache faile,
 Of hem to fynde more.vitaile.

Now Chichevache may fast longe,
 And dye for al her crueltee ;
 Wymmen han made hemself so stronge,
 For to outraye humylite :
 O cely husbands wo been ye
 Suche as can have no pacience,
 Ageyns yowre wyfes violence.

If that ye suffre, ye be but dede,
 This Bycorne awaiteth yow so sore :
 Eeke of yowre wyfes ye stand in drede
 Yif ye geyn seyne hem any more :
 And thus ye stonde and have don yore
 Of lyf and deth betwixt coveyne,
 Lynkeld in a double cheyne.

THE
WORLD AND THE CHYLDE.

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[illegible]

WHEN the Rev. T. F. Dibdin asserted (Typogr. Antiq. II. ix.) that "in the Drama there is no single work yet found, which bears the name of Wynkyn de Worde as the printer of it," he committed one of those singular over-sights of which very learned men have before been sometimes guilty. "Hycke Scornor," perhaps the most ancient printed dramatic piece in our language, and well known to those who are at all acquainted with the history of our stage, was from his press, and his colophon is at its conclusion; "Emprynted by me Wynkyn de Worde." Mr. Dibdin, in opposition to his own statement, inserts it among the works of that early professor of the typographic art.

The subsequent dramatic production is also from the types of Wynkyn de Worde, but it was not discovered in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, until after the appearance of the second volume of Mr. Dibdin's new edition of Ames.*

* Another work must in future be added to the list of Wynkyn de Worde's pieces, although only a fragment of it was very recently discovered by Mr. Rodd, of Newport Street: it is the last leaf of a tract, the running title of which is "Ragmannes Rolle," and it purports to be a collection of the names and qualities of good and bad women in alternate stanzas. The meaning of "Ragman's Roll;" may be seen in Todd's Johnson's Dict. vide "Rigmarolle;" but in the following "Envoy" Wynkyn de Worde speaks of "King Ragman," a new personage in history. It is inserted only as a literary curiosity.

" Explicit Ragmannes rolle.

" Lenvoy of the prynter.

" Go lytyl rolle, where thou arte bought or solde,
Amonge fayre women behaue the manerly :
Without rewarde of any fee or golde,
Saye as it is, touchynge trouthe hardely:

"Hycke Scorne" is without date, but the "Worlde and the Chylde," was printed in July, 1522. No other copy of it is known, and it is here republished from a faithful transcript of the original. As a specimen of our ancient Moralities, it is of an earlier date, and in several respects more curious, than any other piece in the present collection. From a line in the epilogue, it might be inferred that it was performed before the King and his Court.

And yf that they do blame thee wrongfully,
Excuse thy prynter, and thy selfe also,
Layenge the faute on kynge Ragman holly
Whiche dyde the make many yeres ago.

Finis.

—nprynted at London, in the Fletestrete, at the

—e of the Sonne, by Wynkyn de Worde."

The words "Enprynted" and "Signe," have been partly torne away, with the corner of the leaf.

Here begynneth a propre newe Interlude
of the Worlde and the chylde, otherwyse
called [Mundus & Infans] & it sheweth
of the estate of Chyldehode and Manhode.

Mundus SYRS, seace of your sawes what so befall,
And loke you bow bonerly to my bydding,
For I am ruler of realmes, I warne you all,
And ouer all fodys¹ I am kynge:
For I am kynge and well knowen in these realmes
rounde,
I have also paleys ypyght
I have stedes in stable stalworthe and stronge,
Also stretes and strondes full strongly ydyght:
For all the worlde wyde I wote well is my name,
All rychesse redely it renneth in me,
All pleasure worldely both myrthe and game.
Myselfe semely in sale I sende with you to be,
For I am the worlde I warne you all,
Prynce of powere and of plente:
He that cometh not whan I do hym call
I shall hym smyte with pouerte,
For pouerte I parte in many a place
To them that wyll not obedyent be.
I am a kynge in euery case:
Me thynketh I am a god of grace,
The floure of vertu foloweth me.
Lo here I sette, semely in se,
I commaunde you all obedyent be,
And with fre wyll ye folowe me.

Infans Cryst our kynge graunte you clerly to know
y^e case,
To meue of this mater that is in my mynde,
Clerely declare it, cryst graunte me grace.

¹ *Qy. folys*, or fools.

Now semely syrs beholde on me
 How mankynde doth begynne :
 I am a chylde, as you may se,
 Goten in game and in grete synne.
 xl. wekes my moder me founde,
 Flesshe and blode my fode was tho :
 Whan I was rype from her to founde,
 In peryll of dethe we stode both two.
 Now to seke dethe I must begyn,
 For to passe that straye passage
 For body and soule that shall than twynne,
 And make a partynge of that maryage.
 Fourty wekes I was frely fedde
 Within my moders possessyon :
 Full oft of dethe she was adred,
 Whan that I sholde parte her from :
 Now into the worlde she hathe me sent,
 Poore and naked as ye may se,
 I am not worthely wrapped nor went,
 But powerly prycked in pouerte.
 Now in to the worlde wyl I wende,
 Some comforte of hym for to craue.
 All hayle, comely crowned kynge,
 God that all made, you se and saue.

Mundus Welcome, fayre chylde, what is thy name?

Infans I wote not syr withouten blame,
 But ofte tyme my moder in her game
 Called me dalyaunce.

Mundus Dalyaunce, my swete chylde,
 It is a name that is right wyld,
 For whan thou waxest olde
 It is a name of no substaunce,
 But my fayre chylde what woldest thou have?

Infans Sy. of some comforte I you craue :
 Mete and clothe my lyfe to saue,
 And I your true seruuaunt shall be.

Mundus Now, fayre chylde, I graunte the thyne
 askynge :

I will the fynde whyle thou art yinge,
 So thou wylte be obedyent to my byddynge.

These garmentes gaye I gyue to the,
 And also I gyue to the a name,
 And clepe the wanton in euery game,
 Tyll .xiiij yere be come and gone,
 And than come agayne to me.

Wanton Gramercy worlde for myne araye,
 For now I purpose me to playe

Mundus Fare well fayre chylde, and have good daye:
 All rychelesnesse is knyde for the

Wanton Aha, wanton is my name:
 I can many a quaynte game.

Lo my toppe I dryue in same,
 Se it torneth rounde:

I can with my scorge stycke
 My felow upon the heed hytte,
 And lyghtly^{1*} from hym make a skyppe,
 And blere on hym my tonge.

If brother or syster do me chyde

I wyll scratche and also byte:

I can crye, and also kyke,
 And mocke them all berewe.

If fader or mother wyll me smyte,

I wyll wrynge with my lyppe,

And lyghtly from hym make a skyppe,

And call my dame shrewe.

Aha, a newe game have I founde.

Se this gynne, it renneth rounde,

And here another have I founde,

And yet mo can I fynde.

I can mowe on a man,

And make a lesynge well I can

And mayntayne it ryght well than.

This connyng came me of kynde,

Ye syrs I can well gelde a snayle,

And catch a cowe by the tayle:

This is a fayre counynge,

I can daunce and also skyppe,

I can playe at the chery pytte,

^{1*} By an error of the press this word is printed "wyghtly" in the original.

And I can wystell you a fyttē,
 Syres, in a whylowe ryne :
 Ye, syrs, and every daye,
 Whan I to scole shall take the waye
 Some good mannes gardyn I wyll assaye,
 Perys and plommes to plucke.
 I can spye a sparowes nest,
 I will not go to scole but whan me lest,
 For there begynneth a sory fest,
 When the mayster sholde lyfte my docke.
 But, syrs, whan I was seuen yere of age
 I was sent to the worlde to take wage,
 And this seuen yere I haue ben his page,
 And kept his commaundement.
 Now I wyll wende to the worlde y^e worthy emperour.
 Hayle lorde of grete honour,
 This .vij. yere I have served you in hall & in boure
 With all my trewe entent.²

Mundus Now, welcome wanton, my derynge dēre.
 A newe name I shall gyue the here :
 Loue lust lykyng in fere,
 These thy names they shall be,
 All game and gle and gladnes,
 All loue longyng in lewdnes.
 This seuen yere forsake all sadnes,
 And than come agayne to me.

Lust & Lykyng Aha, now lust and lykyng is my
 name.

I am as fresshe as flourys in maye,
 I am semely shapen in same,
 And proudely apperelde in garmentes gaye :
 My lokes ben full louely to a ladyes eye,
 And in loue longyng my harte is sore sette :
 Myght I fynde a fode that were fayre and fre,
 To lye in hell tell domysdaye for loue I wolde not let.
 My loue for to wyne

² Hence it is evident, that the audience was to suppose seven years to elapse during the speaking of this soliloquy. The progress of time is elsewhere sufficiently marked.

All game and gle,
 All myrthe and melodye,
 All reuell and ryotte,
 And of bost wyll I never blynne.
 But, syrs, now I am .xix. wynter olde,
 I wys, I waxe wonder bolde :
 Now I wyll go to the worlde
 A heygher scyence to assaye :
 For the worlde wyll me auance,
 I wyll kepe his gouernaunce,
 His plesynge wyll I praye,
 For he is a kynge in all substaunce.
 All hayle mayster, full of myght,
 I haue you serued bothe day and nyght :
 Now I comen, as I you behyght.
 One and twenty wynter is comen and gone.
Mundus Now welcome, loue lust and lykynge,
 For thou hast ben obedyent to my byddyng.
 I encrease the in all thyng,
 And myghtly I make the a man :
 Manhode myghty shall be thy name.
 Bere the prest^{2*} in euery game,
 And wayte well that thou suffre no shame,
 Neyther for londe, nor for rente :
 Yf ony man wolde wayte the with blame,
 Withstonde hym with thy hole entent,
 Full sharpely thou bete him to shame
 With doughtynesse of dede :
 For of one thyng, manhode, I warne the,
 I am moost of bounte,
 For seuen kynges sewen me
 Bothe by daye and nyght.
 One of them is the kynge of pryde,
 The kynge of enuy doughty in dede,
 The kynge of wrathe that boldely wyll abyde,
 For mykyl is his myght :
 The kynge of couetous is the fourte :
 The fyfte kynge he hyght slouthe,
 The kynge of glotony hath no Iolyte

^{2*} i. e., "Bear thee ready."

There povertie is pyght:
 Lechery is the seuenth kynge,
 All men in hym have grete delytynge,
 Therefore worshyp hym aboue all thyng,
 Manhode, with all thy myght.

Manhode Yes, syr kynge, without lesynge
 It shall be wrought.

Had I knowynge of the fyrst kynge without lesynge
 Well Ioyen I mought.

Mundus The fyrste kynge hyght pryde.

Manhode A, lorde, with hym fayne wolde I byde.

Mundus Ye, but woldest thou serve hym truely in
 every tyde?

Manhode Ye syr and therto my trouthe I plyght:
 That I shall truely pryde present
 I swere by saint Thomas of kent.³
 To serue hym truely is myn entent,
 With mayne and all my myght.

Mundus Now, manhode, I wyll araye the newe
 In robes ryall ryght of good hewe,
 And I praye the pryncypally be trewe,
 And here I dubbe the a knyght,
 And haunte alwaye to chyualry.
 I gyue the grace, and also beaute,
 Golde and syluer grete plente;
 Of the wronge to make the ryght.

Manhode Gramercy, worlde and emperour,
 Gramercy, worlde and gouernoure,
 Gramercy, comforte in all coloure,
 And now I take my leue: farewell.

Mundus Farewell, manhode, my gentyll knyght:
 Farewell my sone, semely in syght.
 I gyue the a swerde, and also strength and myght
 In batayle boldly to bere the well.

Manhode Now I am dubbed a knyght hende,⁴
 Wonder wyde shall waxe my fame:
 To seke adventures now wyll I wende,
 To please the worlde in gle and game

³ i. e. St. Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury.

⁴ *Hende*. Sax: civil, courteous.

Mundus Lo syrs I am a prynce peryllous yprovyde,
 I preuyd full peryllous and pethely I pyght :
 As a lorde in eche londe I am belouyd,
 Myne eyen do shyne as lantern bryght.
 I am a creature comely out of care,
 Emperours and kynges they knele to my kne :
 Every man is a ferde whan I do on hym stare,
 For all mery medell erthe maketh mencyon of me.
 Yet all is at my hande werke, both by downe and by
 dale,

Both the see and the lande and foules that fly :
 And I were ones moued, I tell you in tale,
 There durst not⁴ sterre stere that stondeth in the sky,
 For I am lorde and leder, so that in londe
 All boweth to my byddyng bonerly aboute.
 Who y^t styreth w^t ony stryfe or wayteth me with
 wronge,

I shall myghtly make hym to stamer and stowpe :
 For I am rychest in myne araye,
 I have knyghtes and Toures,
 I have ladyes bryghtest in bourys.
 Now wyll I fare on these flourys :
 Lordynges, have good daye.

Manhode Peas, now peas, ye felowes all aboute :
 Peas now, and herken to my sawes,
 For I am lorde bothe stalworthy and stowte,
 All londes are ledde by my lawes.
 Baron was there never borne that so well hym bare,
 A better, ne a bolde, nor a bryghter of ble,⁴
 For I have myght and mayne over countrees fare,
 And manhode myghty am I named in every countre.
 For Salerne, and samers, and ynde the loys,
 Caley, kente, and cornwayle I have conquered clene,
 Pycardye, and Pountes, and gentyll artoys,
 Florence, Flaunders, and Fraunce, and also Gascoyne.
 All I have conquered as a knyght :
 There is no emperour so kene,

⁴ * do, in the original.

⁴ See Note 37, to the *Pinner of Wakefield*, Vol. III.

That dare me lightly tene,⁶
 For lyues and lymmes I lene,
 So mykyll is my myght.
 For I have boldely blode full pyteously dyspylde :
 There many hath lefte fyngers, and fete, both heed
 and face.

I have done harme on hedes, and knyghtes have I
 kyld,

And many a lady for my loue hath sayd alas.
 Brygaunt Ermys⁷ I have beten to backe and to bonys,
 And beten also many a grome to grounde :
 Brestplates I have beten, as Steuen was w^t stonys,
 So fell a fyghter in a felde was there never yfounde.

To me no man is makyde,
 For manhode myghty that is my name.

Many a lorde have I do lame :

Wonder wyde walketh my fame,

And many a kynges crowne have I crakyd.

I am worthy and wyght, wytty and wyse :

I am ryall arayde to reuen vnder the ryse,

I am proudly aparelde in purpure and byse,

As golde I glyster in gere :

I am styffe, stronge, stalworthe, and stoute,

I am the ryallest redely that renneth in this route,

There is no knyght so grysly that I drede nor dout,

For I am so doughtly dyght ther may no dint me dere,
 And y^e kynge of pryde full prest w^t all his proude
 presens,

And y^e kynge of lechery louely his letters hath me
 sent,

And the kynge of wrathe full wordely w^t all his entent,
 They wyll me mayntayne w^t mayne and all theyr
 myght :

The kynge of couetous, and the kynge of glotony,

The kynge of slouth, and the kynge of enuy,

All those sende me theyr leuery.

Where is now so worthy a wyght ?

Ye, as a wyght wytty,

⁶ Tene, Sax. grieve.

⁷ i. e. harness or armour.

Here in this sete sytte I,
 For no loues lette I
 Here for to sytte.

Conscience Cryst, as he is crowned kyng,
 Save all this comely company,
 And graunte you all his dere blessinge,
 That bonerly bought you on the roode tre.
 Now praye you prestly on every syde
 To god omnyotent,
 To set our enemy sharply on syde,
 That is the deuyll and his couent :
 And all men to have a clere knowynge
 Of heuen blysse, that hye toure,
 Methynke it is a nessarye thyng,
 For yonge and olde, bothe ryche and pore,
 Poore conscience for to knowe,
 For conscience clere it is my name.
 Conscience counseyleth both hye and lowe
 And conscience comenly bereth grete blame,
 Ye, and oftentymes set in shame :
 Wherefore I rede you men, bothe in earnest and in
 game,

Conscience that ye knowe,
 For I knowe all the mysterys of man.
 They be as symple as they can,
 And in every company where I come
 Conscience is out cast :
 All the worlde dothe conscience hate,
 Mankynde and conscience ben at debate,
 For yf mankynde myght conscience take
 My body wolde they brast :
 Brast, ye, and warke me moche wo.

Manhode Say, how felowe, who gave the leue this
 way to go ?

What, wenest thou I dare not come the to ?
 Say, thou harlot, whyder in hast ?

Conscience What, let me go, syr, I knowe you
 nought.

Manhode No, bychyde brothell ? thou shalte be
 taught,

For I am a knyght, and I were sought
The worlde hath auaunced me

Conscience Why, good syr knyght, what is your name?

Manhode Manhode, myghty in myrthe and in game,
All powere of pryde have I tane :

I am as gentyll as lay on tre.

Conscience Syr, thoughe the worlde have you to
manhode brought,

To mayntayne maner ye were never taught :

No, conscience clere ye knowe ryght nought,

And this longeth to a knyght.

Manhode Conscience! what the deuyll man is he?

Conscience Syr, a techer of the spyrytualet.

Manhode Spyrytualet! what the deuyll may that be?

Conscience Syr, all that be leders in to lyght.

Manhode Lyght! ye, but herke, felowe, yet lyght
fayne wolde I se.

Conscience Wyll ye so, syr knyght, than do after me.

Manhode Ye, and it to pydes pleasynge be ;

I wyll take thy techynge.

Conscience Nay, syr, beware of pryde and you do
well.

For pryde lucyfer fell in to hell :

Tyll domysdaye ther shall he dwell,

Withouten ony out comynge,

For pryde, syr, is but a vayne glorye.

Manhode Peas, thou brothell, and lette those wordes
be,

For the worlde and pryde hath auaunced me

To me men lewte^a full lowe.

Conscience And to beware of pryde, syr, I wolde
counsayll you,

And thynke on kynge robert of cysell,

How he for pryde in grete poverte fell,

For he wolde not conscience knowe.

Manhode Ye, conscience, go forthe thy waye,

For I loue pryde, and wyll go gaye :

^a i. e. lout or bow.

All thy techynge is not worthe a straye,
For pryde clepe I my kynge.

Conscience Syr, there is no kynge but god alone,
That bodely bought vs with payne and passyon,
Bycause of mannes soule redempcyon :
In scripture thus we fynde.

Manhode Saye, conscience, syth y^a woldest have
pryde fro me,
What sayest thou by the kynge of lechery ?
With all mankynde he must be,
And with hym I loue to lynge.

Conscience Nay, manhode, that may not be :
From lechery fast you fle,
For incombraunce it wyll brynge the,
And all that to hym wyll lynde.

Manhode Saye, conscience, of the kynge of
slouthe.
He hath behyght me mykell trouthe,
And I may not forsake hym for ruthe,
For with hym I thynke to rest.

Conscience Manhode, in Scripture thus we fynde,
That slouth is a traytour to heuen kynge
Syr knyght yf you wyll kepe your kynge⁹
From slouthe clene you cast.

Manhode Say, conscience, the kynge of glotonye.
He sayth he wyll not forsake me,
And I purpose his saruaunt to be
With mayne and all my myght.

Conscience Thynke, manhode, on substaunce,
And put out glotonye for combraunce,
And kepe with you good gouernaunce,
For this length to a knyght.

Manhode What, conscience, frome all my maysters
y^a woldest have me :
But I wyll never forsake enuy,
For he is kynge of company,
Bothe with more and lasse.

⁹ *Kynge* seems a misprint here : perhaps *kynde* or *mynde* ought to be substituted.

Conscience Nay, manhode, that may not be.
 And ye wyll cherysshe enuy,
 God wyll not well pleased be
 To comforte you in that case.

Manhode Ey, ey! from fyue kynges thou hast coun-
 seyled me,

But from the kynge of wrothe I wyll neuer fle,
 For he is in euery dede doughty,
 For hym dare no man rowte.

Conscience Nay, manhode, beware of wrathe
 For it is but superfluyte that cometh and goeth :
 Ye, and all men his company hateth,
 For ofte they stonde in doubte.

Manhode Fye on the, false flaterynge frere :
 Thou shalte rewe the tyme that thou came here.
 The deuyll mote set the on a fyre,
 That euer I with the mete,
 For thou counseylest me from all gladnes,
 And wolde me set vnto all sadnes,
 But or thou brynge me in this madnes
 The deuyll breke thy necke.
 But, syr frere, euyl mote thou thye,⁹
 Frome .vi. kynges thou hast counseyled me,
 But that daye shall thou never se
 To counsayll me frome couetous.

Conscience No, syr, I wyll not you from couetous
 brynge,
 For couetous I clepe a kynge :
 Syr, couetous in good doynge
 Is good in all wyse :
 But, syr knyght, wyll ye do after me,
 And couetous your kynge shall be ?

Manhode Ye, syr, my trouthe I plyght to the,
 That I wyll warke at thy wyll.

Conscience Manhode, wyll ye by this worde stande ?

Manhode Ye, conscience, here my hand.
 I wyll neuer from it fonge,¹⁰
 Neyther loude ne styll.

⁹ *thye* : i. e. thrive : it is sometimes spelt *the*.

¹⁰ *fonge*, Sax. take. It is here used in the sense of *depart*.

Conscience Manhode, ye must loue god aboue all thynges :

His name in ydelnes ye may not mynge :
 Kepe your holy daye from worldly doynges :
 Your fader and moder worshyppe aye :
 Coueyte ye to sle no man,
 Ne do no lechery with no woman :
 Your neyboures good take not be no waye,
 And all false wytnesse ye must denaye :
 Neyther ye must not couete no mannes wyfe,
 Nor no good that hym be lythe.
 This couetys shall kepe you out of stryfe.
 These ben the commaundementes ten,
 Mankynde, and ye these commaundementes kepe
 Heuen blysse I you behete,"
 For crystes commaundementes all full swete,
 And full necessary to all men.

Manhode What, conscience, is this thy couetous ?

Conscience Ye, manhode, in all wyse :
 And coueyte to crystes seruyse,
 Bothe to matyns and to masse.
 Ye must, manhode, with all your myght
 Mayntayne holy chyrches ryght,
 For this longeth to a knyght
 Playnly in every place.

Manhode What, conscience, sholde I leue all game and gle ?

Conscience Nay, manhode, so mote I thye,
 All myrthe in measure is good for the :
 But, syr, measure is in all thynges.

Manhode Measure, conscience, what thynges may measure be ?

Conscience Syr, kepe you in charyte,
 And from all euyll company,
 For doubte of foly doynges.

Manhode Folye ! what thynges callest thou folye ?

Conscience Syr, it is Pryde, Wrathe, and Enuy,
 Slouthe, Couetous, and Glotonye,

" i. e. behight or promise.

Lechery the seuento is:

These seuen synnes I call folye

Manhode What, thou lvest: to this
Seuen the worlde delyuered me,
And sayd they were kynges of grete beaute,
And most of mayne and myghtes.
But yet I praye the, syr, tell me
Maye I not go arayde honestly?

Conscyence Yes, manhode, hardely
In all maner of degre.

Manhode But I must have sportynge of playe.

Conscyence Sykerly, manhode I say not naye:
But good gouernaunce kepe bothe nyght and daye,
And mayntayne mekenes and all mercy.

Manhode All mercy, conscyence: what may that be?

Conscyence Syr, all dyscrecyon that god gave the.

Manhode Dyscrecyon: I knowe not so mote I the.

Conscyence Syr, it is all the wyttes that god hathe
you sende.

Manhode A, conscyence! conscyence! now I knowe
and se

Thy cunnyng is moche more than myne:

But yet I praye the, syr, tell me

What is moost necessary for man in euery tyme?

Conscyence Syr, in euery tyme beware of folye:
Folye is full of false flatteryng.

In what occupacyon that euer ye be

Alwaye, or ye begyn, thynke on the endynge
For blame.

Now fare well manhode I must wende.

Manhode Now fare well conscyence, myne owne
frende.

Conscyence I praye you, manhode, have god in mynde
And beware of folye and shame.

Manhode Yes, yes: ye, come wynde and rayne,
God let hym neuer come here agayne.

Now he is forwarde I am ryght fayne,

For in faythe, syr, he had nere counsayled me all amys.

A, a, now I have bethought me, yf I shall heuen wyn
Conscyence techynge I must begyn,

And clene forsake the kynges of synne
 That the worlde me taught,
 And consyence seruauunt wyll I be,
 And beleue, as he hath taught me,
 Upon one god and persones thre,
 That made all thyng of nought :
 For consyence clere I clepe my kynge,
 And his knight in good doynge :
 For ryght of reason, as I fynde,
 Consyence techynge is trewe.
 The worlde is full of boost,
 And sayth he is of myghtes moost :
 All his techynge is not worthe a coost,
 For consyence he doth refuse.
 But yet wyll I hym not forsake,
 For mankynde he doth mery make :
 Though the world and consyence be at debate,
 Yet the worlde wyll I not despyse,
 For bothe in chyrche and in chepynge,¹³
 And in other places beyng,
 The worlde fyndeth me all thyng,
 And dothe me grete seruyse.
 Now here full prest
 I thynke to rest,
 Now myrthe is best.

Folye What hey ! how care awaye !
 My name is folye, I am not gaye.
 Is here ony man that will saye naye
 That renneth in this route ?

A, syr, god gyue you good eue.

Manhode Stonde vtter¹³ felowe where doest y^a thy
 curtesy preue

Folye What, I do but clawe myne ars syr, be your
 leue.

I praye you, syr, ryue me this cloute.

Manhode What stonde out thou sayned¹⁴ shrewe

Folye By my faythe syr there the cock crewe

¹³ *chepynges*, i. e. market.

¹³ i. e. out or off.

¹⁴ *Qy. fayned* or feigned.

For I take recorde of this rewe
My thedome¹⁵ is nere past.

Manhode Now, trewely, it may well be so.

Folye By god, syr, yet have I felowes mo,
For in every countre where I go
Some man his thryfte hath lost.

Manhode But herke, felowe, art thou ony craftes
man?

Folye Ye, syr, I can bynde a syue and tynke a pan,
And therto a coryous bukler player I am.
Aryse felowe wyll thou assaye.

Manhode Now, truely, syr, I trow thou canst but
lytell skyl of playe.

Folye Yes, by cockes bones that I can.
I wyll neuer fle for no man,
That walketh by the waye.

Manhode Felowe, thoughe thou have kunnyng,
I counsayll the leue thy bostyng,
For here thou may thy felowe fynde,
Whyder thou wylte at longe or shorte.

Folye Come, loke and thou darest aryse and assaye.

Manhode Ye, syr but yet consyence byddeth me
naye.

Folye No, syr, thou darest not in good faye,
For, truely, thou faylest no false herte.

Manhode What sayst thou? have I a false herte?

Folye Ye, syr in good faye.

Manhode Manhode wyll not that I saye nay.
Defende the folye, yft you maye,

For in feythe I purpose to wets what thou art.
Hew sayste thou now folye, hast thou not a touche?

Folye No, ywys, but a lytell on my pouche.
On all this meyne¹⁶ I wyll me wouche
That stondeth here aboute.

Manhode And I take recorde on all this rewe
Thou hast two touches, thoughe I saye but fewe

Folye Ye, this place is not without a shrewe :
I do you all out of dewe

¹⁵ the dome, i. e. thriving or success.

¹⁶ or meinie, alluding to the audience.

Manhode But herke, felowe, by thy faythe where
was thou bore?

Folye By my faythe in englonde have I dwelled yore,
And all myne auncetters me before.

But syr in London is my chese dwellynge

Manhode In London! where yf a man the sought?

Folye Syr, in holborne I was forthe brought,
And with the courtiers, I am betaught.

To westmynster I used to wende.

Manhode Herke felowe why doost thou to westmyn-
ster drawe

Folye For I am a seruaunt of the lawe.

Couetous is myne owne felowe:

We twayne plete for the kynge,

And poore men that come from vplande

We wyll take theyr mater in hande,

Be it ryght or be it wronge,

Theyr thryfte with us shall wende.

Manhode Now here, felowe, I praye y^e whyder wend-
est yⁿ than?

Folye By my feyth, syr, in to London I ran
To the tauernes to drynke the wyne:

And then to the Innes I toke the waye,

And there I was not welcome to the osteler

But I was welcome to the fayre tapaster,

And to all the housholde I was ryght dere,

For I have dwelled with her many a daye.

Manhode Now I praye y^e, whyder toke yⁿ than the
waye?

Folye In feyth syr ouer London brydge I ran,

And the streyght waye to the stewes I came,

And toke lodgyng for a nyght:

And there I found my brother lechery.

There men and women dyda folye,

And every man made of me as worthy

As thoughe I hadde ben a knyght.

Manhode I praye the yet tell me mo of thyne aduen-
tures.

Folye In feyth euen streyght to all the freres,

And with them I dwelled many yeres,
And they crowned folye a kynge.

Manhode I praye the, felowe, whyder wendest thou
tho?

Folye Syr all englande to and fro:
In to abbeys and in to nonneryes also,
And alway folye dothe felowes fynde.

Manhode. Now herke, felowe, I pray the tell me thy
name.

Folye I wys, I hyght bothe folye and shame

Manhode A, ha! thou arte he that consyence dyd
blame

Whan he me taught.

I praye the folye go hens and folowe not me.

Folye Yes, good syr, let me your seruaunt be.

Manhode Naye so mote I thye,

For than a shrewe had I caught.

Folye Why, good syr, what is your name?

Manhode *Manhode* myghty, that bereth no blame.

Folye By y^e roode, and manhode mystereth in every
game,

Som dele to cherysshe folye :

For folye is felowe with the worlde,

And gretely beloued with many a lorde,

And yf ye put me out of your warde

The worlde ryght wroth wyll be.

Manhode Ye, syr, yet had I leuer the worlde be wrath,
Than lese the cunnyng that Consyence me gave.

Folye A cuckowe for consyence: he is but a daw: :
He can not elles but preche.

Manhode Ye, I praye the, leue thy lewde claterynge,
For Consyence is a counseler for a kynge.

Folye I wolde not gyue a strawe for his techyng: :
He dooth but make men wrothe.

But wottest thou what I saye, man?

By that ylke¹⁷ trouthe that god me gave,

Had I that bychyde Consyence in this place

¹⁷ ylike, same.

I sholde so bete hym with my staffe,
That all his stownes sholde stynke.

Manhode I praye the, folye, go hens and folowe not me.

Folye Yes, syr, so mote I thye,
Your seruaunt wyll I be.
I axe but mete and drynke

Manhode Peace, man: I may not have the for thy name,

For thou sayst thy name is bothe folye and shame

Folye Syr here in this cloute I knyht shame,
And clype me but propre folye.

Manhode Ye, folye, wyll thou be my trewe seruaunt?

Folye Ye, syr manhode, here my hande.

Manhode Now let us drynke at this comnaunt,¹
For that is curtesy.

Folye Mary, mayster, ye shall have in hast.
A, ha! syrs, let the catte wyncke,
For all ye wote not what I thynke,
I shall draw hym suche a draught of drynke,
That consyence he shall awaye cast.
Haue, mayster, and drynke well
And let us make reuell, reuell,
For I swere by the chyrche of saynt myghell,
I wolde we were at stewes:
For there is nothyng but reuell route,
And we were there, I had no doubt
I sholde be knowen all aboute,
Where consyence they wolde refuse.

Manhode Peas, folye, my fayre frende,
For, by cryste, I wolde not y^t consyence sholde me
here fynde.

Folye Tusshe, mayster therof speke no thyng,
For consyence cometh no tyme here.

Manhode Peace, folye, there is no man that knoweth me.

Folye Syr, here my trouthe I plyght to the,

¹ i. e. covenant or agreement.

And thou wylte go thyder with me
For knowledge have thou no care.

Manhode Pease, but it is hens a grete waye.

Folye Parde, syr, we may be there on a daye.

Ye, and we shall be ryght welcome, I dare well saye,
In estchepe for to dyne :

And than we wyll with lombardes at passage playe
And at the popes heed swete wyne assaye,
We shall be lodged well a fyne

Manhode What sayest thou, folye, is this the best ?

Folye Syr, all this is manhode well thou knowest.

Manhode Now, foly, go we hens in hast.

But fayne wolde I chaunge my name :

For well I wote, yf consyence mete me in this tyde
Ryght well I wote he wolde me chyde.

Folye Syr, for fere of you his face he shall hyde.
I shall clepe you shame

Manhode Now gramercy, folye, my felowe infer¹⁹

Go we hens, tary no lenger here.

Tyll we be gone me thynke it seven yere :

I haue golde and good to spende

Folye A, ha ! mayster that is good chere,

And or it be passed halfe a yere,

I shall be shere ryght a lewd frere,

And hyther agayne the sende.

Manhode Folye, go before and teche me the waye.

Folye Come after, shame, I the praye,

And consyence clere ye cast awaye,

Lo, syrs, this foly techeth aye

For where consyence cometh with his cunnynge,

Yet folye full fetely shall make hym blynde.

Folye before, and shame behynde,

Lo, syrs, thus fareth the worlde alwaye.

Manhode Now, I wyll folowe folye, for folye is my
man :

Ye folye is my felowe, and hath gyuen me a name :

Consyence called me manhode folye calleth me shame.

¹⁹ *infer*, i. e. in company.

Folye wyll me lede to london to lerne reuell,
 Ye, and consyence is but a flateryngs brothell.
 For euer he is carpyng of care :
 The worlde and folye counseyllmeth me to all gladnes,
 Ye, and consyence counseyllmeth me to all sadnes,
 Ye, to muche sadnes myght brynge me in to madnes.
 & now have good daye, syrs, to london to seke folye
 wyll I fare.

Consyence Saye manhode, frende, whyder wyll ye go?

Manhode Nay, syr, in faythe my name is not so.

Why, frere, what the deuyll hast thou to do,

Whyder I go or abyde?

Consyence Yes syr I wyll counsell you for the best.

Manhode I will none of thy counsell, so have I rest :

I will go whyder my lest,

For thou canst nought elles but chyde.

Consyence Lo, syrs, a grete ensample, you may se

The freylnes of mankynde,

How oft he falleth in folye

Throughe temptacyon of the fende :

For when the fende and the flesshe be at one assent,

Than consyence clere is clene out cast.

Men thynke not on the grete Iugement,

That the sely soule shall have at the last,

But wolde god all men wolde have in mynde

Of the grete daye of dome,

How he shall gyue a grete rekenynge

Of euyl dedes that he hathe done :

But nedeles, syth it is so,

That manhode is forthe with folye wende,

To seche perseueraunce now wyll I go,

With the grace of god omnypotent.

His counseylls ben in fere :

Perseueraunce counsell is moost dere,

Next to hym is consyence, clere

From synaynge.

Now in to thys presence to cryste I praye

To spede me well in my Iournaye :

Fare well lordynges, and have good daye :

To seke perseueraunce wyll I wende.

Perseueraunce Now cryst our comely creature,²⁰
 clerer than crystal clene,
 That craftly made every creature by good recreacyon,
 Saue all this company that is gathered here bydene,²¹
 And set all your soules in to good saluacyon.
 Now good god, y^t is moost wysest and welde of wyttes,
 This company counsell comporte and glad,
 And saue all this symplytude that semely here syttes.
 Now good god for his mercy, that all men made,
 Now mary moder mekest that I mene,
 Shelde all this company from euyl Inuersacyon,
 And save you from our enemy, as she is bryght & clene,
 And at y^r last daye of dome delyuer you from euer-
 lastyng dampnacion.

Syrs, perseueraunce is my name,
 Conscience borne broder is,
 He sent me hyder mankynde to endoctryne,
 That they sholde to no vyces encline:
 For ofte mankynde is gouerned amys,
 And throughe folly mankynde is set in shame,
 Therefore in this presens to cryst I praye,
 Or that I hens, wende awaye,
 Some good worde that I may saye
 To borowe²² mannes soule from blame.

Age Alas! alas! that me is wo.
 My lyfe, my lykyng I have forlorne,
 My rentes my rychesse it is all ygo,
 Alas the daye that I was borne!
 For I was borne manhoode moost of myght,
 Styffe stronge both stalworthy and stoute,
 The worlde full worthely hath made me a knyght,
 All bowed to my byddyng bonerly aboute:
 Than conscience, clere comely and kynde,
 Mekely he met me in sete there I sate,
 He lerned me a lesson of his techyng
 And the .vij. deedly synnes full lothely he dyde hate:
 Pryde wrath, and enuy, and couetous in kynde,

²⁰ Qy. *Creator*.

²¹ i. e. attending.

²² *Borowe*, Sax. is pledge or security, and to *borowe* is to secure.

The worlde and all these synnes delyuered me vntyll,
Slouth, couetous, & letchery, y^t is full of false flater-
yng,

All these consyence reproued both lowde and styll.

To consyence I helde vp my hande

To kepe crystes cammaundementes.

He warned me of folye y^t traytour, & bade me beware,

And thus he went his waye :

But I haue falsly me forsworne.

Alas the daye that I was borne!

For body and soule I haue forlorne.

I clynge, as a clodde in claye,

In london many a daye :

At the passage I wolde playe,

I thought to borowe and neuer paye.

Than was I sought and set in stockes,

In newgate I laye vnder lockes,

If I sayd ought I caught many knockes.

Alas where was manhode tho?

Alas, my lewdnes hath me lost.

Where is my body so proude and prest?

I coughe and rough, ²³ my body wyll brest,

Age dothe folowe me so.

I stare and stacker as I stonde,

I grone glysly vpon the grounde.

Alas, dethe, why lettest thou me lyve so longe?

I wander as a wyght in wo

And care,

For I have done yll.

Now wende I wyll

My selfe to spyll,

I care not whyder nor where.

Perseueraunce Well ymet, syr, well ymet: and
whyder awaye

Age Why, good syr, wherby do ye saye?

Perseueraunce Tell me syr, I you praye,

And I with you wyll wende.

Age Why, good syr, what is your name?

²³ usually spelt *route* from the Fr. to roar or snore.

Perseuerance Forsothe, syr, perseuerance the same.

Age Syr, ye are consyence brother that me dyd blame,

I may not with you linge

Perseuerance Yes! yes, manhode, my frende in fore

Age Nay syr my name is in another maner,

For folye his owne selfe was here,

And hath clepyd my shame.

Perseuerance Shame?

Nay, manhode, let hym go

Folye and his felowes also,

For they wolde the brynge in to care and wo,

And all that wyll folowe his game.

Age Ye, game who so game:

Folye hath gyuen me a name,

So where euer I go

He clypped me shame.

Now manhode is gone,

Folye hath folowed me so,

Whan I fyrst from my moder cam

The worlde made me a man,

And fast in ryches I ran

Tyll I was dubbed a knyght,

And than I met with consyence clere,

And he me set in suche manere,

Me thought his techynge was full dere,

Bothe by daye and nyght.

And than folye met me,

And sharpely he beset me,

And from consyence he fet me:

He wolde not fro me go,

Many a daye he keped me,

And to all folkes he cleped me

Fro shame:²⁴

And unto all synnes he set me,

Alas, that me is wo!

For I have falsely me forsworne.

Alas, that I was borne!

²⁴ The word *fro* or *from* is too much and has been inserted by error: the sense is, "And to all folkes he called me shame."

Body and soule I am but lorne,
Me lyketh neyther gle nor game.

Perseueraunce Nay, nay, manhode saye not so.
Beware of manhode, for he is a fo.
A newe name I shall gyve you to:
I clepe you repentaunce,
For and you hare repente your synne,
Ye are possyble heuen to wynne:
But with grete contryeyon ye must begynne,
And take you to abstynence:
For thoughe a man had do alone
The deedly synnes euerychone,
And he with contrycyon make his mone
To cryst our heuen kynge,
God is also gladde of hym,
As of the creature that neuer dyde syn.

Age Now, good syr, how sholde I contrycyon begyn?

Perseueraunce Syr, in shryfte of mouthe without varyenge:

And another ensamplé I shall shewe you to.
Thynke on Peter and Poule, and other mo,
Thomas, James, and Johan also,
And also mary Maudeleyn.
For Poule dyde crystes people grete vylany,
And Peter at the passyon forsoke cryst thryes,
And maudelayne hyued long in lechery,
And saynt thomas beleued not in the resurreccyon:
And yet these to cryst are derlynges dere,
And now be sayntes in heauen clere:
And therefore, thoughe ye haue trespassed here,
I hope ye be sory for your synne.

Age Ye, perseueraunce, I you plyght
I am sory for my synne bothe daye and nyght.
I wolde fayne lerne with all my myght
How I sholde heuen wynne

Perseueraunce So to wynne heuen .v. nessarye thynges
there ben,

That must be knowen to all mankynde.
The .v. wyttes doth begynne,
Syr, bodely and spryтуally

Age Of the .v. wyttes I wolde have knowynge
Perseueraunce Forsoth, syr, herynge, seyng, and
 smellynge,

The remenaunte tastynge, and felynge :
 These ben the .v. wyttes bodely,
 And syr other .v. wyttes there ben.

Age Syr perseueraunce, I knowe not them.

Perseueraunce Now, repentaunce, I shall you ken.
 They are the power of the soule :
 Clere in mynde, there is one,
 Imagynacyon and all reason,
 Understondynge, and compassyon :
 These belonge unto perseueraunce

Age Gramercy, perseueraunce, for your trewe tech-
 ynge.

But, good syr, is there any more behynde
 That is necessary to all mankynde
 Frely for to know ?

Perseuerance Ye, repentaunce, more there be,
 That every man must on byleue :
 The .xij. artycles of the fayth
 That mankynde must on trowe.
 The fyrst, that god is in one substaunce,
 And also that god is in thre persones,
 Begynnyng and endynge without varyaunce,
 And all this worlde made of nought.
 The seconde, that the sone of god sykerly
 Toke flesshe and blode of vyrgyn mary,
 Without touchynge of mannes fleshe companye :
 This must be in euery mannes thought.
 The thyrde, that that same god sone,
 Borne of that holy vyrgyn,
 And she after his byrthe mayden as she was beforne,
 And clerer in all kynde.
 Also the fourthe, that same cryst, god and man,
 He suffered payne and passyon,
 Bycause of mannes soule redempcyon,
 And on a crosse dyde hyng.
 The fyfte artycle I shall you tell :
 Than the spyryte of godhed went to hell,

And bought out the soules that there dyde dwell
 By the power of his owne myght.
 The .vi. artycle I shall you saye:
 Cryst rose vpon the thyrde daye,
 Very god and man withouten naye:
 That all shall deme and dyght,
 He sent mannes sole in to heuen
 Alofte all the aungelles euerychone—
 There is the, fader the sone, and y^e sothfast holy goost.
 The eyght artycle we must beleue on,
 That same god shall come downe
 And deme mannes soule at the daye of dome,
 And on mercy than must we trust
 The .ix. artycle withouten stryfe,
 Euery man mayden and wyfe,
 And all the bodyes that euer bare lyfe,
 And at the daye of dome body and soule shall pere.
 Truely the .x. artycle is,
 All they that hath kepyd goddes seruyce
 They shall be crowned in heuen blysse,
 As crystes seruantes to hym full dere.
 The .xi. artycle, the sothe to sayne,
 All that hath falsely to god gayded them
 They shall be put in to hell payne,
 There shall be no synne couerynge.
 Syr, after the .xij. we must wyrche,
 And beleue in all the sacramentes of holy chyrche,
 That they ben necessary to both last and fyrste
 To all maner of mankynde.
 Syr, ye must also here & knowe y^e cammaūdemētes .x.
 Lo, syr, this is your beleue,²⁵ and all men
 Do after it, and ye shall heuen wyn
 Without doubte I knowe.

Age Gramercy, perseueraunce, for your trewe tech-
 ynge
 For in the spryte of my soule wyll I fynde
 That it is necessary to all mankynde
 Truely for to knowe.

²⁵ or *Creed*.

Now, syrs, take all ensample by me,
 How I was borne in symple degre,
 The worlde ryall receyued me,
 And dubbed me a knyght,
 Than consyence met me,
 So after hym came folye:
 Folye falsely deceyued me,
 Than shame my name hyght.²⁶

Perseueraunce Ye, and now is your name repen-
 taunce,
 Throughe the grace of god almyght.
 And therfore withoute ony dystaunce
 I take my leue of kynge and knyght,
 And I praye to Ihesu, whiche as made vs all,
 Couer you with his mantell perpetuall. Amen.

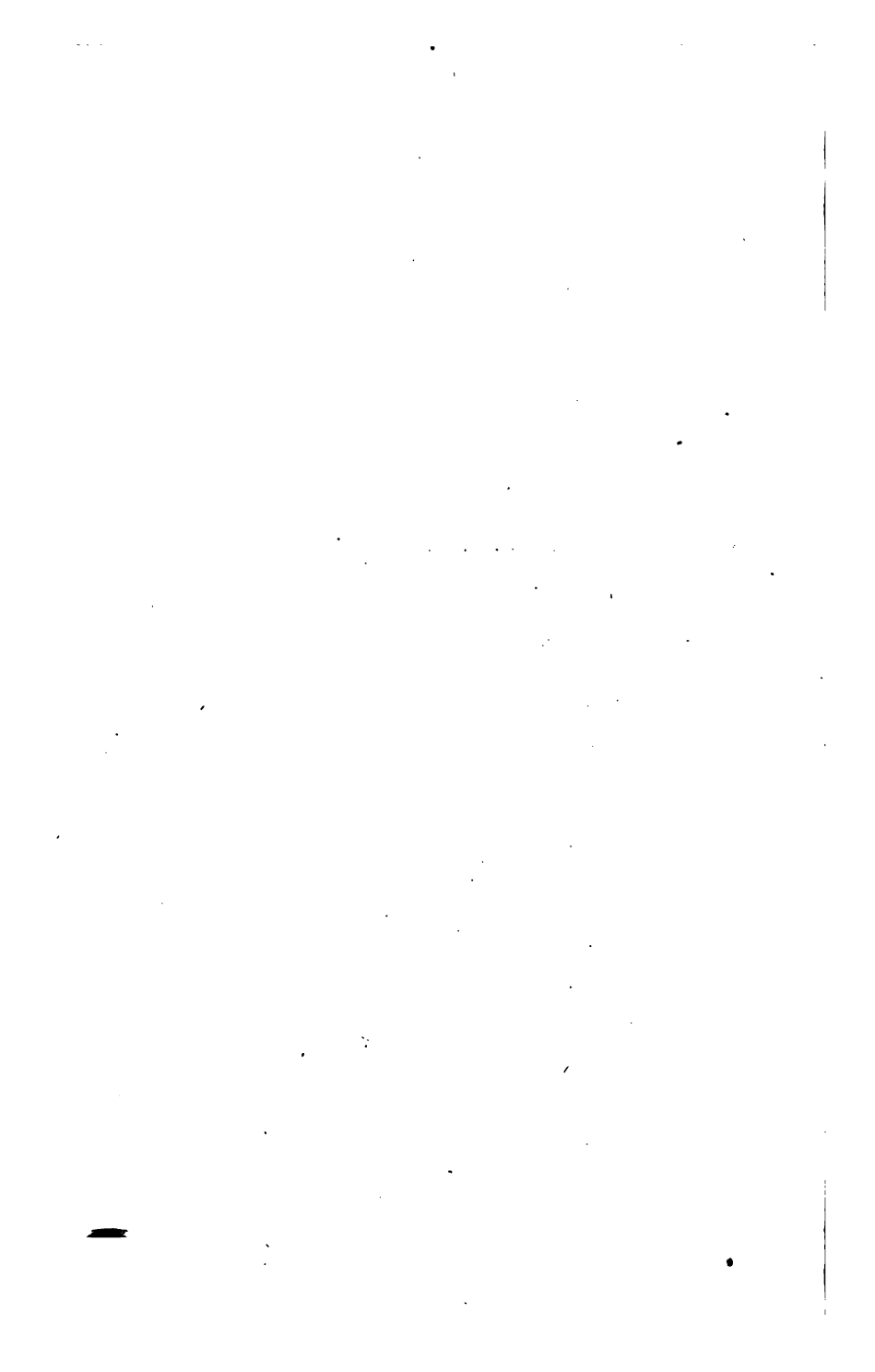
²⁶ *hyght* or called.

Here endeth the Interlude of Mundus & Infans.
 Imprynted at London in Fletestrete at the sygne
 of y^e Sonne by me Wynkyn de worde. The yere
 of our Lorde M.CCCCC. and. xxij. The. xvij.
 daye of July.

**THE
TRAGICALL COMEDIE
OF
APIUS AND VIRGINIA.**

VOL. XII.

2



The "Tragical Comedy of Appius and Virginia" deserves especial notice, as probably our earliest extant dramatic production publicly represented, the plot of which is derived from history. Sackville's "Ferrex and Porrex" was acted before the Queen at Whitehall, and Edwards's "Damon and Pithias" also at Court, while the Interlude of "Thersites," recently discovered, merely adopts the name of a historical personage as an indication of character, without reference to any events in which he was concerned. "Appius and Virginia" is besides curious as holding a middle station between the old Moralities and historical plays.

The performance now for the first time added to this Collection was printed in 1575, but acted most likely as early as 1563. The initials R. B. on the title-page would apply to more than one writer about that date. It is a work of great rarity, the only known copy being in the British Museum. It would be singular therefore that it has hitherto almost escaped notice; were it not evident that there are so many plays in the Garrick Collection which have never been read by the Editors of Shakspeare. Mr. Malone makes one reference to "Appius and Virginia" in a note on "Midsummer's Night's Dream," but he misquotes both the words and the date.

There is internal evidence that it was publicly represented; and with reference to this point, we find in one place a curious instance of the ancient simplicity of the construction of an open stage, and of the directions to the actors:—"Here let Virginius go about the scaffold." This was the "scaffold hie" on which Herod, according to Chaucer [Miller's Tale] was accustomed to rant. Hawkins [Orig: Engl. Dr. I. vii.] tells us that this temporary erection, in Parfre's "Candlemas Day," was called "the Stage," but he erred from misquotation. In the following piece we are expressly informed that Haphazard was the Vice, regarding which character see Douce's Illustr. of Shaksp. II. 304, &c.

THE PLAYERS' NAMES.*

VIRGINIUS.
MATER.
VIRGINIA.
HAPHAZARD.
MANSIPULUS.
MANSIPULA.
SUBSERVUS.
APIUS.
CONSCIENCE.
JUSTICE.
CIAUDIUS.
RUMOUR.
COMFORTE.
REWARDE.
DOCTRINA.

* This list is inserted in the centre of the title-page of the old copy.

THE PROLOGUE.

Qui cupis æthereas & summas scandere sedes,
Vim simul ac fraudem discute chare tibi.
Fraus hic nulla juvat, non fortia facta juvabunt,
Sola Dei tua te trahet tersa fides.
Qui placet in terris intactæ palludis instar
Vivere Virginiam nitore virgo sequi,
Quos tulit et luctus, discas gaudia magna,
Vitæ dum parcè scindere fila parent.
Huc ades ô virgo, paritere moritura sepulchro;
Sic ait, & faciem pallida morte mutat.

Who doth desire the trump of fame to sound unto the
skies,
Or els who seekes the holy place, where mighty Iove
he lies,
He must not by deceitful mind, nor yet by puissant
strength,
But by the faith & sacred lyfe he must it win at length,
And what she be that virgins lyfe on earth would
gladly leade,
The fluds that Virginia did fall I wish her to reade :
Her doller and her dolefull losse, and yet her ioyes at
death,
Come Virgins pure to grave with mee, quoth she with
latest breath.
You Lordings all that present be this Tragidie to heare,
Note well what zeale and love heerein doth well ap-
peare :
And, ladies, you that linked are in wedlocke bandes
for ever
Do imitate the life you see, whose fame will perish
never.

But Virgins you, oh Ladies faire, for honour of your
 name
 Do lead the life apparent heere to win immortall fame.
 Let not the blinded God of Love, as Poets tearme him
 so,
 Nor Venus with her venery, nor Lechers cause of wo,
 Your Virgins name to spot or file: deare dames observe
 the like¹
 That faire Virginia did observe, who rather wish the
 knife
 Of fathers hand hir life to ende, then spot her chastety:
 As she did waile, waile you her want, you maids of
 courtesie.
 If any by example heere would shun that great any,
 Our Authour would reioyce in hart, & we would leap
 for ioy.
 Would Gods that our indever may as well to please
 your eares,
 As is our Auctors meaning heere, then were we voyde
 of feares.
 But patiently we wish you leave with' this our first at-
 tempt,
 Which surely will to do our best, then yeeld us no
 contempt:
 And as you please in patient wise our first for to re-
 ceive,
 Ere long a better shall you win, if god do graunt us
 leave.

FINIS.

Enter VIRGINIUS.

Before the time that fortunes lot dyd shew ech fate his
 dome,
 Or Byrde, or Beast, or fish or foule on earth had taken
 rome,

¹ Qy. *Life* for the sake of the rhyme in the next line.

The Gods they did decree to frame, the thing is ended
now,

The Heavens and the Planets eke, and moyst from ayre
to bow.

Then framed they the man of mould & clay & gave him
time to raigñ,

As seemed best their sacred minds to runne and turne
again.

They framed also, after this, out of his tender side
A piece of much formositie with him for to abide^s
From infansie to lusty youth, and so to raigñe awhile
And well to live, tyl Étas he unwares do him begyle.
Therewith to see these giftes of them on grounded cause
to vew,

And daintily to deck them up, which after they may
rew.

Therefore I thank the Gods above that yeeld to mee
such fate

To lincke to mee so iust a spouse, and eke so louing
mate.

By her I have a virgin pure, an ympe of heauenly race
Both sober meeke and modest too, & vertuous in lyke
case:

To Temple will I wend therfore to yeeld the Gods their
praise

For that they have thus luckely anexed to my daies.

But stay; behold the peerelesse sparks wherof my
tongue dyd talke

Approch in presence of my sight, to church I deeme
they walke.

But stay, I wyll and shroud me secretly a while

To see what witte or counsell grave proceedeth from
their stile.

^s It is well to reprint this singular production, if only to rescue it from the ravages of time. The old copy has received damage and is fast decaying: the beginnings of the nine following lines have crumbled away but it has not been difficult to restore the words, or parts of words lost.

Here entereth MATER and VIRGINIA.

The pette and pricking prime of youth ought chastisement to haue,

But thou, deare daughter, needest not, thy self doth shew thee graue :

To se how Phœbus with his beames hath youth so much infected,

It doth me woe to see them craue the thing should be detected.

I draw to graue and naught can leaue of thee to be desired,

As much as duty to thy deare, as reason hath required :

Thy sufferent Lord and frindly feare, Virginius, father thine,

To nourse as doth become a childe when boanes are buried mine.

Virginia.^s Refel your minde of mourning plaints, deare mother, rest your minde,

For though that duty dainty were, dame nature will me binde

So much to do ; & and farther foree of Gods that rule the skies,

The Glope and eke the Element, they would me els despies.

Mater. Then if the Gods have graunted thee such grace to loue thy syer,

When time shall choose thee out a make be constant, I requier :

Love, live, & lyke him well before you graunt him grace or faith,

So shall your love continue long, experience thus he saith.

Virginia. I graunt, deare Dame, I doo agree

When time shall so provide ;

But tender youth and infansie

Doth rather wish me bide.

What should I lose Dianas gifte

^s The old copy gives these lines to Virginius.

And eke the spring to shun,
 By which Acteon fateally
 His finall race did run?
 Should I as abject be esteemed
 Throughout Pernassus hill,
 Or should my virgins name be filde,
 It were to great a skyll.
 But yet it is unspotted, loe,
 Right well I doo conceive,
 When wedlocke doth require the same,
 With parents love and leaue:
 Yet obstinate I wyll not be,
 But willing will me yeeld
 When you commaund, and not before
 Then duty shall me sheeld.

Virginus. Ah Gods that rule & raigne in heavens,
 in seas, in flods, in lands,
 Two couple such, I surely deeme, you never made with
 hands.

A, Gods, why doo ye not compel eche Dame the lyke
 to showe,

And every Impe of her againe her duty thus to know?
 I cannot stay my tounge from talke, I needes must call
 my deare.

Oh spouse, well met, & daughter to, what news? how
 do you cheare?

Mater. Oh, deare Virginius, joy to me, oh pearelesse
 spouse & mate,
 In health, I praise the Gods, I am, and joifull for thy
 state.

Virginus. Virginia, my daughter deare,
 How standeth all with thee?

Virginia. Like happy state, as mother tolde,
 Like joyfull sight to mee.

Virginus. By the Gods, wife, I joy me that have
 such a treasure,
 Such Gemme and such a Juell, surmounting all mea-
 sure:

Such a happy spouse, such a fortunate dame,
 That no blot or staine can impayre her fame,

Against such an Impe and graff of my tree,
As cleare doth surmount all others that bee.

Mater. Nay rather, deare spouse how much is my
case

To be now advanced by such happy grace,
Doth dayly distill: my husband so loving
Graunting and geving to all thing behoving,
Ioying in me, & in the fruicte of my wombe:
Who would not requit it, the Gods yeelede their dome,
And if it be I the Gods doo destroy mee,
Rather then sinne so sore should annoye me.

Virginus. Oh wife, refell thy wishing for woe,
My selfe thy faute rightwell do know:
And rather I wish my selfe to be slaine
Then thou or thy daughter ought wo should sustaine.

Virginia. Oh Father my comfort, oh Mother my
joy,

Oh deare, and oh sufferaigne, do cease to employ
Such dolorous talking where dangers are none:
Where joyes are attendant what needeth this mone?
You matron, you spouse, you nurse and you wife,
You comfort, you only the some of his lyfe:
You housband, you harte, you joy and you pleasure,
You king and you keyser, to ber only treasure:
You Father, you Mother, my lyfe doth sustaine,
I babe and I blisse your health am againe,
Forbeare then your dolor, let mirth be frequented,
Let sorrow departe, and not be attempted.

Virginus. Oh wife, oh spouse, I am contente.

Mater. Oh husband.

Virginia. Oh Father, wee doo consent. [*Sing heere.*

All singe this. The trustiest treasure in earth⁴ as wee
see

Is man, wife and children in one to agree;
Then friendly and kindly let measure be mixed
With reason in season, where friendship is fixed.

Virginus. When nature nursed first of all yong
Alexander learned,

⁴ In the old copy the word *earth* is repeated.

Of whom the Poets mencion make, in judgement so
deserned,

Oh what did want that love procured, his vital end well
neare,

This is the hope where parents love their children do
not feare.

All sing this. The trustiest treasure in earth as wee
see

Is man, wife and children, &c.

Mater. When time King Nisus would not let his
daughter to be taught

Of any one correcting hand to vertue^a to be brought,
She void of duty cut his lockes, & golden tresses cleare,
Whereby his realme was overrun, & she was payd her
hier.

All sing this. The trustiest treasure in earth as we
see,

Is man, wife and children &c.

Virginia. When Dedalus from Creete did flie
With Icarus his joy,
He naught regarding fathers words
Did seeke his owne anoy :
He mounted up into the skies,
Whereat the Gods did frowne,
And Phœbus sore his winges did frie
And hedlonge flins him downe.

All sing this. The trustiest treasure in earth as we see
Is man, wife and children &c.

Virginus. Then sith that persualitie doth partly dis-
corde move,
And hatred often times doth creepe where overmuch we
love ;

And if we love no whit at all, the faming trump will
sound,

Come wife, come spouse, come daughter deare, let
measure beare the ground.

All sing this. The trustiest treasure in earth as we see

^a The old copy reads "to nurtue to be brought," but it is probably
a misprint.

Is man, wife and children in one to agree :
 Then friendly and kindly let measure be mixed
 With reason in season, where friendship is fixed.

[Exit.

Here entereth HAPHAZARD the Vice.

Very well Sir, very well Sir ; it shall be doone,
 As fast as ever I can prepare :
 Who dippes with the Divel, he had neede have a long
 spoone,
 Or els full smale will be his fare.
 Yet a proper gentleman I am of truthe ;
 Yea that may yee see by my long side gowne :
 Yea, but what am I ? a scholer, or a scholemaister, or
 els some youth,

A lawier, a studient, or els a countrie clowne ;
 A Brumman, a baskit maker, or a baker of pies,
 A flesh or a fishmonger, or a sower of lies ?
 A louse or a louser, a leeke or a larke,
 A dreamer, a drommell, a fire or a sparke ?
 A caitife, a cutthroate, a creper in corners,
 A herbraine, a hangman, or a grafter of horners ?
 By the Gods I know not how best to devise,
 My name or my property well to disguise.
 A marchaunte a May poole, a man or a mackrell,
 A crab or a crevise, a crane or a cockerell ?
 Most of all these my nature doth injoy ;
 Somtime I advaunce them, sometime I destroy.
 A maid or a mussel bote, a wife or a wilde ducke ?
 As bolde as blind bayerd, as wise as a wood cocke.
 As fine a phippence, as proude as a peacocke,
 As stout as a stockefish, as meeke as a mecocke.
 As bigge as a begger, as fat as a foole,
 As true as a tinker, as riche as an owle :
 With hey tricke, how trowle, trey trip & trey trace,
 Trowle hazard with a vengeance, I beshrew his knaves
 face ;

For tro, and trowle hazard keepe such a range
 That poore Haphazard was never so strange :
 But yet, Haphazard, be of good cheere,
 Goe play and repast thee, man, be merry to yeere.

Though vittaile be dainty and hard for to get,
Yet perhaps a number will die of the sweet.*
Though it be in hazard, yet happely I may,
Though money be lacking yet one day go gay.

Enter MANSIPULUS.

When, Maud, with a pestilence! what mak'st thou no
hast?

Of Baybery insence belike thou wouldest tast.
By the Gods I have stayed a full great while:
My lorde he is neare at hand by this at the church
stile,

And all for Maud mumble turde, that mampodding
madge,

By the Gods, if she hie not, ile give her my badge.

Mansipula. What, drake nosed drivell, begin you to
fionte?

Ile frie you in a fagot sticke, by cocke, goodman loute.

You boaster, you bragger; you brawling knave,

Ile pay thee thy forty-pence, thou brawling slave.

My Ladies great busines belike is at ende

When you, goodman dawcocke, lust for to wend.

You codshed, you crackerope, you chattering pye,

Have with ye, have at ye, your manhode to try.

Haphazard. What! holde your hands masters. What!
fie for shame, fie!

What culling; what lulling, what stur have we here?

What tugging what lugging, what pugging by the eare.

What, part & be friends, and ende all this strife.

Mansipulus. Nay, rather I wishe her the end of my
knife.

Mansipula. Drawe it, geue mee it, I will it receave,

So that for to place it I might have good leave:

By the Gods, but for losing my land, lyfe and living,

It should be so placed he should have ill thriving.

* This allusion to the *sweat*, a word anciently used as synonymous with the *plague*, seems to fix the date when "Appius and Virginia" was written in 1563: according to Camden's *Annals* there was then "a raging plague in London."

Mansipulus. By the Gods, how ungraciously the
vicksen she chatteth.

Mansipula. And he even as knavishly my answer he
patteth.

Haphazard. Here is naught els but railing of words
out of reason,

Now tugging, now tattling, now musling in season.

For shame: be contented and leave of this brawling:

Mansipulus. Content, for I shall repent it for this my
tonge wralling.

Mansipula. Thou knave, but for thee ere this time of
day,

My Ladies faire pue had been strawed full gay,

With primroses, couslips and violets sweete,

With mints and with marigolds & margerum meete,

Which now lyeth uncleanly, and all long of thee:

That a shame recompence thee for hindring of mee.

Mansipulus. Ah pretie pranck parnel, the coushen
and booke,

Whereon he shoulde reade & kneele are present, here
looke.

My Lord when he seeth mee he will cast such an eye

As pinch wyll my hart neare ready to die.

And thus wise & thus wise his hand wyll be walking,

With thou, precious knave: away; get thee packing.

[Here let him fight.]

Haphazard. Nay then, by the masse, its time to be
knacking:

No words at all, but to me he is poynting.

Nay, have at you againe: you shall have your annoynt-
ing.

Mansipula. Body of me, hold yf ye can!

What will you kill such a proper man?

Haphazard. Nay, sure I have done when women do
speake.

Why would the knave my pacience so breake?

Mansipulus. Well, I must begon, there is no re-
medy,

For feare my tayle makes buttous, by mine honesty.

Haphazard. For reverence on your face, your nose
and your chin.

By the Gods, have ye hard such an unmannerly villin ?

Mansipula. I never heard one so rancke of rudness

Mansipulus. In faith, it is but for lacke of lewd-
nesse.

But here I burne day light while thus I am talking.

Away: come Mansipula, let us be walking.

Mansipula. Contented, Mansipulus; have with thee
with speede.

Haphazard. Nay, staye yet my freendes, I am not
agreede.

Mansipula. Wee dare not tary, by God we sweare.

Haphazard. Nay tarry; take comfort with you for to
beare :

It is but in hazard & yf you be mist,

And so it may happen you feele not his fist.

Perhaps he is stayde by talke with some friend :

It is but in hazard, then sing or you wend.

Let hope be your helper your care to defend.

Mansipulus. By hap or by hazard we singe or we crie;

Then singe, let us say so, let sorrow go by.

Mansipula. We can be but beaten, that is the worst.

Enter SUBSERVUS.

What how, Mansipulus! thou knave, art thou curst?

My lorde standeth talking and I gape for thee.

Come away, with a wannion: runne, hast & hie.

Mansipulus. Nay, herken, Subservus, stay I pray
thee:

Let us have a song, and then have with thee.

Subservus. Content, if thou hie thee.

Sing heere all. Hope so, and hap so, in hazard of
thretninge,

The worst that can hap, lo, in end is but beating.

Mansipulus. What if my Lordinge doo chaunce for to
misse me

The worst that can happen is cudgell will kisse mee:

In such kinde of sweetnes, I sweare by Gods mother,

It will please me better it were on some other.

With thwicke thwack, with thump thump,
 With bobbing and bum
 Our syde saddle shoulders shal sheilde that doth
 come.

Hope so, and hap so, in hazard &c.

Mansipula. If case that my Lady do threaten my case
 No cause to contrary, but beare hir a space,
 Untill she draw home, lo, where so she will use me,
 As Doctors doth doubt it how I should excuse me.

With thwicke thwack, with thump thump,
 With bobbing and bum,
 Our side saddle shoulders shal sheilde that doth
 come.

Hope so, and hap so, in hazard &c.

Subservus. What if your company cause me have woo,
 I minde not companyons so soone to forego.
 Let hope hold the Helmet till brunt it be past,
 For bloes are but buffits and words but a blast.

With thwick thwack, with thump thump,
 With bobbing & bum
 Our side saddle shoulders shal sheild that doth
 come

Hope so, and hap so, in hazard &c.

Haphazard. Then let us be mery, it is but by hap,
 A hazardly chaunce may harbour a clap:
 Bestur ye, be mery, be glad & be joying,
 For bloes are but buffets & smale tune annoying.

With thwick thwack, with thump thump,
 With bobbing and bum,
 Our side saddle shoulders shal sheilde that doth
 come

Hope so, and hap so, in hazard &c.

[*The end of the song.*

All speaketh this. Haphazard, farewell: the Gods do
 thanke thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Haphazard. Farewell, my friends, farewell, goe
 prancke yee.

By the Gods, Haphazard, these men have tried thee:
 Who said thou wast no man sure they belied thee.

By Jove, master marchant, by sea or by land
 Would get but smale argent if I did not stand
 His very good master, I may say to you,
 When he hazards in hope what hap will insue.
 In court I am no man:—by cocke, sir, ye lie;
 A ploughman perhaps or ere that he die,
 May hap be a gentleman, a courtier or captaine;
 And hap may so hazard he may go begging:
 Perhaps that a gentleman, heyre to great land,
 Which selleth his living for mony in hand,
 In hazard it is the bying of more:
 Perhaps he may ride when spent is his store.
 Hap may so hazard, the moone may so chaunge,
 That men may be masters and wives will not raunge:
 But in hazard it is in many a grange,
 Lest wives were the cod peece, & maydens, coy,
 strange,
 As pecockes sit perking, by chaunce in the plomtree;
 So maides would be masters, by the guise of this
 country.
 Haphazard eche state full well that he markes,
 If hap the skie fall, wee may hap to have larkes.
 Well, fare ye well now for better or worse:
 Put hands to your pockets, have minde to your purse
 [Exit.]

Enter JUDGE APIUS.

The forowed face of fortunes force my pinching paine
 doth move;
 I settled ruler of my realme inforced am to love.
 Judge Apius I, the princelest Judge that raigneth under
 sonne,
 And have bene so esteemed long, but now my force is
 done:
 I rule no more, but ruled am; I do not judge but am
 judged;
 By beuty of Virginia, my wisdome all is trudged.
 Oh peerelesse dame, Oh passing peece, oh face of such
 a fature
 That never erst with bewty such matched was by nature.

Oh fond Apelles, prating foole, why boastest thou so
much,

The famost peece thou madst in Greece whose liments⁷
were such?

Or why didst thou, deceived man, for beauty of thy worke,
In such a sort with fond desire, where no kinde lyfe dyd
lurke,

With raging fits, thou foole, run mad? oh fond Pigma-
lion!

Yet sure if that thou sawest my deare, the like thou
couldst make none:

Then what may I? oh Gods above, bend downe to heare
my crye,

As once he did to Salmasis, in pond hard Lyzia by.

Oh that Virginia were in case as sometime Salmasis,
And in Hermophroditus steede my selfe might seeke my
blisse!

Ah Gods, would I unfolde her armes complecting of
my necke?

Or would I hurt her nimble hand, or yeelede her such a
checke?

Would I gainsay hir tender skinne to baath where I do
washe,

Or els refuse hir soft sweete lippes to touch my naked
fleshe?

Nay; oh the Gods do know my minde, I rather would
requier

To sue, to serve, to crouch to kneele, to crave for my
desier.

But out ye Gods! ye bend your browes, and frowne to
see me fare;

Ye do not force my fickle fate, ye do not way my
care.

Unrighteous and unequal Gods, unjust and eke unsure,
Woe worth the time ye made me live to see this haplesse
houre!

Dyd Iphis hang himselfe for love of lady not so faire?

Or els did Jove the cloudie mistes bend downe from
lightsome ayre?

⁷ Qy. *lineaments*.

Or as the poets mencion make of Inach's daughter
meeke,
For love dyd he to make a cowe, whom Inach long dyd
seeke?

Is love so great to cause the quicke to enter into Hell
As stout Orpheus did attempt, as histories do tell?
Then what is it that love cannot? why, love dyd pearce
the skies:

Why, Pheb and famous Mercury with love had blinded
eies.

But I a Judge, of grounded yeeres, shall reape to me
such name,
As shall resound dishonour great with trump of care-
lesse fame.

Oh that my yeeres were youthfull yet, or that I were
unwedded!

Here entereth HAPHAZARD.

Why cease, sir Knight, for why perhaps of you she
shalbe bedded:

For folow my counsell, so may you me please,
That of carefull resurging your hart shall have ease.

Apius. Oh, thundring Gods, that threaten yre
and plague for eche offence,

Your selves, I deeme, would counsell crave
in this so fit pretence:

And eke your nimble stretched armes
with great rewards would flie,

To purchase faire Virginia
so deare a wight to me,

And, friend, I sweare by Iubiter,
and eke by Junos seate,

And eke by all the misteries
where on thou canst intreate,

Thou shalt possesse and have,
I will thee graunt and geve,

The greatest part of all my realme
for aye thee to releeve.

Haphazard. Well then, this is my counsell, thus
standeth the case;

Perhaps such a fetches as may please your grace:

There is no more wages, but hap or hap not,
 Either hap, or els haplesse, to knit up the knot :
 And if you will hazard to venter what falles,
 Perhaps that Haphazard will end al your thralles.

Apius. I meane so ; I will so, if thou do perswade me,
 To hap or to hazard what thing shall envade me.
 I King and I Keyser, I rule and overwhealme ;
 I do what it please me with in this my realme.
 Wherefore in thy judgement see that thou do enter :
 Hap life or hap death, I surely will venter.

Haphazard. Then this, and in this sorte, standeth
 the matter.

What neede many wordes, unlesse I should flatter ?
 Full many there be will hazard their life,
 Happely to ease your grace of all your strife.
 Of this kinde of conspiracie now let us common.
 Some man Virginius before you must summon,
 And say that Virginia is none of his daughter,
 But that Virginius by night away caught her :
 Then charge you the father his daughter to bringe ;
 Then do you detayne hir till proved be the thing :
 Which well you may win her, she present in house.
 It is but haphazarde, a man or a mouse.

Apius. I finde it, I minde it, I sweare that I will,
 Though shame or defame do happen, no skill.*

But out, I am wounded : how am I de-
 vided !

Two states of my life from me are now
 glided ;

For Consience he pricketh me contempned,
 And Justice saith, judgement wold have
 me condemned :

Consience saith, crueltye sure will detest
 me ;

And Justice saith, death in thende will
 molest me :

And both in one sodden me thinkes they
 do crie,

That fier eternall my soule shall destroy.

* " No skill" is " no matter." See note 49 to " Alexander and Campaspe," Vol. II.

Haphazard. Why, these are but thoughts man : why,
fie for shame, fie !

For Consience was carelesse & sayling by seas,
Was drowned in a basket and had a disease,
Sore mooved for pitye when he would graunt none,
For being hard harted was turned to a stone:
And sayling by Sandwitche he sunke for his sin.
Then care not for consience the worth of a pin.
And judgement judge Justice to have a reward
For judging still justly, but all now is marde ;
For giftes they are geven wher judgement is none.
Thus judgement and justice awronge way hath gone.
Then care not for Consience the worth of a fable ;
Iustice is no man, nor nought to do able.

Apius. And saiest thou so, my sured freende ? then
hap as hap shall hit :

Let Consience grope & judgement crave, I will not shrink
one whit.

I will persever in my thought ; I will deflower hir youth ;
I will not sure reverted be, my hart shall have no ruth.
Come on : proceede & wayte on me. I will, hap woe or
wealth,

Hap blunt, hap sharp, hap life, hap death, though Hap-
hazard be of health.

Haphazard. At hand (quoth picke purse) here redy
am I.

See well to the Cut Purse : be ruled by me.

[*Exit.* Go out here.

Conscience. O cleare unspotted giftes of Jove,
How haps thou art refused ?
Oh Consience clear, what cruell minde
Thy truth hath thus misused ?
I spotted am by wilfull will,
By lawles love and luste,
By dreadfull daunger of the life,
By faith that is unjust.

Justice. Ah gift of Jove, ah Fortunes face,
Ah state of steddy life !
I Justice am, and Prince of peeres,
The end of lawes and strife :

A guider of the common weale,
 A gwerdon to the poore;
 And yet hath filthy lust suppress
 My vertues in one houre.
 Well, well, this is the most to trust,
 In ende we shall espire,
 To see the end of these our foes
 With sword & eke with fire.

Conscience. Oh help ye Gods, we members require.

[*Exit.*

Enter HAPHAZARD.

When gaine is no gransier,
 And gaudes naught set by;
 Nor puddings nor pie meate
 Poore knaves will come nie,
 Then hap and Haphazard
 Shall have a new cote,
 And so it may happen
 To cut covetousnesse throte.
 Yea, then shall Judge Apius
 Virginia obtaine,
 And geese shall cracke mussels
 Perhaps in the rayne:
 Lerkes shall be leverets,
 And skip to and fro;
 And chourles shalbe codsheads,
 Perhaps and also.
 But peace, for mans body;
 Haphazard be mum:
 Fie, pratlyng noddy,
 Judge Apius is come.

*Here entreth IUDGE APIUS
 and CLAUDIUS.*

The furies fell of Lymbo lake
 my princely daies doo shorte:
 All drownde in deadly waes I live,
 that once did ioy in sport.
 I live and languish in my lyfe
 as doth the wounded Deare:
 I thirst I crave, I call & crie;
 and yet am naught the neare:

And yet I have that me so match
 within the realme of mine;
 But Tantalus amids my care
 I hunger, sterve, and pine.
 As Sissifus I roule the stone
 in vaine to top of hill,
 That ever more uncertainly
 revolving slideth still.
 Oh, as if to her it were to me
 what labours would I fie,
 What raging seas would I not plow
 To her commoditie!
 But out alas, I doubt it sore,
 lest drousy Morpheus
 His slumbry kingdomes graunted hath
 with dewes & bewteous.
 Oh Gods above that rule the skies,
 ye babes that bragge in blisse,
 Ye Goddesses, ye Graces you,
 what burning brunt is this?
 Bend downe your ire, destroy me quicke,
 or els to grant me grace,
 No more, but that my burning brest
 Virginia may imbace.
 If case your eares be dead and deafe,
 the Feende and sprites belowe,
 You carelesse carles of Limbo lake,
 your forced mightes doo shoe.
 Thou caitiffe kinge of darksome dens,
 thou Pluto, plaged knaue,
 Send forth thy sacred vengeaunce straight,
 consume them to the graue,
 That will not aide my case.
Claudius. Content, and if it like your grace,
 I will attempt the deede:
 I sommon will Virginus
 Before your seat with speede.
Haphazard. Do so my Lorde; bee you not afraide,
 And so you may happen to hazard the mayde:
 It is but in hazard and may come by hap,
 Win her, or lose her, trie you the trap.

Apius. By the gods, I consent to thee, Claudius,
now:

Prepare the in haste Virginius unto.
Charge him, commaund him, upon his alegeance,
With all kinde of speede to yeelde his obeysance,
Before my seate in my consistary,
Subpene of lande, life and treasure.

[*Here let Claudius go out with Haphazard.***]

No let, no stay, nor ought perturbaunce
Shall cause me to omit the furtheraunce
Of this my waighty charge.

[*Erit.*

Apius. Well, now I range at large my will for to
expresse;
For looke how Torquin Lucre's faire, by force did once
oppress,
Even so will I Virginia use.

[*Here let Conscience speake within.*

Judge *Apius*, prince, oh stay, refuse;

Be ruled by thy friende!

What bloody death with open shame

Did Torquin gaine in ende?

Apius. Whence doth this pinching sounde descend?

Conscience. From contrit Conscience, pricked on

By member of thy lyfe,

Inforced for to cry and call

And all to end our strife.

Apius. What art thou then? declare; be breefe!

Conscience. Not flesh nor filthy lust I am,

But secret conscience I,

Compeld to crie with trimbling soule,

At point nere hand to die.

Apius. Why, no disease hath me aproche, no grieve
doth make me grudge,

But want of faire Virginia, whose beauty is my judge:

By her I live, by her I die, for her I joy or woe,

For her my soule doth sinke or swimme, for her I swere
I goe.

** This direction ought rather to have been inserted after Claudius had spoken the three next lines, but the object was to give the reader as closely as possible a specimen of the original.

Conscience. Ah Gods, what wittes doth raine! and
yet to you unknowen,
I die the death, and soule doth sinke this filthy, flesh
hath sowed.

Apius. I force it not; I wyll attempt: I stay for
Claudius heare;
Yet wyll I goe to meete with him, to know what newes
and cheare.

Here entereth HAPHAZARD.

Hast for a hangman in hazard of hempo:
Run for a ridducke, there is no such impe.
Claudius is knocking with hammer and stone
At Virginius gate, as hard as he can lay one.
By the Gods, my maisters, Haphazard is hardy,
For he will run rashly, bee they never so many:
Yea, he will sing sowsnout and sknap with the best.
But peace! who comes yonder, that joly good gest?

Here enter with a song^o.

When men will seeme misdoubtfully
Without an why to call and cry,
And fearing with temerety its jeopardy of libertie,
We wish him take to chere his hart, Haphazard,
Boulde blinde bayarde.

A fygge for his uncourtesie
That seekes to shun good company.

Mansipulus. What if case that cruelty should bussell
me and jussell mee,
And holywand should tickle me for keeping of good
companye,
Ile folow, by my honestie, hap Haphazard, bould blinde
bayarde.
A figge for his uncourtesie that seekes to shun good
companye.

All sing this.

When men will seeme misdoubtfully
Without an why to call and crie &c.

^o Mansipulus, Mansipula, and Subservus enter, but their names
are omitted.

Mansipula. Neuer was that misteris so furious nor
curious,
Nor yet her bloes so boisterous, nor rosterous nor
dolorous,
But sure I would venterous, hap Haphazard, bould
blinde bayard.
A figge for his uncourtesie that seekes to shun good
companie.

All sing this.

When men will seeme misdoubtfully
Without an why to call and crie &c.

Haphazard. Then wend ye on and folowe me, *Mansipula*,
Mansipula,
Let cropyng cares be cast away, come folow me, come
folow me.
Subservus is a joyly loute, brace Haphazard, bould
blinde bayarde.
A figge for his uncourtesie that seekes to shun good
company.

All sing this.

When men will seeme misdoubtfully
Without an why to call and cry &c.

[*The end of the song.*]

Heere Haphazard speaketh.

I, by the gods, my maysters, I tould you plaine,
Who companyes with me will desire me agayne.
But how dyd ye speede, I pray ye shew me?
Was all well agreed? did no body blow ye?

Mansipulus. Masse, syr, hap dyd so happen that my
Lorde and maister

Staied in beholding and viewing the pasture,
Which when I perceived what excuse did I make?
I came in the crosse way on the nerside the Forlake,
Hard by Hodges' half aker, at gaffers Miller's stile,
The next way round about, by the space of a mile.
And at Symkins side ridge my Lord stood talking,
And angerly to me (quoth he) wher hast thou been
walking?

Without any staggering, I had ready my lye :
 Out at Bridge meadow and at Benols lease (quoth I)
 Your fatlings are feding well, sir, the gods be praised,
 A goodly lomme of beef on them is all redy raised.
 Then outsteps Frauncis Fabulator, that was never my
 friende :

How past you Carter's hay rocke at long meadow ende?
 There might one (quoth he) within this few dayes
 With a cast net had given iiii knaues great assayes,
 Under the hedge with a payre of new Cardes both rip
 and fledge.

Is it true quoth my Lorde, will this geare never be
 lefte?

This causes swearing and staring, proling and thefte.
 Well (quoth my Lorde) take hede lest I finde it,
 And so past his way, and did no more minde it.

Haphazard. By the gods, that was sport, ye and
 sport alone.

Mansipula. Yea, but I was in a worse case by Saint
 Jhon.

My Lady in Church was set full devout,
 And hearing my comming she tourned aboute;
 But as soone as I heard hir snappishly sounde,
 In this sorte I crouched me downe to the grounde,
 And mannerly maude, as though I were sad.
 As soon as the pue then strawed I had,
 She gaue me a wincke and frowardly frowne,
 Wherby I do judge she would cougell my gowne.
 Then I dyd devise a prety fine pranke,
 A meane whereby to picke me a thanke,
 Of Margery Mildon, the maide of the milke house,
 And stainer the stutter, the guid of the store house.
 Then was my Ladies anger well gone,
 And will be so still, and the truthe be not knowne.

Haphazard. Ber Lady barefoote, this bakes trimly.

Subservus. Nay, but I escaped more finely;
 For I under this hedge one while dyd stay,
 Then in this bushe, then in that way :
 Then slipt I behind them among all the rest,
 And seemed to commen to of things with the best :

But so it did happen that all things were well,
But hazard it is lest time will truth tell.

Haphazard. Tut, tut, that was but by hap, and if it
be so :

Well, sith it was in hazard, then let it go.

Subservus. Content, by my honestie: then farewell
all wo.

Mansipulus. Come out dogge, ye speake happely of
truth if it be so.

All speake. Now master Haphazard, fare you well
for a season.

Haphazard. Let my councell at no time with you
lie geason.

All speaketh. No, by the Gods, he sure not so.

Haphazard. Well, sith here is no company, haue
with ye to Jerico. [Exit.

Enter VIRGINIUS.

What so the Gods they haue decreed to work and do
by me ?

I meruaile why Judge Apius he such gretings lets me
see :

I serued haue his seat and state, I haue maintained his
weale,

I haue suppress the rebels stoute, I beare to him such
zeale ;

And now he sends to me such charge, upon my life and
lands

Without demur or further pause, or ere ought things
be scand,

That I in hast, with posting speede, to Court I do
repaire,

To aunswer that aleaged is beefore his judgement
chaire.

Some histories they do expresse, when such mishaps do
fall

They should haue taken many a one ; I haue not one
but all.

My iuels sometime precious do vade and beare no hewe,
My senses they do shun there course, my lights do
burne as blewe ;

My willing wights are waxed slow that once were swifte
in speede;

My heart it throbs in wonderous sort, my nose doth
often bleede:

My dreadfull dreames do draw my woe and hateful
hazard hale.

These tokens be of evill hap, this is the old wive's tale.
But yet, O thou Virginus, whose hoary heares are olde,
Didst treason never yet commit, of this thou maist be
bold.

In Mars his games, in marshall feates thou wast his
only aide,

The huge Carrebd his hazards thou for him was oft
assaide:

Was Sillas force by thee oft shunde, or yet Adrice
lande,

Laceface childe, that Minotaur, did cause thee ever
stande?

To pleasure him, to serve thy leach, to keepe all things
upright,

Thou God above, then what is it that yeeldeth me this
spight?

Sith nothing neede misdoubled be where grounded
cause is none,

I enter will Judge Apus gate, rejecting care and mone.
But stay, Virginus: loe, thy Prince doth enter into
place.

Oh sufferant Lord, and rightfull Judge, the Gods do
save thy grace.

Here entreth JUDGE APIUS and CLAUDIUS.

With tender hart, Virginus, thou welcome art to me.

I sory am to utter out the things I here of thee;

For Claudius, a subject here, a man of mickle fame,
Appealeth thee before my Courte in deede of open
shame.

And though in deede I lone thee so as thy deserts
desier,

Yet not so but I must judgement geve, as justice doth
require.

Virginus. My Lord, and reason good it is: your ser-
vaunt doth request
No parciall hand to aide his cause, no parciall minde
or brest.
If ought I have offended you, your Courte, or eke your
Crowne,
From lofty top of turret hie persupetat me downe.
If treason none by me be done, or any fault committed,
Let my accusers beare the blame, and let me be re-
mitted.

Apus. Good reason too, *Virginus*. Come, *Claudius*
shew thy minde :
Let justice here if judgment may *Virginus* guilty
finde.

Claudius. Thou sufferant Lorde and rightfull Judge,
this standeth now the case.
In tender youth, not long agone, nere sixteene yeares
of space,
Virginus a thrall of mine, a childe and infant yonge,
From me did take by subtell meane, and keepes by
arme full strong :
And here before your grace I crave, that justice be
extended,
That I may haue my thrall agayne, and faults may be
amended.

Virginus. Ah Gods that guide the globe above, what
forged tales I here !
Oh Judge *Apus*, bend your eares, while this my crime
I cleare.
She is my child, and of my wife her tender corpes did
springe :
Let all the country where I dwell beare witness of the
thing.

[*Apus* and *Claudius* go forth, but *Apus*
speaketh this.

Nay, by the Gods, not so my friend, I do not so
decree :
I charge thee here in paine of death thou bring the
maide to mee.

In chamber close, in prison sound, she secret shall abide,

And no kinde of wight shall talke with her until the truth be tride.

This doo I charge, this I commaund, in paine of death let see,

Without any let that she be brought as prisoner unto me.

[*Erit.*

{Here let Virginius go about the scaffold.

Ah fickle faule vnhappy dome, oh most uncertaine raté,
That euer chaunce so churlishly, that neuer staide in state.

What Judge is this? what cruell wretch? what faith doth Claudius finde?

The Gods do recompence with shame his false and faithles minde!

Well, home I must, no remedy; where shall my soking teares

Augment my woes, decrease my joyes, while death do rid my feares.

Here entreteth RUMOUR.

Come, Ventus come; blow forth thy blast:

Prince Eol listen well

The filthiest fackte that ever was

I, Rumor, now shall tell.

You gods bend downe to here my crie,
revengement duly showe,

Thy Rumor craues, did¹⁰ Claudius lay,
and bring Judge Apius loe.

That wicked man, that fleshly Judge,
hath hiered Claudius

To claime a childe, the only heyre
of old Virginius:

A virgin pure, a Queene in life,

Whose state may be deplored,

For why the Queene of chaste life
is like to be deflored,

¹⁰ Quere—*bid.*

By false Judge Apius, cruell wretche,
 who straightly hath commanded,
 That she to keping his be brought:
 Prince Pluto this demaunded.
 To skies I flie, to blase abroad
 the trompe of deep defame.
 Revenge, you Gods, this Rumor craues,
 this bloud and bloudy-shame.
 Haue through the ayre! geue place you ayres,
 this is my dutye done.
 The Gods confound such lecherers!
 loe, Rumor this I run.

Virginius. O man, O mould, oh mucke, O clay,
 O Hell, O hellish hounde,
 O faulse Judge Apius, wrablinge wretch, is this thy
 treason founde?
 Woe worthe the man that gaue the seede, wherby
 y^e first did spring!
 Woe worth the wombe y^t beare the babe to meane this
 bluddy thing!
 Woe worth the paps that gave y^e sucke, woe worth the
 fosters eke:
 Woe worth all such as ever did thy health or liking
 seeke!
 Oh that the graued yeares of mine were couered in the
 clay!

Here entreth VIRGINIA.

Let pacience, deare father mine, your rigor some-
 thing stay:
 Why do you waile in such a sorte? why do you weepe
 and mone?

Virginius. Oh daughter deare and only heyre, my
 life is neare begone,
 And all for love of thee.

Virginia. A, Gods, how may this be?
 Deare father do withdraw your dread, and let me know
 the cause:
 My selfe wyll ayde with lyfe or death without demur or
 pause.

Then tender your childe that craveth this bound.

Virginius. Oh harken, deare daughter, attend thou
my sounde.

Judge Apius prickt forth with filthy desire
Thy person as Lemmon doth greatly require;
And no kinde of intreatie, no feare, nor no shame,
Will he heare aledge, defending the same.
And straight without staying, in paine of my death,
I must bring thee thither, wherfore stop my breath.
O, Sisters, I search, I seeke and I craue
No more at your handes but death for to haue,
Rather than see my Daughter deflourde,
Or els in ill sorte so vildely devourde.

Virginia. Oh father, oh friendship, oh fatherly
favour,

Whose dulcet words so sweetly do savour,
On knees I beseeche thee to graunt my request,
In all things according as lyketh thee best.
Thou knowest, O my father, if I be once spotted,
My name & my kindred then forth wilbe blotted:
And if thou, my father, should die for my cause
The world would accompt me gilty in cause.
Then rather, deare father, if it be thy pleasure,
Graunt me the death, then keepè I my treasure,
My lampe, my light, my lyfe undefiled,
And so may Judge. Apius of flesh be begiled.
This upon my knees with humble beheste,
Graunt me, O father, my instant requeste.

Virginius. Then ryse up, my daughter: my aunswere
doo note,

From mouth of thy father, whose eyes do now flote.
O daughter, oh deare, O darling, oh dame,
Dispatch me I pray thee, regarde not my name:
But yet, as thou saiest, sith remedy none,
But Lemmon thou must be if I were gone,
And better it is to dye with good fame,
Then longer to live to reape us but shame:
But if thou do dye no doubt is at all,
But presently after my selfe folow shall,

Then end without shame, so let us persever,
 With trompe of good fame so dye shall we never.

[*Virginia here kneeleth.*

Then tender armes complect the neck, do dry thy father's
 teares,

You nimble handes for wo whereof my louing heart it
 weares.

Oh father mine, refraine no whit your sharped knife to
 take

From giltles sheath my shame to ende, & body dead to
 make.

Let not the shameles blouddy judge defile my virgin's
 life;

Doe take my head & send it him upon your bloody
 knife:

Bid him imbrue his bloody handes in giltles blood of
 mee:

I virgin dye, he leacher lives; he was my ende you
 see.

No more delaies—lo, kisse me first, then stretch your
 strongest arme:

Do ryd my woe, increase my joy, do ease your childe of
 harme.

Virginius. O weary wittes of wo or wealth, oh feeble
 aged man,

How can thy arme geve such a blow? thy death I wish
 thee than!

But sith that shame with endles trompe will sound if
 case thou joy,

My meanes of false judge Apius he, my selfe will thee
 destroy.

Forgeue me, babe, this bloody deede & meekely take
 thy ende. [*Here let him profer a blowe.*

The Gods forgeue thee, father deare! farewell, thy blow
 do bend.

Yet stay a while, O father deare, for fleash to death is
 fraile:

Let first my wimple bind my eyes, & then thy blow
 assaile.

Now, father, worke thy will on me, that life I may enjoy.

[*Here tye a handcarcher about her eyes, and then strike of hir heade.*]

Now stretch thy hand, Virginius, that loth would flesh destroy.

O cruell handes, or blouddy knife, O man what hast thou done?

Thy daughter deare & onely heyre, hir vitall ende hath wone.

Come, fatale blade, make lyke dispatche : come Atropos, come ende¹¹

Strike home thou careles arme with speede, of death be not a frayde.

Here entreth COMFORT.

Oh noble Knight, Virginius, do stay, be not dismayde : I curing Comfort present am, your doller to ayde.

Virginius. Sith joy is gone, sith life is deade

What comfote can there be?

No more! there is but deepe dispaire,

And deadly death to me.

Comfort. No more, Sir knight, but take the head, and wend a while with me :

It shal be sent to court for that Judge Apius may it se.

In recompence of leacher's lust this present let him haue,

And stay your corps for certaine space, in coping from the grave :

So shall you see the end of him, and all his whole consent.

This wil be comfort to your harte : Virginius be content.

Virginius. Of truth even so, for comfort els, I know right well is none,

Wherefore I doe consent with you : come on, let us be gone.

But messenger my selfe wyll bee, my self will geue the gifte.

Come on good Comfort, wend we then ; there is no other shifte. [Exit.

¹¹ Qy. *Aide* to rhyme with *afrayde* in the next line.

Here entreth JUDGE APIUS.

Well, hap as can hap or no,
 In hazard it is, but let that goe.
 I wyll, what so happen, pursue on still:
 Why, none there is living can let me my wyll.
 I will haue Virginia; I will hir defloure,
 Els rigorous sword hir hart shall deuoure.

Heere entreth HAPHAZARD.

I came from Caleco even the same houre,
 And Hap was hyred to hackney in hempstrid:
 In hazard he was of riding on beamestrid.
 Then crow crop on tree top, hoist up the sayle,
 Then groned their neckes, by the weight of their
 tayle:

Then dyd Carnifex put these three together,
 Payd them their pasporte for clustring thither.

Apius. Why, how now, Haphazard, of what doest
 thou speake?

Me thinks in mad sort thy talke thou doest breake.
 Those three words, chopt all in one,
 Is Carnifex that signifieth hangman.
 Peace: no such words before me do utter.

Haphazard. Nay, I lye as still as a cat in a gutter.
 Go to, Judge Apius: go forward, good Prince:
 Perhaps ye may haue that the which wyll not
 blynce.

Apius. What is the man that liueth now so neare to
 doore of death,
 As I for lust of lady faire, whose lacke will stop my
 breath?

But long I shall not want her sight, I stay her comming
 heere.

Oh lucky light! lo, present heere hir father doth ap-
 peare.

Oh how I joy! yet bragge thou not; dame beuty bides
 behinde.

Virginius, where is the maide? how haps thou breake
 my minde?

Here entreth VIRGINIUS.

Ah wicked Judge, the Virgin chaste
 Hath sent her beauteous face
 In recompence of lechour gaine
 To thee, so voide of grace.
 She bids thee imbrue thy bloudy handes,
 And filthy lecherous minde,
 With Venus damselfs, voyde of shame,
 Where such thou haps to finde.
 But thou, as with Diana's ympes
 Shalt never be acquainted:
 They rather wishe the naked knife,
 Then virgin's life attained.
 In ende just prove whereof
 Beholde Virginia's heade:
 She sought her fame, thou soughts her shame.
 This arme hath smit her dead.

Apius. Oh curst and cruell cankered churle, oh carll
 unnaturall;
 Which hast the seede of thine owne lym thrust forth to
 funerall!
 Ye Gods bend downe your yre, do plague him for his
 deede,
 You sprites below, you hellish houndes, do geve him
 gaule for meed.
 My selfe will se his latter end; I judge him to the death.
 Like death that faire Virginia toke, the lyke shall stop
 his breath;
 The flasky feends of Lyombo lake, his ghost do so tor-
 moyle,
 That he have neede of Caron's helpe for all his filthy
 toyle.
 Come Justice then, come on Rewarde; come ayde me
 in my neede.
 Thou wicked knight shal slaughter be wth. self same
 knife with speed.

Virginus. Sith she a virgine pure & chast in heaven
 leads hir life
 Content I am to dye with her, & dye upon her knife.

Apus. Come Justice then; come on Reward, when
Judgment now doth cal.

*Heere entreth JUSTICE and REWARD,
and they both speake this.*

We both are ready here at hande to worke thy fatall
fall.

Justice. Oh gorgan Judge, what lawles life hast thou
most wicked led!

Thy sokinge sinne hath souke thy soule, thy vertues
all are fled.

Thou chaste and undefiled life didest seeke for to have
spotted,

And thy Reward is ready here, by Justice now
alotted.

Reward. Thy just Reward is deadly death; wher-
fore come wend away:

To death I straight will do thy corpa; then lust shall
have his pray.

Virginus, thou woful knight, come neare & take thy
foe.

In prison thou make him fast: no more let him do so.

Let Claudius for, tirrany be hanged on a tree.

Virginus. Ah right Reward: the Gods be blist,
This day I chaunce to see.

Haphazard. Why, how now, my Lord Apus, what
cheare?

Why, where is my Reward for this geare?

Why dyd I ride run and revell,

And for all my jaunting now made a Javell?

Why, run, sir knave, call me Claudius?

Then, run with a vengeaunce, watch Virginus:

Then, ride sirra; is Virginia at Church?

Then gallope to see where her father doth marche.

Then up sirra; now what counsell?

Of dame bewty what newes canst thou tell?

Thus in hurly burly, from pillar to poste,

Poore Haphazard daily was toste;

And now with Virginus he goes sadly walking,

And nothing at all will listen my talking:

But shall I be so used at his hands?

As leve I were neare in Limbo bands.

That dronell, that drowy drakenosed drivill,

He never learned his manners in Sivill.

A Judge may cause a gentleman, a gentleman, nay a
jack hearinge,

As honest as he that caries his hose on his neck for
feare of wering.

A caitife, a cutthroate, a churle worthy blame.

I wyll serve him no longer, the Devill geve him shame.

Yet, by the mouse foote, I am not content,

I will have a reward, sure, els will I repent.

To master reward I straight waies will go:

The worst that can hap is but a noo.

But sure I know his honesty is such,

That he will recompence me with litle or much:

And well this proverb commeth in my head,

Birlady, halfe a loafe is better then nere a whit of
bread.

Therefore hap, & be happely, hap that hap may,

I wyll put it in hazard, I, geve it assay.

Alhayle, maister Reward, & righteous Justice:

I beseech you let me be recompensed to, according to
my service;

For why, all this long time I have lived in hope.

Rewarde. Then for thy reward, then, here is a rope.

Haphazard. Nay, soft my maisters: by saincte
Thomas of trunions,

I am not disposed to by of your onions.

A rope (quoth you) away with that showing!

It would greve a man having two plowes goyng.

Nay, stay, I pray you, & let the cat winke:

It is nought in dry sommer for letting my drinke.

Justice. Let, or let not there is no remedy: hanging
shalbe thy reward verely.

Haphazard. Is there nothing but hanging to my lot
doth fall?

Then take you my rewarde; much good do it you
withall.

I am not so hasty although I be clayming,

But that I can afford you the most of my gayning.

I will set, let, graunt, yelde, permit & promise
 All the revenewes to you of my service.
 I am friendly, I am kindly, I proffer you faire :
 You shall be my full executer and heyre.

Reward. Nay, make you ready first to dye, by the
 roode,

Then we will dispose it as we think good :
 Then those that with you to this dyd consent,
 The lyke reward shall cause them repent.

Justice. Nay, stay a while, Virginius is comming.
 Nay, soft, Haphazard, you are not so cunning,
 Thus to escape without punishment. [*Prece to go forth.*]

Rewarde. No, certis, it is not so expedient.

Here entreth VIRGINIUS.

Oh, noble Justice, duty done, behold I come againe,
 To shew you that Apius he him selfe hath lewdly slaine.
 As soon as he in prison was enclosed out of sight,
 He desperate for bluddy deede did slea him selfe out
 right;

And Claudius doth mercy crave, who did the deede
 for feare.

Vouchsafe, oh Judge, to save his life, though countrie
 he forbeare.

Justice. We graunt him grace at thy request, but
 bannish him the lande.

And see that death be done out right on him that here
 doth stand.

Haphazard. Nay, M. Virginius, take him by the
 hande.¹²

I crave not for service the thing worth ought :
 Hanging, quoth you, it is the last end of my thought.
 Fye for shame, fye—stay, by my father's soule,
 Why, this is lyke to Tom Turners doule :

Hang one man and saue all the rest !
 Take part one with another : plaine dealing is best.

Rewarde. This is our dealing; thus deale we with thee.
 Take him hence, Virginius; goe, trusse him to a tree.

Haphazard. Ye shall, in a ropes name ! whether
 away with me ?

¹²The words "take him by the hande" are evidently a stage
 direction foisted into the text.

Virginius. Come, wend thou in haste thy death for to take,
To the hangman I will leade thee a quicke dispatch to make.

Haphazard. Must I needes hang? by the gods, it doth spight me
To thinke how crabbedly this silke lase will bite me.
Then come, cosin cutpurs, come, run, haste & follow me:

Haphazard must hang; come, follow the lyverye.

[*Exit.*

Justice. Well, wende we now : the finall ende of fleshly lust wee see.

Rewarde. Content: Rewarde is ready bent with Justice to agree.

Here entreth FAME.

Oh stay, you noble Justice, stay: Reward do make no haste.

We Ladies three have brought the corse in earth that must be plaste.

DOCTRINA, MEMORIE, and VIRGINIUS bring a tome.

We have brought back Virginius the funerall to see.
I grant him that the learned pen shall have the ayde of mee,

To wright in learned verse the honor of hir name.

Fame. And eke it shall resownd by trompe of me, dame Fame.

[*Here let Memorie wright on the tome.*

I, *Memorie*, will minde hir life: hir death shall ever raine

Within the mouth and minde of man, from age to age againe.

Justice. And Justice, sure, will ayde all those that imitate her lyfe.

Rewarde. And I, *Rewarde*, will punish those that move such dames to stryfe.

Fame. Then sing we round about the tome, in honour of hir name.

Reward. Content we are with willing minde to sing with sound of Fame.

THE EPILOGUE.

As earthly life is graunted none for evermore to raigne,
But denting death will cause them al to grant this
world as vaine;

Right worshipfull, sith sure it is that mortall life must
vade,

Do practice then to winne his love that all in all hath
made.

And by this Poets faining here example do you take
Of Virginia's life of chastetie, of duty to thy make;
Of love to wife, of love to spouse, of loue to husband
deare,

Of bringing up of tender youth: all these are noted
heare.

I doubt it not, right worshipfull, but well you do con-
ceive

The matter that is ended now, & thus I take my leave:
Beseeching God, as dutie is, our gracious Queene to
save

The Nobles & the commons eke, with prosperous life I
crave!

F I N I S.

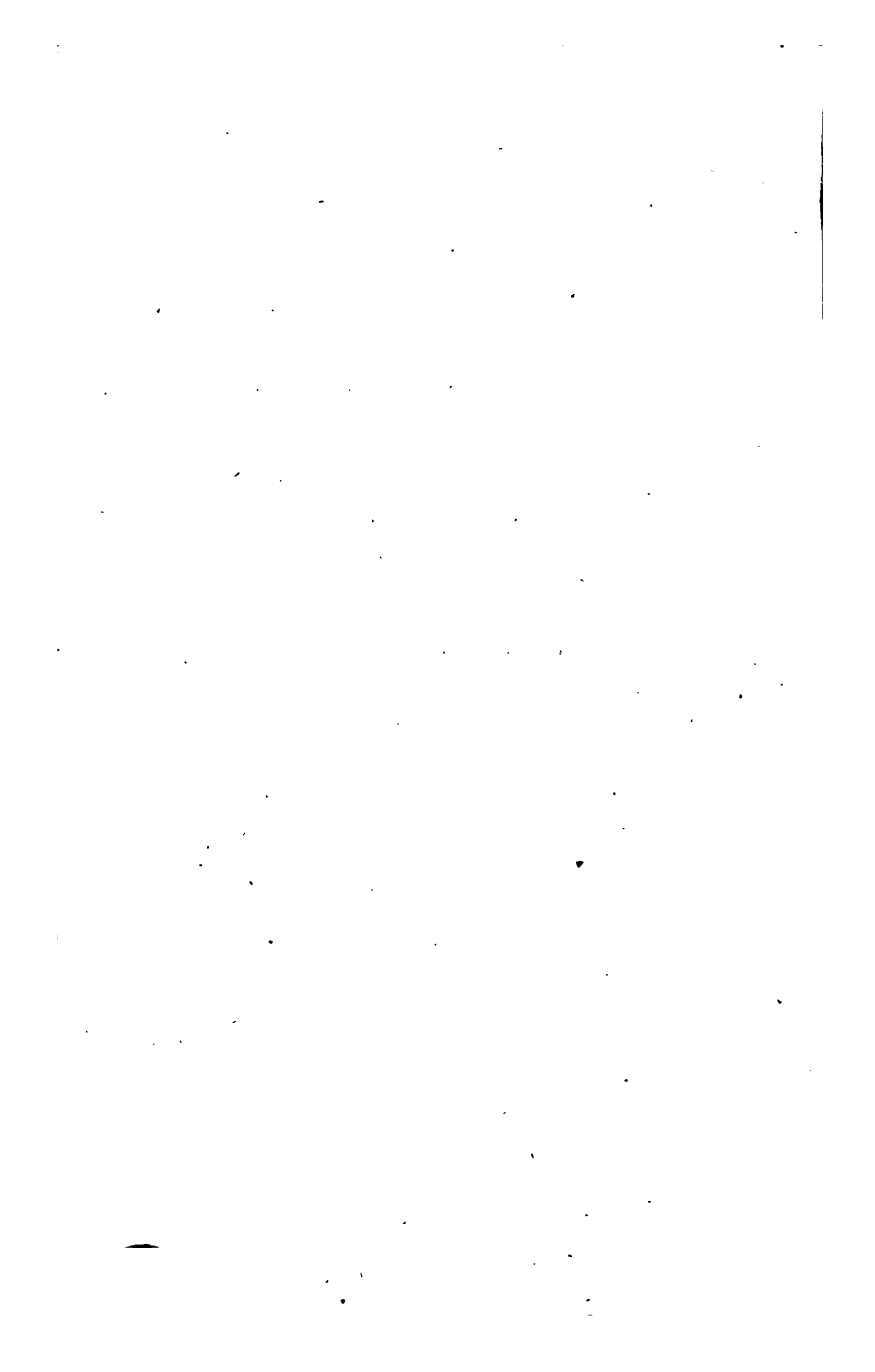
Imprinted at London, by Wil-
liam How, for Richard Johnes.
1575.

EDITION.

A new Tragickall Comedie of Apius and Virginia.
Wherein is lively expressed a rare example of the vertue
of Chastitie, by Virginia's constancy in wishing rather
to be slaine at her owne Father's handes, then to be
deflowred of the wicked Judge Apius.—By R. B.—
Imprinted at London by William How for Richard
Jhones. 1575.—4to. B. L.

CHRONOLOGICAL
LIST OF THE PLAYS

IN THIS COLLECTION.



CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE PLAYS

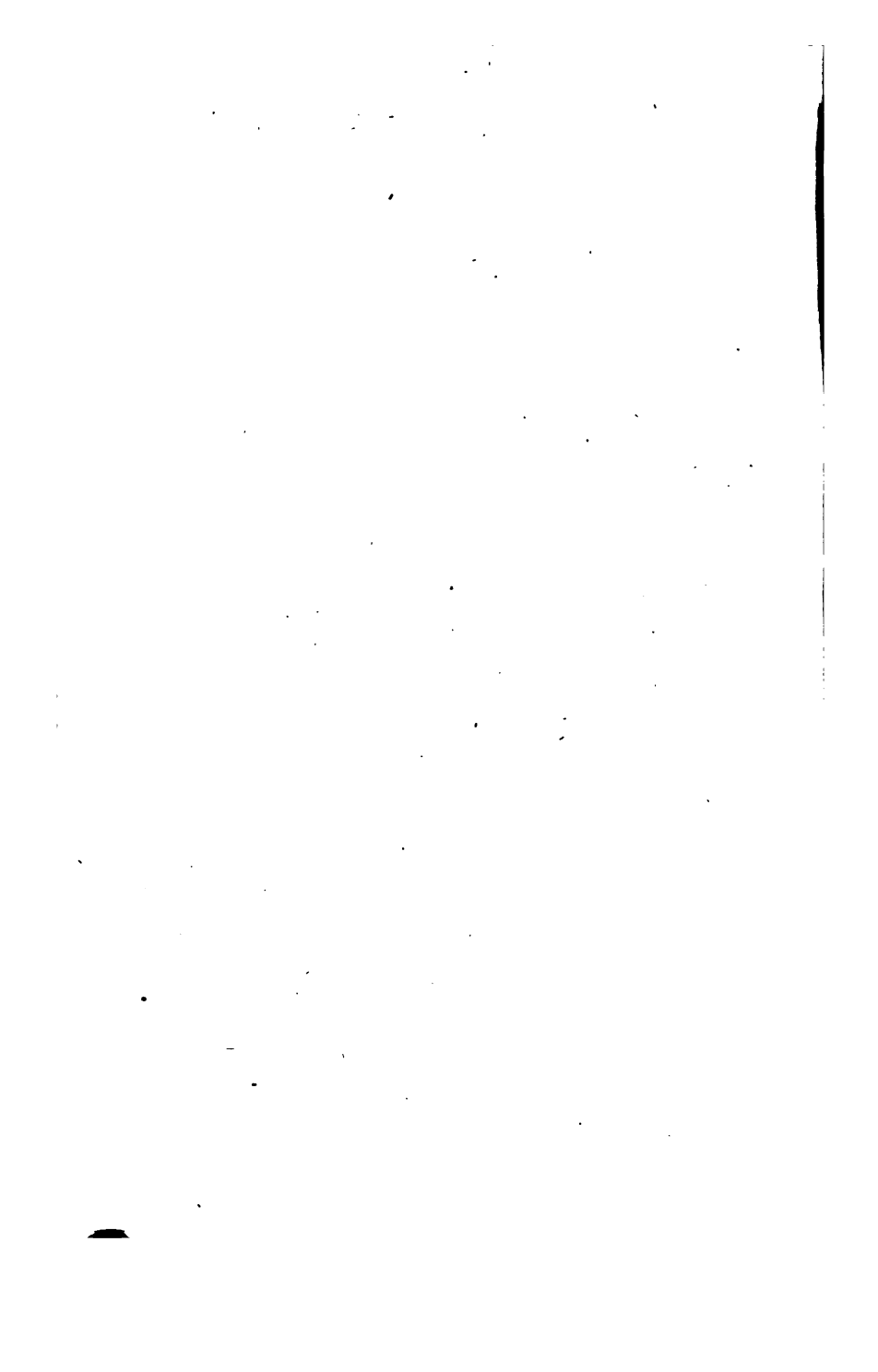
IN THIS COLLECTION.

Although it is an undoubted defect in collections of this sort that the plays are not reprinted in the order in which they were, or may be supposed to have been, written, yet it is an objection applicable to every undertaking of the kind, whether of the entire works of particular poets, or of selections from our ancient dramatic productions. The origin of it is the extreme difficulty, or rather impossibility, of ascertaining correctly the course of the series; and notwithstanding such pains have been taken to settle the order in which Shakspeare's dramas were written, all must be aware how imperfectly the task has been executed. The plan proposed by Mr. Reed in the former edition of this work, of reprinting the plays in the order of their original publication, was rather calculated to mislead than to inform, and he did not himself always adhere to it. In the subsequent arrangement, of course, a great deal must depend upon conjecture, founded upon circumstances, the mere statement of which would have filled several sheets: it is only intended as a guide, to enable the reader in some degree to judge of the rise and progress of dramatic poetry in this country. Those who wish, therefore, to peruse the various plays in a series, from the earliest to the latest, will thus be furnished with the means of doing so just as well as if the whole order of the volumes had been changed.

	Vols.	Date.
The Worlde and the Chylde	xii.	1522
God's Promises	i.	1538
The Four P's	i.	1540

	Vol.	Date.
New Custome	i.	1560
Ferrex and Porrex	i.	1560
Damon and Pithias	i.	1562
Appius and Virginia	xii.	1563
Gammer Gurton's Needle	ii.	1565
✓ Alexander and Campaspe	ii.	1582
First part of Jeronimo	iii.	1588
Spanish Tragedy	iii.	1589
Jew of Malta	viii.	1589
Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay	viii.	1589
Edward the First	xi.	1590
Edward the Second	ii.	1590
Pinner of Wakefield	iii.	1590
Cornelia	ii.	1590
Wounds of Civil War	viii.	1590
Tancred and Gismunda	ii.	1592
Grim the Collier of Croydon	xi.	1592
Summer's Last Will and Testament	ix.	1592
Green's Tu Quoque	vii.	1592
Four 'Prentises of London	vi.	1599
Mayor of Quinborough	xi.	1600
Malcontent	iv.	1600
All Fools	iv.	1601
Woman kill'd with Kindness	vii.	1602
Fuimus Troes	vii.	1602
Honest Whore, Part I.	iii.	1602
————— Part II.	iii.	1603
Lingua	v.	1603
Merry Devil of Edmonton	v.	1603
White Devil	vi.	1603
Eastward Hoe	iv.	1603
Miseries of Enforced Marriage	v.	1606
Revenger's Tragedy	iv.	1606
Mad World my Masters	v.	1607
Dumb Knight	iv.	1607
Ram Alley	v.	1610
Roaring Girl	vi.	1611
Widow's Tears	vi.	1612
Hog hath lost his Pearl	vi.	1612

	Vol.	Date.
Albumazar	. vii.	1613
The Widow	. xii.	1616
The Heir	. viii.	1619
Match at Midnight	. vii.	1620
City Night Cap	. xi.	1624
City Match	. ix.	1630*
Muse's Looking Glass	. ix.	1633
The Antiquary	. x.	1635
The Wits	. viii.	1635
Microcosmus	. ix.	1636
The Parson's Wedding	. xi.	1636
Queen of Arragon	. ix.	1639
The Goblins	. x.	1639
The Ordinary	. x.	1640
The Jovial Crew	. x.	1641
The Old Couple	. x.	1645
Adventures of Five Hours	. xii.	1660
Elvira	. xii.	1665



ADDITIONAL NOTES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

HISTORIA HISTRIONICA.

P. cxlvii. Add to note 1.

Some further particulars regarding the Fortune and other theatres in and near London may be found in Malone's Shakspeare, Vol. III. p. 54, note 3, &c. Edit. 1821.

P. clvi. Add to note 5.

Mr. Reed's note could not be omitted on account of the biographical information it contains; but the discovery of Henslowe's papers makes it quite clear that Nathaniel Field was both a poet and a player, and that he was engaged in writing plays in conjunction with Massinger and others. See Malone's Shakspeare, Vol. III. p. 337, and Gifford's Massinger, I. xlix.

GOD'S PROMISES.

P. 6. l. 18.

Printed abroad.] Bale also wrote a "Comedye concerninge Three Lawes of Nature Moses and Christ, and compyled by Johan Bale, Anno 1538." It was printed abroad in 1558, and again in England by T. Colwell, in 1562.

P. 9. Add to note *.

In Davenport's *City Night Cap*, Act 3. Vol. XI. We meet with a not very dissimilar use of the word *fall*.

"I have made a modest choice of you, grave sir,
To be my ghostly father; and to you I *fall* for absolution"

THE FOUR P's.

P. 47. Add to note †.

The correct title of Acolastus is as follows:
Joannis Palsgravi Londoniensis ecphrasis Anglica in

comœdiam Acolasti. See Dibdin's *Typogr. Antiq.* III. 308.

DAMON AND PITHIAS.

P. 238. Add to note 75.

This story of Queen Elizabeth forms the point of an epigram by H. P. (probably Henry Parrot) in a Collection called "The Mastive." 1615.

"A pamphlet was of proverbs penn'd by Polton
Wherein he thought all sorts included were;
Until one told him, *Bate m'an aee quoth Bolton* :
Indeed (said he) that proverb is not there.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

GAMMER GURTON'S NEEDLE.

P. 3. Add to note †.

Malone states (Shaksp. by Bosw: III. 38.) that *Gammer Gurton's Needle* "was written by Mr. Still, (afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells) in the 23rd year of his age, and acted at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1566." It is mentioned in *Histriomastix*, 1610, Act II. (Sign. C 3.) under the title of *Mother Gurton's Needle*, and in burlesque it is there called "a Tragedy."

ALEXANDER AND CAMPASPE.

P. 89. l. 25.

Euphues. The Anatomy of Wit.] It is supposed that the earliest Edition of Lily's *Euphues* was without date, and without the address to the University of Oxford first printed in the edit. of 1579, which also professes to have been "corrected and augmented." It was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1578.

P. 89. Add to note †.

Heroe in the singular might be pronounced as three syllables, and if so the line would be complete without addition. In the plural the word was certainly pronounced as a tri-syllable.

"Like th' ancient *heroës*, I count thee tall."

Sir J. Harrington's Epigr. B. II. Ep. 65.

P. 90. l. 21.

Imprinted for John Oke.] Pappe with a Hatchet was printed, not as is here said in 1593, but before 1590, and it is thus alluded to in *The firste parte of Pasquil's Apologie* printed in 1590. "I warrant you the cunning Pap-maker knew what he did when he made choice of no other spoone than a hatchet for such a mouth, no other lace than a halter for such a necke." The imprint, which continues the joke of the title-page, was incorrectly given by Mr. Reed, as if the tract were really printed for a stationer named John Oke: it is as follows. "Imprinted by John Anoke and John Astile, for the Baylerie of Withernam, *cum privilegio perennitatis*, and are to be solde at the signe of the crab-tree cudgel in thwack-coate lane."

CORNELIA.

P. 237. l. 23.

That Kyd was the author of Solyman and Perseda.—Malone conjectures (Sh. by Bosw. II. 316.) that Kyd wrote the Old Plays of *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *Taming of a Shrew*. In the same work (II. 341.) a note by Mr. Reed is quoted, stating that copies of the latter (which was entered on the Stationers' books on May 2, 1594), are in the libraries of the Dukes of Bridgewater and Roxburgh, and that they are dated in 1596. The copy from which Mr. Steevens reprinted in 1779, was dated only in 1607, but an edition published in 1594, and differing only in some unimportant trifles, has recently been discovered and brought to the hammer. The following is the correct copy of the title of this curiosity. "A pleasant conceited Historie, called The taming of a Shrew. As it was sundry times acted by the Right Honorable the Earle of Pembroke, his servants. Printed at London by Peter Short, and are to be sold by Cuthbert Burbie, at his shop at the Royall Exchange. 1594," 4to.

EDWARD II.

P. 310. l. 9.

Tamberlaine the Greate.—It has been supposed that there were two plays on the subject of Tamerlane,

but without sufficient evidence. Malone was the first to hint that "Tamberlaine the Greate" was written by Nash, or at least that he had a hand in it; and his opinion was founded upon the following passage in the *Blacke Booke*, 4to. 1604. "The spindleshanke spyder, which shewed like great leachers with little legs, went stealing over his (Nash's) head, as if they had been conning of Tamburlaine."

P. 315. Add to note †.

Tanti was an exclamation of contempt, and is used in *Fuimus Troes*, Vol. VII. p. 426:—"Tanti for all your power." Probably some word was omitted after it in the text of Edward II.

P. 218. Add to note *.

See a note to *Ferrex and Porrex*, Vol. I. p. 165, where a corresponding passage is mentioned, which discounts this conjectural emendation.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

THE PINNER OF WAKEFIELD.

P. 3. Add to note *.

"George a Greene" is one of the plays claimed by William Bieston, gent., Governor of the King's and Queene's Young Company of Players at the Cockpit in Drury-Lane, as the property of his theatre, and to prevent the acting of which at any other house, an order was issued from the Lord Chamberlain's Office, dated Aug. 10, 1639.

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY.

P. 97. Add to note †.

Cotton alludes to this play even as late as in the Prologue to his "*Scoffer Scoff'd*."

"Old tales and songs and an old jest,

Our stomachs easily digest,

And of all plays *Hieronimo's* the best."

which shews that then it was remembered.

P. 136. Add to note 129.

Mr. Gifford's correction of this passage, in his Ben Jonson, I. 136, did not reach the editor's eye until the sheet was printed: the line ought doubtless to run,

"No more, I say: to the tortures! *when?*"
and not "to the tortures *with him.*"

THE HONEST WHORE, Part 2.

P. 330. Add to note *.

The lower Irish seem formerly to have employed themselves in selling apples: thus in "Jack Drum's Entertainment," 1601, we have this passage: "He whose throat squeaks like a treble organ, and speaks as small and shrill as the *Irishmen cry pip, fine pip.*"

P. 333. Add to note 5.

Yellow stockings were at this time commonly worn, and are thus mentioned in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, A. 2. sc. 2.

" ——— now I remember me,

"There was one busie fellow was their leader;

"A blunt squat swad, but lower than yourself;

"He had on a leather doublet with long points,

"And a pair of pinn'd up breeches, like pudding bags;

"With *yellow stockings*, and his hat turn'd up

"With a silver clasp on his leer side."

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

THE MALECONTENT.

P. 16. l. 5.

"Great Alexander, when he came to the tomb of
Achilles,

*Spake with a big loud voice, O thou thrice blessed
and happy."*

These two hexameters are translated from a sonnet by Petrarch beginning

Giunto Alessandro a la famosa tomba

Del fiero Achille, sospirando disse:

O fortunato, &c.

The hexameters themselves are probably meant to be quoted from "Three proper and wittie familiar letters, &c. touching our English reformed versifying," 1580, where they stand thus:

"Noble Alexander, when he came to the tombe of Achilles,

"Sighing spake with a big voice: O thrice blessed Achilles."

Marston cited them from memory, or intended, perhaps to make them still more ridiculous by alteration.

ALL FOOLS.

P. 102. Add to note *.

John Davies of Hereford, about the year 1611, published his *Scourge of Folly*, containing a great many epigrams, or more properly, addresses to living poets: one of these is entitled "To my highly valued Mr. George Chapman, *Father of our English Poets*." The lines themselves are not worth quoting.

P. 147. Add to Note †.

Another coincidence between Burns and a dramatist may be here mentioned: it occurs in Wycherly's *Plain Dealer*, A. I. S. 1.—"I weigh the man, not his title: 'tis not the King's stamp can make the metal better or heavier."

The words of Burns's song are

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,

"The man's the gold for a' that," &c.

EASTWARD HOE.

P. 185. l. 24.

The exclamations of Watermen.] This is also clear from Cotton's *Virgil Travestie*, B. iv. after the flight of *Aeneas*.

"But what thought Dido in this case
When thus she saw them slink their ways?
From garret window saw 'em row
And heard 'em crying *Eastward Hoe!*"

P. 188. l. 6.

Sir Petronel Flash.] This character is mentioned in

Histrionastix, printed in 1610, but certainly written before the death of Queen Elizabeth.

"Give your scholar degrees, and your lawyer his fees,
And some dice for Sir Petronel Flash."

P. 247. Add to note †.

The *Monmouth Cap* was worn also by sailors, as appears from the following lines from *A Satyre on Sea Officers* by Sir H. S. published with the Duke of Buckingham's Miscellanies.

"With *Monmouth Cap* and cutlace by my side,
Striding at least a yard at every stride,
I'm come to tell you, after much petition,
The Admiralty has given me a commission."

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

THE MISERIES OF INFORCED MARRIAGE.

P. 14. Add to note *.

So in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609,

"And the little God of love he shall be her captain:
sheele sewe under him 'till death us depart, and thereto
I plight thee my troth."

And Heywood in his "*Wise Woman of Hogsdon*,
A. iii. makes Chartley also quote from the Marriage
Ceremony—

"If every new moone a man might have new wife,
that's every year a dozen; but this *Till Death us de-*
part is tedious."

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

THE WIDOW'S TEARS.

P. 174. Add to note *.

The Italian comes very near the English, and many authorities of the use of *buon pro vi faccia* might be quoted:

the following from Boiardo's *Orl: Inn*: C. 47. st. 35. will be sufficient.

*Trottando van per giunger tosto a cena ****

Compagni, disse lor, buon pro vi faccia.

The address of R. Litchfield, the Cambridge Barber, before *The Trimming of Thomas Nash* thus opens,

"*Proface*, gentle Gentlemen, I am sorry I have no better cates to present you with; but pardon I pray, for this which I have here provided was bred in Lent," &c.

VITTORIA COROMBONA.

P. 207. Add to note †.

Henslowe mentions "the tragedye of the Guyes," under the date of 30th January, 1592; but this was probably Marlow's *Massacre of Paris*. The first notice of Webster in Henslowe's MSS. is in May, 1602, where he is coupled with Dekkar, Drayton, Middleton and Munday, in writing a piece called *Two Harpies*. In November, 1602, his name is again inserted in conjunction with Chettle, Dekkar, Heywood, and Wentworth Smith, as one of the authors of the first and second parts of *Lady Jane*.

THE HOG HATH LOST HIS PEARL.

P. 331. Add to note 2.

Malone after quoting a passage from "Pymlico or Runne Red-cap," 1609, disputes the notion that a sneer at Pericles was intended by Taylor. It appears that Pericles drew crowds, and that it was as successful as a play called *Shore*. See Mal. Shaksp. xxi. p. 4. Edit. 1821.

P. 337. Add to note †.

This conjecture is supported by the following passage from "The World's Folly, or a Warning-Peece discharged upon the Wickedness thereof," by I. H. 1615.

"I will not particularize those *blitea dramata* (as Laberius tearmes another sort) those *Fortune-fatted* fooles and Times Ideots, whose garbe is the *Toothache* of witte, the *Plague-sore* of Judgement, the *Common-sewer* of Obscenities, and the very *Traine-powder*

that dischargeth the roaring *Meg* (not *Mol*) of all scur-
rile villainies upon the Cities face; who are faine to
produce blinde **Impudence* ["Garlicke" inserted in the
margin, against the asterisk] to personate himselfe upon
their stage, beluug with chaynes of garlicke, as an anti-
dote against their owne infectious breaths, lest it should
kill their Oyster-crying Audience."

P. 338. l. 27.

St. Thomas's Onions.] This was one of the cries of
London at the time—"Buy my rope of onions—white
Sir Thomas's onions." It was also liable to the hyper-
criticism of the player. What St. Thomas had to do
with onions does not appear; but the saint here meant
was, perhaps, St. Thomas of Trunnions.

"Nay, softe, my maisters, by *Sainte Thomas of
Trunions*,

I am not disposed to buy of your onions."

Apus and Virginia, 1575. Sig. E 2.

These lines are spoken by Haphazard, the Vice, and
are used as if the expression were proverbial.

THE FOUR PRENTICES OF LONDON.

P. 401. Add to note *.

Heywood adverts to the achievements of the London
Prentices in his *Edward IV.* Part I. Sign. C.

"Nay, scorne us not that we are Prentices.

The Chronicles of England can report

What memorable actions we have done,

To which this daies atchievement shall be knit,

To make the volume larger than it is."

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

GREENE'S *TU QUOQUE*.

P. 7. Add to note *.

Greene's *Tu Quoque* is mentioned in "The World's
Folly," by I. H. 1615, which contains a general attack
on the stage. It would also seem from the subse-
quent passage as if Greene, the actor, had performed the
part of a baboon.

"*Vos quoque**" [or, "*Tu quoque*," opposite the

asterisk in the margin,] and you also who with Scylla-barking, *Stentor*-throated bellowings, flash-choaking squibbes of absurd vanities into the nostrils of your spectators; barbarously diverting nature and defacing God's owne image by metamorphising humane shape" ["Greene's Baboon" in the margin opposite the asterisk] into bestiall forme."

P. 64. Add to note 28.

It would be just as reasonable to call the following opening of a sonnet, by Sir P. Sidney, a parody upon a line of *The Spanish Tragedy* :

"O tears! no tears; but rain from beauty's skies."

In fact, it was a common mode of expression at the time: thus in *Albumazar*, Vol. VII. p. 135, we have this exclamation,

"O lips! no lips; but leaves besmear'd with dew."

ALBUMAZAR.

P. 103. Add to note *.

The following was accidentally omitted in its proper place :

However plausible this appeared to me, I find it is totally a mistake. From Dr. Farmer's MSS. I learn that Thomas Tomkis was fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, scholar there in 1594, B. A. in 1698, and M. A. in 1605. I. R.

A WOMAN KILL'D WITH KINDNESS.

P. 217. Add to note †.

Yet before his *Apology for Actors*, 1612, Heywood says, "My pen hath seldom appear'd in press 'till now: I have ever been too jealous of mine own weakness willingly to thrust into the press." Seven plays by Heywood were printed before 1612, viz.

Edward IV., two parts.

If you know not me, &c. two parts.

Fair Maid of the Exchange.

Golden Age.

Woman kill'd with kindness.

Most likely several of them had got abroad without his concurrence in the publication.

P. 218. Add to note †.

In 1612 Heywood belonged to the *City Actors*: his *Apology for Actors*, 1612, is addressed "To my good friends and fellows the Citty Actors."

P. 291. Add to note *.

Malone appears to have been once in possession of the edition of 1607, which he says is the *second*.

A MATCH AT MIDNIGHT.

P. 295. Add to note †.

Malone (Sh. by Bosw. II. 172) expresses his conviction that this "rare scholar of Pembroke Hall" was neither William nor Samuel Rowley, but *Ralph* Rowley, who became a student of Pembroke Hall in 1579, and was elected fellow in 1583.

P. 364. Add to note 51.

There seems no doubt that *Cut and long Tail* has reference to horses. Sir J. Vanburgh, in his *Æsop*, so employs the phrase: the Groom says, "Your worship has six coach horses, *Cut and Long Tail*, two runners, half a dozen hunters," &c.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

THE WOUNDS OF CIVIL WAR.

P. 3. l. 12.

Wood claims him for the University of Oxford.] In the "Epistle of England to her three Daughters," in *Polimanteia*, 1595, Lodge is spoken of as belonging to Oxford.

P. 4. l. 13.

This change, if it took place at all, &c.] The lines upon Lodge, in *The Return from Parnassus*, would shew that it did occur:

"He that turns over *Galen* every day,
To sit and simper *Euphues' Legacy*," &c.

P. 83. l. 1.

That your razors may shine like the razors of Palermo.] For *shine*, we ought, perhaps, to read *shave*; but that is questionable, as Curtall may allude to the polish of his neighbour's style, and of the razors of

Palermo. See note 87 to *Damon and Pithias*, Vol. I. respecting the razors of Palermo.

FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BUNGAY.

P. 169. l. 1.

Groatwork of Wit.—The following passage from this tract by Robert Greene, shews that it may be considered a piece of auto-biography, as far as regards the character of Roberto.

“Here (gentlemen) break I off Roberto’s speech, whose life, in most part agreeing with mine, found one self punishment as I have done. Hereafter suppose me the said Roberto, and I will go on with what he promised. Greene will send you his groatsworth of wit, that never shewed a mites worth in his life.”

THE JEW OF MALTA.

P. 279. Add to note 21.

Mammon in *Jack Drum’s Entertainment*, 1601, also appeared in a large false red nose—perhaps the usual indication of usurers, who might be supposed to be all Jews. After the tearing and loss of some bonds and obligations, at the end of Act III. he exclaims “I defie heaven, earth and hell—I renounce my nose,” &c. And earlier in the play a variable and flighty lady tells him, when he is nettled at some joke,

“Sir, you need not take pepper in the nose :

Your nose is *frie* enough.”

VOLUME THE NINTH.

SUMMER’S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

P. 3. l. 12.

His family was of some note.—Nash seems to have boasted of his birth earlier than the date of his *Lenten Stuff*; for G. Harvey in his “*Four Letters*,” &c. 1592, says: “I have enquired what special cause, the pennylesse gentleman hath to brag of his birth, which giveth the woeful poverty good leave, even with his Stentor’s voice, and in his rattling terms, to revive the pitiful history of Lazarillo de Thormes.”

P. 3. Add to note 1.

There is no end of blunders of this kind. The Editor of the reprint published in 1825 of Nash's and Marlow's *Dido Queen of Carthage*, repeats that "he was (as he himself informs us) descended from a family who were seated in *Hertfordshire*."

P. 20. Add to note 23.

The following passage in Gabriel Harveys "*New Letter of Notable Contents*," 1594, speaking of Nash, confirms the conjecture that *Falangtado*, or *Falanta*, was the burden of a song or ballad at the time.

"Let him be the *Falanta* down-diddle of rhyme, the hayhoholiday of prose, the welladay of new writers, and the cut-throat of his adversaries."

P. 49. l. 17.

A frolick upsy freeze, cross, ho! super nagulum.] Properly *super ungulum*, referring to knocking the jack on the thumb nail, to shew that the drinker had drained it. Ben Jonson uses it in his *Case is Altered*.

"I confess Cupid's carouse; he plays *super nagulum* with my liquor of life." A. 4. S. 3.

P. 51. l. 24.

Cup of Nipitaty.]—*Nipitaty* seems to have been a cant term for a certain wine. Thus Gabriel Harvey, in *Pierce's Supererogation*, 1593, speaks of "the *Nipitaty*, of the nappiest grape," and afterwards he says "*Nipitaty*, will not be tied to a post," in reference to the unconfined tongues of men who drink it.

THE MUSE'S LOOKING GLASS.

P. 142. Add to note †.

The following has been attributed to several poets: Sir Aston Cockaine, it will be seen, gives it to Randolph,

*"In thalamis, Regina, tuis hac nocte jacerem,
Siverum hoc esset, pauper ubique jacet.*

Englished.

Queen, in your chamber I should lie to night,
If a poor man lies every where, were right.

To Sir Robert Hilliard.

Who made this distich, it is fit I tell,
Which I have English'd but indifferent well:

I think Tom Randolph. Pardon what's amiss
In my translation for my gift of his;
Whom you and I so well did love and know,
When Cambridge (for his wit) extoll'd him so."

Cockaine's Poems, 1568.

The joke however is much older than Randolph, and it is found in Italian in Domenichi's collection of *Facetie, Motti e Burle*, Venice 1565, p. 459, where the reply is attributed to the Secretary of the Queen of Poland.

P. 145. Add to note *.

From a Poem by Sir Aston Cockaine, addressed to Randolph, we find that "*the Muse's Looking Glass*," was written, and first acted, under the title of "*the Entertainment*."

THE CITY MATCH.

P. 268. Add to note 24.

The Italians use *Nuovo Pesce* in much the manner as we employ the phrase "a strange fish" *Nuovo Pesce era questo M. Marco*. Domenichi's Coll. of *Facetie e Motti*, 1565, p. 268.

THE QUEEN OF ARRAGON.

P. 354. Add to note 2.

In England's Parnassus is the following line, attributed to James I.

"*Dame Natures trunchman*, heavens interpret true."

Mr. Park in a note on the ré-print of E. P. p. 621, conjectures that *trunchman* is a misprint for *trenchman*; apparently not aware that the last part of the line explains the first, and shews that the misprint is *trunchmen* instead of *truchmen*.

VOLUME THE TENTH.

P. 3. Add to note *.

The author of the preface to the late reprint of Shakerly Marmion's *Cupid and Psyche*, says that he was born in January, 1502, and that his father sold

the family estate at Aynho as early as 1620. It is added that he died in the beginning of 1639. The first Edition of *Cupid and Psyche* was printed, according to the same authority, in 1637 in 4to, and a second time in 12mo. in 1666.

VOLUME THE ELEVENTH.

EDWARD I.

P. 65. l. 7.

'Tis an old saying, I remember I read it in Cato's *Pueriles*.] The same book seems quoted by *Scilicet*, a foolish gallant in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609.

"Of brawling grows hard words, and as the learned *pueriles* writes, 'tis good sleeping in a whole skin."

P. 80. Add to note 101.

Again in Middleton's *Witch*, which Malone supposed to have been written about 1613.

"Amsterdam swallow thee for a Puritan,
And Geneva cast thee up again, like she
That sunk at Charing Cross and rose again
At Queenhith."

MAYOR OF QUINBOROUGH.

P. 101. Add to note *.

Malone (Sh. by Bosw. ii. 437) says that the Mayor of Quinborough "was originally acted in 1602 by Almeyn's Company."

VOLUME THE TWELFTH.

ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS.

P. 4. Add to the account of Sir S. Tuke.

There is some reason for assigning to Sir Samuel Tuke part authorship of "*Pompey the Great*," which

is generally supposed to have been translated by Waller, Lord Dorset, Sir C. Sedley, and Godolphin, and printed in 1664. At the end of an edition of Sir John Denham's poems, "printed by J. M. for H. Herringman," 1684, is a catalogue of other works published by the same bookseller, and among them this entry:—"By Samuel Tuke, and several persons of Honour. Pompey."

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* This index of words, phrases, customs and persons has been greatly augmented in the present edition, and it has been especially enlarged in the biographical matter contained both in the notes and in the text. C.

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